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"Intelligence Report"
November 21, 1976, issue

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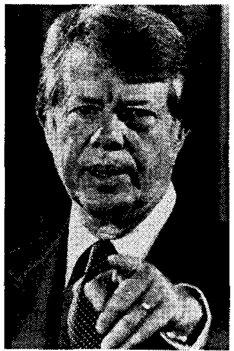

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Cover: A hypothetical barter proposal; photographed by Dan Wynn; dress courtesy of Loris Azzaro.

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The Capitol Letter/Mark Green

CARTER'S CONSUMER SCORECARD

In one way at least, President Jimmy Carter will encounter a different Washington than greeted his predecessors. They, of course, had to negotiate with business and labor organizations, aero space firms and gun nuts, the black and education lobbies. But the consumer lobby is a relatively new phenomenon. Barely perceptible in 1969, Washington's "public-interest law" community has grown to more than 190 advocates, with a total budget of $13 million, representing more than 50 organizations with names that ring with virtue: the Institute for Public Interest Representation, Center for Science in the Public Interest, Public Citizen, and Common Cause.

Though tiny compared to the troops which business or labor could marshal, the Washington public-interest advocates are mice who roar, who believe in former FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson's axiom that "the only way to keep public officials upright is to lean on them from all sides." And they are frustrated. Their formative years have coincided with conservative Republican administrations. For eight long, lean years, these advocate groups have grown in size and power, conducted groundbreaking studies, generated ideas for new legislation—and been consistently stymied by a pro-business, veto-wielding Nixon/Ford administration. They have been reduced to trying to plants seeds in concrete.

As a result, the inventory of unpassed consumer legislation is predictably large. Which fact presents Jimmy Carter with an unusual opportunity. Here is a consumer agenda ripe for support. And here is a president who is a self-proclaimed "populist" who played ball (softball) with Ralph Nader and announced, "I hope to challenge him in the future for the title of the top consumer advocate in the country."

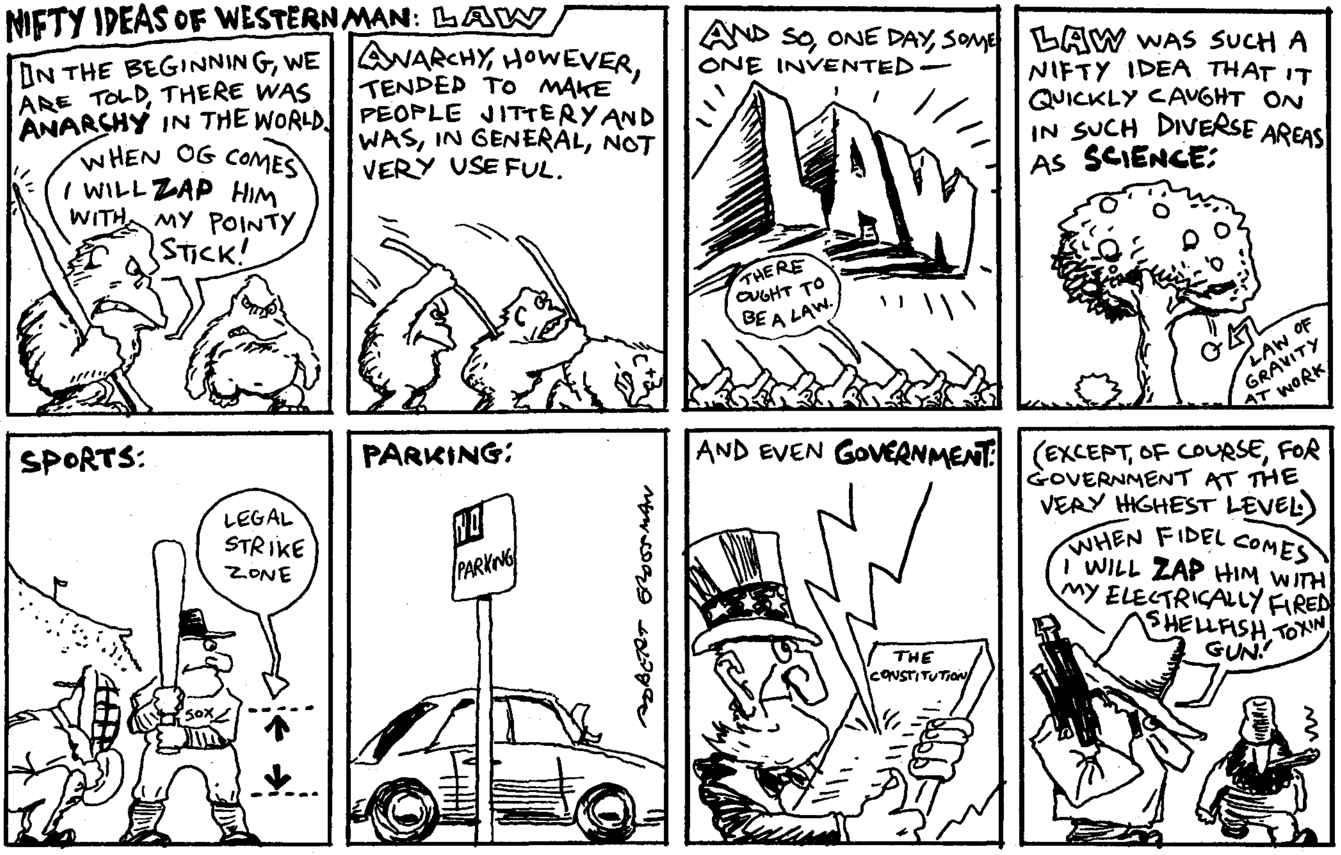
Now it is time for the business roundtable knights to gnash their teeth. "My clients think he's some kind of madman," says one Wall Street lawyer and early Carter supporter. "He's a businessman himself," argues a hopeful James Carty, consumer-affairs director of the NAM. "And he's also a politician who realizes he will need business support."

Carty, of course, is right. With Charles Kirbo at Carter's ear, it is unlikely that the president will allow himself to be confused with William Jennings Bryan. As David Broder pointed out recently, Carter was not the liberal candidate for the Democratic nomination, so liberals shouldn't expect the moon. But neither did they expect an IBM cabinet. (Three of Carter's cabinet members are IBM directors; his first seventeen nominees hold at least 22 directorships). Said Nader, "The question is not whether the giant corporations will control Jimmy Carter. The question is whether he can control the giant corporations."

But rather than speculate about Carter's intentions, it would be more useful to develop a standard, a scorecard, against which to measure his actual performance. Consider, therefore, just eight of the litmus decisions Carter will shortly face. Each reform, it should be stressed, has been developed, debated, refined—needing only a sympathetic president to become law.

Consumer Protection Agency. This

Mark Green is a lawyer and director of Ralph Nader's Corporate Accountability Research Group. He co-authored, with Nader, the recently published book Taming the Giant Corporation.


NIFTY IDEAS OF WESTERN MAN: LAW
IN THE BEGINNING, WE ARE TOLD, THERE WAS ANARCHY IN THE WORLD.
WHEN OG COMES I WILL ZAP HIM WITH MY POINTY STICK!
ANARCHY, HOWEVER, TENDED TO MAKE PEOPLE JITTERY AND WAS, IN GENERAL, NOT VERY USEFUL.
AND SO, ONE DAY, SOMEONE INVENTED —
LAW
THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW.
LAW WAS SUCH A NIFTY IDEA THAT IT QUICKLY CAUGHT ON IN SUCH DIVERSE AREAS AS SCIENCE:
LAW OF GRAVITY AT WORK
SPORTS:
LEGAL STRIKE ZONE
SOX
PARKING:
NO PARKING
ROBERT GROSSMAN
AND EVEN GOVERNMENT:
THE CONSTITUTION
(EXCEPT, OF COURSE, FOR GOVERNMENT AT THE VERY HIGHEST LEVEL)
WHEN FIDEL COMES I WILL ZAP HIM WITH MY ELECTRICALLY FIRED SHELLFISH TOXIN GUN!

proposed agency would have a $10-million budget (about an hour of HEW spending) and would have the power only to advocate consumer causes (not to decide them) before other agencies. The idea, however, has unleashed furious and sustained opposition from the Chamber of Commerce and the business round table—a measure of the concept's importance. In almost every year since 1970, one chamber or the other—or both—has passed the legislation, but it was never sent over to the White House and certain veto. Carter told a Public Citizen audience last August that "I hope it will be one of the first bills passed during the next administration." Any retreat from this position would be a *casus belli* to consumer advocates.

Consumer class actions. C. Wright Mills once wrote, "It is better to take one dime from each of 10 million at the point of a corporation than $100,000 from each of ten banks at the point of a gun. . . . It is also safer." Which explains the need for consumer-class-action legislation. If companies can bilk in bulk, their victims should be able to sue in bulk. Unfortunately, two Supreme Court decisions requiring that each class member have a claim of $10,000 or more and that all potential members be actually notified, have crippled the ability of consumers to band together into one federal lawsuit. Representative Bob Eckhard's H.R. 2078 in the Ninety-fourth Congress would have reversed these decisions—and Carter announced in August that he favors such legislation. He may, however, have to persuade Attorney General–designate Griffin Bell to go along, since some of Judge Bell's decisions would have raised hurdles to more consumer class actions.

Oil-industry divestiture. "God damn Standard Oil" bellows a character in Eugene O'Neill's *A Moon for the Misbegotten*—a refrain repeated today. The divestiture proposals were inspired by the "energy crisis," by the "vertical" control of oil from the ground to the pump and by the "horizontal" interenergy ownership of oil, coal, uranium, and gas. Vertical divestiture would compel the integrated giants to choose whether to explore, or refine, or transport, or retail their product, but not all four, an approach which lost only 54-45 in the past congress; horizontal divestiture would require the majors to give up their ownership interests in competing energy sources. Carter has opposed vertical divestiture except at the retail level, but has said that horzontal divestiture "is an area where we ought to take much more bold action."

Corporate bribery. Payoffs abroad to obtain business appear to be customary, based on the admissions of 225 firms whose rationale is that "everyone does it." President Ford proposed a bill requiring that bribes be reported to the Commerce Department, which might or might not disclose them. Senator Proxmire's bill, S. 3664, which passed the Senate unanimously, would flatly prohibit payoffs to foreign officials to obtain corruptly a contract or influence policy. Carter has ridiculed the Ford approach as "confidential disclosure" and "permissive criminology," adding. "Every nation in the world has bribery defined as a crime, and I see no reasan why our own country should contribute to corporate crime of any kind."

Airbags. Tests and "real life" crashes conclusively demonstrate that the installation of air bags in cars would save more than 10,000 lives and hundreds of thousands of injuries a year; its cost should be about $50 per car. After acknowledging these facts, transportation secretary William Coleman then speculated that such a standard would meet "consumer resistance"; he therefore proposed that Detroit adopt a voluntary system initially—for what savvy Southerners used to call the "freedom-of-choice-plan." Unfortunately, it is easy for anti-big-government critics to demagogue this issue—Don't let Washington run your life and invade your privacy! Still, it should not be difficult for Carter and the incoming secretary, Brock Adams, to choose instead to save lives.

Health insurance. National health insurance has gestated as an issue since at least the late 1940s—with as many varieties as Heinz. Reformers like the Health Research Group emphasize that any plan must be comprehensive and financed by a progressive tax scale; it must have strict cost and quality controls and emphasize preventive medicine; and it must not be administered by private insurance companies, but rather should provide some mechanism for consumer controls and peer accountability. Carter favors a comprehensive national health-insurance program but has not specified its form. He is worried how it would be financed, as well he should be. But with health costs rising in double-digit numbers, it seems clear that the issue must be resolved one way or another during the Carter presidency.

Cooperative bank. Consumer co-ops are economic organizations owned by consumers rather than investors and providing services to members on a not-for-profit basis. They can help reconstruct "red-lined" rural and urban communities, countermonopoly practices, and assure that the market responds to consumer needs—which helps explain why commercial lenders have long been hostile to extending them needed credit. The national Consumer Cooperative Bank Bill, S. 2631 and H.R. 14829, would specifically charter a bank—initially financed to a $1-billion U.S. Treasury preferred-stock subscription—to lend money to consumer cooperatives. Eligible cooperatives are to purchase other classes of stock, the proceeds of which, together with net earnings, would retire the Treasury-held stock.

Clean Air Act amendments. This legislation is at the top of the congressional calendar. Existing law must be updated in three areas: What are to be the deadlines for auto-emissions standards—the five-year delay sought by the industry or the one-year of the Clean Air Coalition? What standards should exist for pristine-clean-air areas—with industry wanting greatly relaxed standards and the environmentalists strict ones; What should be done about power plants and large industrial facilities currently in violation of the 1970 Clean Air Act? Senator Gary Hart's version, S.3219, is the one environmentalists favor, and President-elect Carter, though not taking a stand on this specific legislation, considered himself a very proenvironment governor.

There is more talk among Carter's transition staff of a whirlwind "100 days" during which he will establish his legislative mark early. The sentiment is understandable, but the historical analogy imprecise. The Depression gave FDR the popular and congressional support to do something, anything, and do it quickly. There is no similar dynamic today; we should allow President Carter, say, six months. By then it should be clear whether he is willing to propose to Congress, prod Congress, pressure Congress, to pursue these reforms. By then he will have demonstrated whether he is merely a symbolic populist or a leader who can wed words to deeds. ▬

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The Bottom Line/Dan Dorfman

THE BEST STOCKS FOR 1977

Higher Profits, Peppy Economy

Good news, folks. If some of the country's best investment brains know what they're talking about, the stock market should roll up its third consecutive winning year in 1977. However, there's no need to rush out to buy. The pros say the biggest part of the advance will take place in the latter part of the year. And the first half (as indicated by the market's recent slide) is apt to see some of the stormiest market weather of 1977.

IBM, as usual, is projected as the year's best-performing stock, with Atlantic Richfield and American Telephone & Telegraph Company in a dead heat for second place. My twelve-year-old daughter, Leah, who owns 26 Ma Bell shares, should be delighted to hear of AT&T ranking.

My information comes from Muller & Company, a relatively small brokerage firm which, about a month ago, fired off its annual questionnaire to precisely 1,000 money managers around the country to get their 1977 stock-market outlook and a rundown of their favorite securities. The results came in last week, representing the thinking of 270 respondents—both big and small banks, insurance companies, private investment firms, and mutual funds—with total assets under management of slightly over $100 billion.

A mildly bullish sentiment was the prevalent mood among money managers, especially for the first half. This reflects the general belief that the market is likely to bide its time early in the year, awaiting a sense of Jimmy Carter's economic and international policies and priorities before making any sustained move. In the first half, for example, nearly two thirds of the money managers—about 62 percent—figure the Dow Jones Industrial average will end June 30, 1977, at between 1,000 and 1,100. Since the DJI was trading at close to 1,000 as we went to press, it's apparent that most money managers think the stock market's first-half prospects are fairly limited. Further, nearly a quarter of the respondents—a healthy 24 percent—expect the Dow Jones Industrials to finish the first half below 1,000. And only a mere 15 percent felt the DJI would be over 1,000 by the end of this period.

Pros Rank Top Stocks for '77

1. IBM

2. American Telephone
Atlantic Richfield

3. American Home Products

4. Kresge

5. Aetna Life & Casualty

6. American Express
Bethlehem Steel
Exxon
Mapco
Pfizer
Smith International
United Technologies

7. Gould
Kerr–McGee
Masco
Merck
Mesa Petroleum
Occidental Petroleum

8. Colonial Penn
Philip Morris
Phillips Petroleum
Union Carbide

9. Continental Oil
General Motors
McDonald's
Northern Natural Gas

10. American Broadcasting
American Standard
Armstrong Cork
Boeing
Combustion Engineering
Continental Illinois
DuPont
Eli Lilly
Franklin Mint
Missouri Pacific
Mobil
Security Mortgage Investors
Smith Kline
Southern Union
Standard Oil of Ohio
Thomas Industries

11. Allied Chemical
BankAmerica
Cox Broadcasting
Ford
Gulf Oil
Marathon Oil

12. General Telephone
International Telephone
& Telegraph

For the second half, though, there's clearly a more exuberant feeling, with about 26 percent of the money managers predicting the DJI would finish the year over 1,200. Still, the moderately bullish advocates again stand out, with nearly 50 percent predicting a 1977 closing in the 1,000–1,100 range.

Significantly, though, the poll found that the average money manager had lower-than-normal cash reserves—about 7 percent, versus the usual cash position of nearly 9 percent.

A fair number of articles in recent weeks have suggested that many money managers—eager to outperform the market—are ready to abandon the strictly "safe game" (investing only in the top-quality stocks) and to become considerably more agressive in secondary equities. Don't you believe it. A glance at the 55 favorite sticks of money managers (see box) finds the usual big names dominating the list: IBM (chosen number one by nearly 31% of the respondents), General Electric, Exxon, Kresge, and Schlumberger.

There are signs, though, that at least some experimentation in secondary stocks is under way. Examples of this are Occidental Petroleum (despite its reputation as having a touty management), Colonial Penn, American Standard, Gould, Mesa Petroleum, and Smith International.

There's been a lot of Wall Street talk lately of a comeback for the big-name growth stocks, the large majority of which are down sharply from their highs of recent years. However, the Muller survey—which was conducted by its institutional research chief, Gary Wollin—reflects a totally contrary point of view. Yes, some of these stocks dot the list of favorite securities. But more important, they overwhelm the list of stocks most repugnant to money managers. Obviously, their above-average price-earnings multiples and their already extensive representation in many institutional portfolios still disturb a lot of investment biggies.

For example, when asked to pick five securities they would sell short if they

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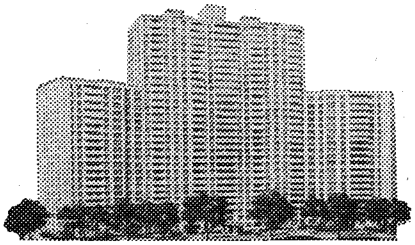

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could, about 15 percent chose Kodak as their top choice. Hewlett-Packard was the runner-up, followed by Texas Instruments. This list of potential worst performers included Merck, Coca-Cola, AMP, Revlon, Digital Equipment, General Motors, Sears, Xerox, and, Citicorp.

The capital-goods sector ran well ahead of the field when money managers were asked to select their three favorite stock groups for 1977. A peppier economy, improved cash flow, and higher profits are the chief reasons given for the expected resurgence in capital goods. Jimmy Carter has made a lot of promises about expanding housing starts. Apparently, many money managers believe him: The housing sector is their second most popular group Another housing plus, of course, is the low interest rates. In third spot are the regional banks. Interestingly the energy group—the number-one choice of money managers in a recent Muller survey—has dropped to fifth spot.

What about the worst groups? Steel had the dubious distinction of leading the way, an apparent reflection of lagging steel demand, and concern that the industry will be hard-pressed to get sufficient price increases to offset raising costs. Electric utilities—big winners in 1976—were chosen as the second-worst group for 1977. "They've had their big play, there'll be more consumer pressure to keep rates down, and interest rates could begin to turn up later in the year," one money manager said. Autos (and auto supply parts) rounded out the list of the top trio of unwanted groups.

Muller also polled money managers on which brokerage houses provide them with their best research ideas. Mitchell Hutchins & Company, in the top spot in recent Muller surveys, continues number one. Rapid strides were made by Goldman Sachs, which tied with Merrill Lynch for second place. Drexel Burnham & Company placed fourth.

Well, now you know what some of the savviest money managers in the country think about the 1977 market, and more important, where they think you and I ought to be putting our money. A word of warning, though. If you are thinking of heeding their advice; Their top choices in the past two year-end surveys badly underperformed the market. In 1975, for example, the DJI rose nearly 38.5 percent, more than fourfold greater than the top choices of the money managers whose selections rose only 7 percent. And last year the top favorites in the Muller survey rose about 9.6 percent, but the DJI, in the same year, performed nearly twice as well, with a 17.8 percent gain.

Or in other words, caveat investor. ▬

Law Review / Steven Brill

COPPING THE GRADUATES, COPPING THE PLEAS

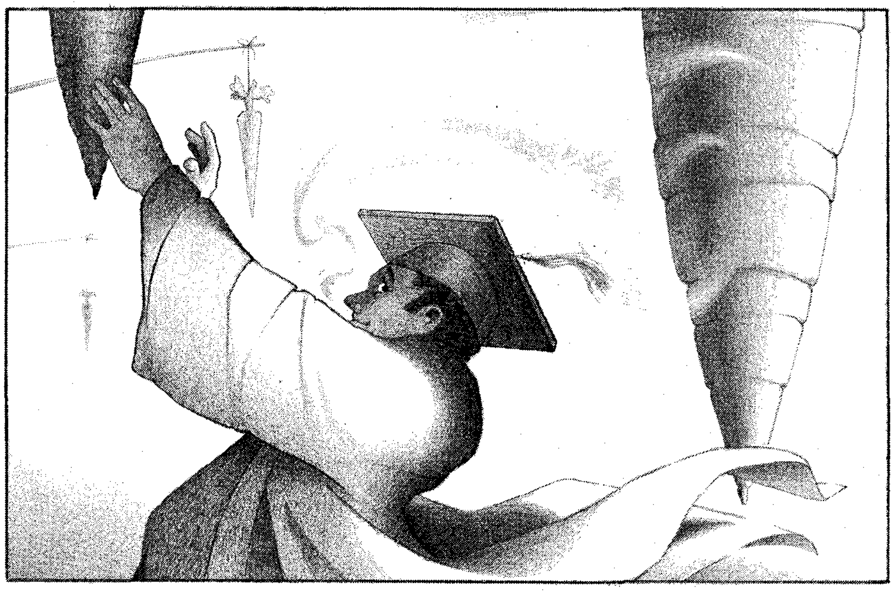
First Year at $30,000?

As the December 15 deadline passed for law-firm decisions on who's getting hired from the class of '77, a rumor swept the nation's top law schools that Wall Street's Cravath, Swaine & Moore was offering $30,000 a year for next fall's recruits. That's up about $5,000 over this year's starting salary. What makes this so significant is that beginning in 1968, when Cravath raised the ante from $10,000 to $15,000 in one bold step, most other top New York firms have simply followed the white shoes from One Chase Manhattan Plaza, matching dollar for dollar whatever Cravath pays. "I thought they'd learned a long time ago," sighed the senior partner of a competing midtown firm when asked about the rumor, "that whatever they pay, I'll pay. They're silly. It just makes it more expensive for all of us."

Indeed it does. Since, as this midtown partner explained, there's about a $2,000 to $3,000 differential paid to associates in his firm for each year of service, the $5,000 jump in the "going rate" for a starting associate would mean a similar jump for everyone else above him or her. In a firm with 100 associates, that's a half-million dollars, and it means that a 30-year-old who is five years out of law school would presumably be making $38,000 to $42,000. Not bad, when one remembers that in the fifties beginning lawyers were working practically for free.

Four students I spoke with at Columbia and Yale who have Cravath offers confirmed that they'd been told they'd make $30,000 in their first year. And several lawyers at Cravath acknowledged that they'd heard the same thing.

Cravath hiring partner Wayne Chapman was not helpful in clearing the air. "The $30,000 figure is absolutely false," he began angrily. "We plan to pay $24,500 next year." But when pressed further Chapman finally conceded that "it may be that the first year people will make $30,000. . . . They may get a spring bonus or something. . . . But I can tell you this—we haven't told anyone they'll be making $30,000." Asked why students with offers and associates already in the firm had acknowledged the $30,000 rate, Chapman added, "Our associates don't know anything."



Plea-Bargaining Bargain

Those who like to blame the city's judges and D.A.'s for giving the courthouse away in plea-bargaining will take little comfort from a study conducted by the Vera Institute of Justice, the results of which will be published sometime in February. (In discussing Vera and this study I should note a conflict of interest: I worked as a consultant on the study for several weeks in 1975.)

The study by Vera—a private nonprofit criminal-justice agency known for its pioneering bail reform and ex-offender employment programs—tracked several hundred felony cases in New York from arrest to final disposition. Court files were examined, and the prosecutor, defense attorney, judge, and cops in each case were interviewed to explain what happened and why. The findings: The system isn't nearly as irrational as most people think.

In Vera's randomly chosen samples, 52 of 53 robbery cases were plea-bargained or dismissed outright, and only 27 of 53 people arrested for robbery went to jail. Of the 27 jailed, only 11 were confined for more than a year, even though robbery is punishable by as much as 25 years in the pen. This is obviously the kind of box score that speeches about "judicial leniency" and "turnstile justice" are made of. But when the cases become more than numbers under the Vera microscope, things look different.

For example, one case involved an argument between an intoxicated 59-year-old man and his common-law wife of fifteen years. When he struck her and took $5 and some food stamps, she called the police and he was arrested for robbery (as he should have been, since robbery is the taking of something from someone by force). The next day she dropped the charges and the case was dismissed. This "robbery" reads like a street mugging when it's just a number in court-disposition statistics, and the dismissal looks like someone gave the courthouse away.

In all, 19 of the 53 "robbery" cases—36 percent—involved a defendant and a victim who knew each other. This is not meant to imply that 36 percent of *all* robberies involve disputes between nonstrangers, but only that 36 percent of robberies *that result in arrests* involve nonstrangers. There's a big difference: It's obviously easier for police to make an arrest when the victim says "My boyfriend did it" than in a case where the victim doesn't know the person who did it. Thus, nonstranger crimes will be overrepresented in any sample of arrests. This makes the courts look soft since they deal only with people who *are* arrested.

In all, fifteen of the nineteen nonstranger robbery arrests resulted in no jail sentences, and the four jail sentences were for less than a year. It's not just a question of nonstranger robberies' not being truly serious crimes. Many are. But there's also the practical problem

Illustrated by John Cavea

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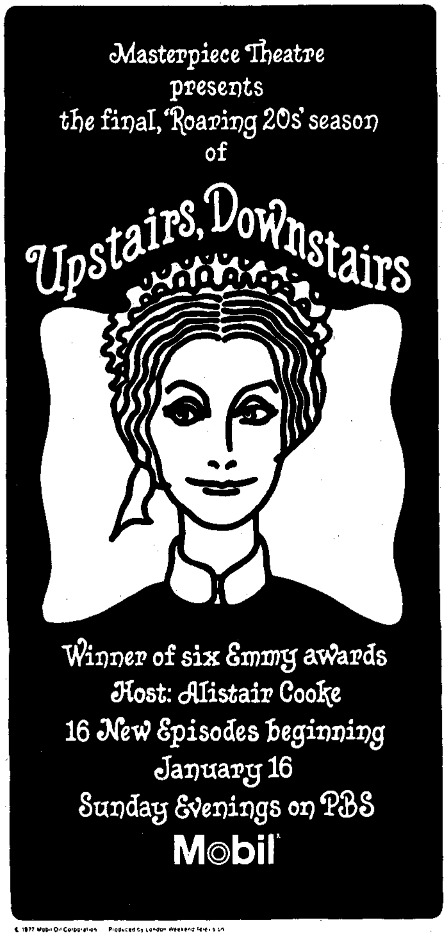
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of obtaining a conviction when the star witness decides not to press charges because last night's fight is over.

The 34 robbery cases that did *not* involve a relationship between the defendant and the victim—stranger robberies, we'll call them—were handled differently. Of 34, 23 resulted in jail sentences. The classic robberies, in which defendants with long records violently attacked strangers, usually resulted in sentences of five years or more. Most of the stranger arrests resulting in no jail or short jail time involved cases in which the victim repeatedly didn't show up to testify or cases in which the victim's credibility was questionable because *he* had a criminal record or because his story didn't ring true. Thus, the plea-bargaining involved in these cases was not necessarily one-sided.

Another factor involved in stranger robberies resulting in no jail or short jail sentences was the defendant's lack of a prior record. Indeed, Vera did find leniency generally dispensed to first offenders, especially when the crime was not violent.

For other crime categories, problems of proof were the dominating factor in cases being dismissed or bargained down to nonjail dispositions. For example, of the 28 gun arrests, 27 were plea-bargained, and only eight of those arrested went to jail. Vera's researchers found that gun possession, like drug possession, is extremely difficult to prove with evidence that is admissible in court. The cases indicate that there are inherent problems either with the police search that yielded the gun or with proving that the defendant actually possessed it. (If the gun is found near someone but not on his person, proving that he possessed it is the problem; if it's found in his pocket or in his car, then the problem is proving that the police had constitutionally justifiable cause to search him.) In fact, even many of the cases that resulted in jail sentences had severe search or proof problems that might have allowed the defendant to go free had there been a trial.

The Vera study carries four major messages for students of the criminal-justice system. First, police ability to solve most stranger-to-stranger crimes is even worse than we thought. If Vera's random samples are any indication, even the low clearance rates (rate of solved crimes) now recorded for crimes like robbery are inflated by high proportions of these nonstranger cases where arrests are easy. Second, something needs to be done to take these family and other nonstranger disputes out of the criminal-justice system, where they now clog things up to no one's benefit. Yes, arrests often have to be made on the scene in these cases in order to prevent violence. But following arrest many of these cases should then be sidetracked to some kind of quasi-judicial mediation agency where they could get more appropriate attention.

Third, and conversely, more needs to be done to find the really serious cases and give them highest priority. Although the Vera study indicates these cases are being treated more seriously than the others, the system still discriminates poorly between important and relatively unimportant cases at the early stages. This makes prosecutor case loads so heavy that hardened criminals are probably able to bargain for shorter sentences than they deserve. (Even a six-year sentence means a defendant could be out on parole in two years.) In this regard, programs giving special attention to defendants with long records who are arrested for serious crimes have been started and are working well in the Bronx, Manhattan, and Brooklyn.

Finally, the Vera study suggests that the problems of admissible evidence, availability of credible witnesses, and other necessities of proving guilt beyond a reasonable doubt make a short-circuiting of trials through plea-bargaining as likely to hurt a defendant as help him. Which in turn suggests that if we pour more resources into the courts so that plea-bargaining won't be necessary and everyone gets a full-dress trial, we may not lock up as many people as we do now.

Don't Plead the Code

This column on legal affairs will probably be appearing frequently. I have one favor to ask members of the bar as I attempt to write it. In the past, when I have written about legal issues and the law profession, several lawyers have cited the Code of Professional Responsibility's prohibition against seeking publicity as their reason for refusing to talk with me. Yes, the code prohibits *seeking* publicity. But it does not forbid replying to a reporter's specific questions. That's what a committee of the American Bar Association ruled in an informal opinion in 1970, when public-interest lawyer Mark Green asked it to decide whether lawyers could be interviewed for his book on Washington law firms. And if the Supreme Court rules this term, as it probably will, that lawyers can't even be prohibited from advertising, any remaining questions about lawyers' contacts with the press will be moot. If you don't want to talk, please just say so. Don't hide behind the code. ■

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

BECAUSE OF PRODUCTION DIFFICULTIES, CERTAIN LISTINGS MAY BE OUT OF DATE.

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

January 11 through 18

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

A Brief Vacation–Vittorio de Sica's next-to-last film shows the once exciting neo-realist director well after all the "neo" was gone, and with very little of the realism left. A sentimental tale about a young working-class wife exploited by her mean husband and in-laws. Having contracted TB she is sent to an improbably lush government-operated mountain sanatorium. Here she makes interesting friendships, and almost finds love and happiness with an absurdly lyrical young worker before her former life reclaims her. Despite the fascinating but inappropriate presence of Florinda Bolkan in the lead, this can best be described as "The Magic Molehill." 1/12, Bleecker Street Cinema.

All This and World War II–Fox Movie Tone News documentary footage from World War II, assembled with a backdrop of non-W.W.II music, written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney, performed by groups like The Bee Gees, Elton John and Helen Reddy. Susan Winslow directed. Trans Lux East.

Bound for Glory–David Carradine portrays Woody Guthrie in an autobiographical film about the legendary folksinger. It deals mostly with the Depression, the Dust Bowl, and the desperate people traveling to California where new horrors await them. Seeing this film, directed by Hal Ashby, is the nearest thing to leafing through the album of a great photographer (Haskell Wexler). Coronet.

Carrie–Brian DePalma's tale of horror starring Sissy Spacek, John Travolta, and Piper Laurie. *Loews Triplex.*

Cousin, Cousine–A charming and droll film by Jean-Charles Tacchella that goes a long way toward restoring the good name of the wayward French cinema. It is about family relations, children growing up, and, mostly, two adults finding themselves in a truly fulfilling relationship, adultery be damned. Very unassumingly it says a good deal, and is beautifully written, directed, and acted, with fine photography and catchy music. Paris.

Edvard Munch–A half-documentary, half-fiction film, directed by Peter Watkins, about the earlier part of the painter's life. It is simultaneously a biography, psychography, and iconography of Munch, as well as a kind of monologue interieur, verbal and pictorial, of what went on inside the painter's mind. From 1/5, Quad.

The Enforcer–Clint Eastwood stars in another shoot-'em-up thriller; directed by James Fargo; with Harry Guardino and Bradford Dillman. Criterion; RKO 59 I; U.A. East; Waverly; Loews Triplex.

Five Easy Pieces–A film much overrated when it first appeared because Carol Eastman's pseudonymous screenplay and Bob Raphelson's pseudo-artistic direction aped prestigious European models—chiefly Bergman—albeit badly. All about alienation in America told in terms of a musical family in Oregon and the scapegrace son who works as an oil rigger and lives with a waitress and finally gives up altogether. Jack Nicholson is impressive part of the way. Lois Smith is marvelous as his sister, and there is a dazzling buy hammy cinematography by Laszlo Kovacks. 1/11, 12, RKO 59 II.

The Front–Martin Ritt's film is all facade, posturing, cliches, and cutenesses; it might as well have been made by people whose information about McCarthyism came from a couple of magazine articles, and whose knowledge of human beings from Earl Wilson's column. Even at that, the film may owe its existence to the fact that it deals with blacklisting on television only, and does not foul its own nest, however prefouled that may be. Art; New Yorker.

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis–A rather feeble novel yields an even weaker film from an exhausted Vittorio de Sica. The plot has become melodramatic, while the characters remain nebulous. The film is mostly cliches wrapped in pastel-colored gauze through which it seemes to be photographed, and the performances are at best acceptable, at worst (Dominique Sanda, Helmut Berger) hollow simulcra. De Sica, Jr.'s soupy score is an additional burden. 1/12, Bleeker St Cinema.

Immoral Tales–That obsessive and overrated Franco-Polish director, Walerian Borowczyk, ransacks history, literature, and faded newspaper accounts for four stories of kinky sexuality, that provide him with excuses for this sorry attempt at filmmaking in which the minimal decencies of story-telling, directing, acting, and photography are ignored for the sake of soft-core pornographic self-indulgence. 1/7, Bleeker Street Cinema; 1/8, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Jonah Who Will Be Twenty-Five in the Year 2000–An Alain Tanner film, composed of rambling episodes from the lives of eight good people, more or less left-oriented Genevans or French from across the border, all of whom will act as mentors to Jonas, who is about to be born to two of them. There are a few pleasing performances, notably from Jacques Denis, Raymond Bussieres, and the incomparable Miou-Miuo. Embassy 72nd; Quad.

King Kong–This new version, directed by John Guillermin, tried hard to come up with things the original lacked—Freud, feminism, ecology, social satire, spoofing of astrology, and above all, sympathy for the ape. The romance now is much more between beast and girl than between boy and girl. But nothing substantial has been added and something considerable has been forfeited. Loews Orpheum; Loews State I.

The Last Tycoon–The movie version of F. Scott Fitzgerald's book is an honorable failure, honorable because it tries to serve its vision of the original faithfully; failure because that vision falls considerably short of Fitzgerald's. Elia Kazan directed, and his naturalism laced with expressionalistic touches introduces elements to disharmonize with Harold Pinter's screenplay, and Fitzgerald's book. Robert De Niro's Monroe Stahr, the protagonist, is perfection itself, but Ingrid Boulting, the Kathleen, is disastrous. Cinema I.

Little Big Man–Arthur Penn's movie from Thomas Berger's novel, purporting to be reminiscences of the only survivor of Little Big Horn, now well over a hundred. This is meant to be part picaresque tall tale, part sardonic criticism of our injustice to the Indians; but the satire, lyricism, and anger do not blend successfully and are often poor in themselves. Disjointed as it is, the film has some fine moments, and a few nice performances, especially from Chief Dan George D. Hoffman, in the lead, is like the movie: sometimes very good, sometimes quite unconvincing. 1/4, RKO 59 II.

Lumiere–A film that offers us Jeanne Moreau as scenarist, director, and star disappoints us to a greater or lesser degree on all counts. It's impossible to have watched Moreau's development from a band singer, through a light comedienne, into a leading dramatic actress of stage and screen without having admired her fervently. It is, therefore, sad, to see this angel of eroticism grow middle-aged before our eyes, in the role she plays of Sarah, an actress who is passionately loved by at least two young men. Beekman.

Marathon Man–John Schlesinger's tale of espionage and double agents, where the C.I.A. is as villainous as the big-time ex-Nazi (Laurence Olivier) now based in South America, has as its hero a little Jewish schlemiel (Dustin Hoffman) who, after he has been kicked and tormented too much, asserts himself and destroys all his torturers. 8th St Cinema; Loews Triplex.

The Marquise of O. . .–Eric Rohmer's film version of Heinrich von Kleist's 1808 novella is as intelligent and successful as such an undertaking can get. The liberties the director has taken are minimal, and generally inventive as well as dramatically justifiable. 68th St. Playhouse.

Mikey and Nicky–In Elaine May's current debacle, this gifted comic artist has chosen to make something impossible: a film about two horrid fellows alternatingly abusing or greasily cajoling each other (and equally repulsive either way) when not getting into fights with other men or, for a little variety, maltreating the hapless women in their lives. It does not begin to work. The only way to describe it is as a celluloid death wish, a desperate challenge to the audience to dare like anything about the film. Little Carnegie.

Moses and Aaron–The dullest filmmaker, not only in Germany but in the whole world, may very well be Jean-Marie Straub, the Alsatian cineaste, whose attempt at making a film out of Schonberg's opera ends with equal damage to dramatic and cinematic art. He has put the performers of the recent Michael Gielen recording of the opera into an empty amphitheater and shot a pseudo-performance, making this opera on film the ultimate impossibility. 1/4, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

The Monkey Hustle–Yaphet Kotto, Rudy Ray Moore, Rosalind Cash, and Kirk Calloway, in a film, directed by Arthur Marks, about life in a teeming inner-city. RKO Cinerama I; RKO 86th St I.

Network–Sidney Lumet's latest film is a further lap in Paddy Chayefsky's, the scenarist's, fascinating race against decrepitude and impotence. But Lumet continues to improve as a director, and the acting, by William Holden, Robert Duvall, Peter Finch, Faye Dunaway, Beatrice Straight, is impressive. Sutton; Paramount.

Nickelodeon–There are also other ways, of course, for a film director to self-destruct, and Peter Bogdanovich's is to make the crudest, stupidest unfunniest farce of this or any year, with two hours' worth of laughs guaranteed to stick in the craw if they do not sink to the pit of the stomach. Ostensibly it all has to do with early filmmaking and the brutal warfare waged by the one big movie company against all the little ones; but it's only an excuse for Bogdanovich to tack every joke he has cribbed onto the subject of moviemaking. Columbia I & II.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest–Milos Forman's film is faithful to the general outline and adequate to the trappings of Ken Kesey's novel, but misses its essence. A state insane asylum provides the locale for a basic conflict between the Establishment and the counter-culture, and another between two sexual antagonists: one who enforces sterile, orderly chastity, and the other who makes of his jovially, randy, unremitting masculinity a priapic force meant to have a liberating, life-enhancing effect. 2:30 p.m. 1/4, Museum of Modern Art.

The Pink Panther Strikes Again–Distinctly superior to its predecessor, The Return of the Pink Panther, this one features also some jolly movie parodies and mild political satire along with good-natured and often amusing slapstick, old hat though it may be. With Peter Sellers, Herbert Lom, Colin Blakely, Leonard Rossiter, and Lesley-Anne Down. Forum, Eastside, Trans-Lux 85th; Symphony, Greenwich; *Loews Triplex.*

The Pink Telephone–The story of a provincial conservative French businessman who falls in love with a Parisian call girl. With Mireille Darc, Michel Lonsdale, and Pierre Mondy. Directed by Edouard Molinaro. Fine Arts.

Pipe Dreams–Gladys Knight makes her movie debut with the Pips singing in the background in this romantic adventure of a woman following her bush-pilot husband to the northern outpost of the Alaskan pipeline; directed by Stephen Verna. RKO 86 Twin II; RKO Cinerama II; Apollo.

Une Partie de Plaisir–Paul Gegauff's film about what happens to the quasi marriage of a male chauvinist when, at the gander's prompting, the goose helps herself to some sauciness, is partly trivial, partly unbelievable. The people are too bad, too good, or too stupid to be true, and neither plot nor dialogue comes to the rescue. Thru 1/4, Thalia.

Rocky–This is a pugnacious, charming, grimy, beautiful fairy tale—a small pearl of realism formed around a grain of story-book impossibility. An obscure Philadelphia boxer gets a crack at the heavyweight championship, and what distinguishes this tale from so many other boxing tales is the precision with which the locales, the background activities, and the talk are evoked. It's an uppercut to the devil's jaw and an upper for the viewer's spirits. Directed by John Avildsen. Cinema II; Murray Hill.

Seven Beauties–This film establishes the already remarkable Lina Wertmuller as a major filmmaker. A film about life and death, love and hate—all the great subjects, in brilliant color (both figuratively and literally thanks to Delli Colli's great photography) but also with rare delicacy. Memorable performances by Giancarlo Giannini, Shirley Stoler, and others. This is a comedy to make you cry, a tragedy to make you think. See it! From 1/5, Gramercy.

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution–Nicol Williamson is a self-indulgent sensualist and social upstart rather than the ascetic, upper-class Sherlock Holmes in this film, wherein Freud (Alan Arkin) tries to analyze the cure the cocaine-besotted dick, and the two men collaborate in a bit of crime detection. Thru 1/16, Plaza.

The Shaggy D.A.–Dean Jones, Suzanne Pleshette, and Tim Conway star in a sequel to The Shaggy Dog, Walt Disney 1959 comedy about a teen-ager who becomes a part-time Canine. Directed by Robert Stevenson. Rivoli; Festival.

Silver Streak–A comedy adventure set aboard a luxury train, directed by Arthur Hiller, and starring Gene Wilder, Jill Clayburgh, Richard Pryor, Patrick McGoohan, and Scatman Crothers. Loews Tower East.

The Slap–Claude Pinoteau's film, starring Isabelle Adjani, and dealing with the conflicts of rebellious adolescence between a 51-year-old schoolteacher and his 18-year-old daughter, has a certain liveliness in its tempo that is quite attractive, though it does rather wear you out. In 98 minutes you are whisked through comic and dramatic climaxes, reversals, and anti-climaxes, to say nothing of vehicular motion and fast editing, which all would be perfectly justified if only the film had much of anything else to show. Thru 1/4, Thalia.

The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella–Bryan Forbes's new film is good enough to make the brightest child laugh heartily, but even a cagey adult will find himself smiling out loud. And there is a feast of performances—by Michael Hordern, Margaret Lockwood, Annette Crosbie, Christopher Gable, Edith Evans, Gemma Craven, and Richard Chamberlain. Radio City Music Hall.

A Star Is Born–This third version of the film, with Barbra Streisand in what seems to both the female and male leads, is not only unneeded, it is emphatically uncalled-for. Streisand's notion of acting is to bulldoze her way from one end of a line to the other without regard for anyone or anything; you can literally feel her impatience for the other performer to stop talking so she can take over again. Baronet; Ziegfeld.

Special Section–Director Costa-Gavras and writer Jorge Semprun return to their *Z* mode, trying to graft suspense and black humor onto a record of true and appalling political machinations. For bringing this to public attention, hats off to the filmmakers; but the basic idea remains sick. You cannot tell a story that concerns a few individuals with such fatal intimacy in terms of so large a canvas that picks up and drops people with alienating casualness. 1/14, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Taxi Driver–Another undisciplined film by Martin Scorsese, this time about a maladjusted loner who drives a taxi by night and gets crazier by the day. The film tries to be too many things, a study in psychopathology, a documentary about hacking, a political parable, two separate aborted love stories, a love and hate letter to New York City, and manages to flub most of them if not all. Insecure direction, but mostly good performances, particularly by Robert De Niro and Jodie Foster. And one dreadful one by Cybill Shepherd. Also pretentious cinematography and a bombastic score. Some good atmosphere, but even that is overdone. 1/5-11, Olympia.

Vincent, Francois, Paul and the Others–Directed by Claude Sautet, film about three older men, and the son of a dead fourth, is worth seeing for its performances. Yves Montand is in peak form; Michel Piccoli keeps his characteristic edge of sinisterness well in hand; Serge Reggiani is on target in the most difficult of the principal roles; and yound Gerard Depardieu continues to demonstrate this easygoing versatility. Most winning among the women are Stephane Audran, and Marie Dubois, who has a marvelous way of suggesting the lower-class intentions that lurk beneath an upward-mobile complacency. 1/5-11, Thalia.

Voyage of the Damned–Film is numbingly earnest in its intentions and crushingly dull in its execution, which is a pity for several reasons. Based on a shattering historical event with serious present-day implications, in handling so many characters, there is scant opportunity for developing any of them. Here characterizations are reduced to formulas and platitudes, a shorthand that is the very antithesis of living art. With Faye Dunaway, Max van Sydow, Oskar Werner, Jose Ferrer, Orson Welles, James Mason, Malcolm McDonald, and a zillion others. Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Cine; 34th St E.

Excerpted from John Simon's reviews

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Apollo, 253 W 125 (749-1800). *Pipe Dreams.*

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *The Front.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *A Star Is Born.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *Lumiere.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker, at Laguardia Pl (674-2560). 1/4, *Le Corbeau; La Prisonniere.* 1/5, *Quality Street; The Little Minister.* 1/6, *The Go-Between; The Hireling.* 1/7, *The Decameron; Immoral Tales.* 1/8, *Heat; Lonesome Cowboys.* 1/9, *Romeo and Juliet* (Nureyev & Fonteyn); *Plisetskaya Dances.* 1/10, *Grapes of Wrath; Young Mr. Lincoln.* 1/11, *The Brig; The War Game.* 1/12, *A Brief Vacation; The Garden of the Finzi-Continis.* 1/13, *Two or Three Things I Know About Her; Tout Va Bien.* 1/14, *And Now For Something Completely Different; Bedazzled.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 1/4, *The Chronicles of Anna Magdelena Bach; Moses and Aaron.* 1/5, *Suspicion; Arsenic and Old Lace.* 1/6, *Mourning Becomes Electra.* 1/7, *Red Dust; Mogambo.* 1/8, *The Decameron; Immoral Tales.* 1/9, *Queen Christina; The Abdication.* 1/10, *French Provincial; Une Simple Histoire.* *1/11, The Thief of Bagdad; The Three Musketeers.* *1/12, The Talk of the Town; Once Upon a Time.* *1/13, The Long Voyage Home; Summer Holiday.* *1/14, Special Section; State of Siege.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *The Last Tycoon.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Rocky.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway at 66th (877-4040). To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). To be announced.

Columbia I & II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Nickleodeon.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Bound for Glory.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (582-1795). *The Enforcer.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). To be announced.

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *The Pink Panther Strikes Again.*

8th St Cinema, 52 W 8th (674-6515). *Marathon Man.*

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). *Rocky.*

Elgin, 8th Ave & 19th (675-0935). 1/4-11, to be announced. Fridays at midnight, *Gums,* starring Brother Theodore. Saturdays at midnight, *The Harder They Come.* If you're over 62 you can go to the Elgin any time for a quarter.

Embassy 46th, at Bdway (757-2408). *Across the Great Divide.*

Embassy 49th, at Bdway (582-4066). *Marathon Man.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000; Chloe in the Afternoon.*

Festival, 57th St & Fifth Ave (581-2323). *The Shaggy D.A.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *The Pink Telephone.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). *The Pink Panther Strikes Again.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 1/4, *Carrie.* From 1/5, *Seven Beauties.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *The Pink Panther Strikes Again.*

Guild, 33 W 50, nr 5th Ave (PL 7-2406). *Across the Great Divide.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *Mikey and Nicky.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Voyage of the Damned.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). *Voyage of the Damned.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th, 3rd (AT 9-4607). *King Kong.*

Loews State I & II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). I. *King Kong.* II. *Rocky.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Silver Streak.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). Listings always tentative here. I. *The Pink Panther Strikes Again.* II. *The Enforcer.* III. *Marathon Man.*

Murray Hill, 34th at 3rd Ave (685-7652). *Rocky.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd (956-7078). 1/4, noon, *The Light Fantastic;* 2:30, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest;* 6 p.m. *What's Happening?* 1/6, 2:30, *Road to Rio;* 6 p.m. Animated Films (Japanese); 8:30, Animated Films II (Japanese). 1/7, 2:30, Animated Films I & II; 6 p.m. *Road to Rio.* 1/8, Noon, *The Three Caballeros;* 2:30, Animated Films I; 5 p.m. Animated Films II. 1/9, noon, *Movie Crazy;* 2:30, *The Three Caballeros;* 5 p.m. *Fine Manners* and *Kiki.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *The Front.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 1/4, *In Search of Noah's Ark.* 1/5-11, *The Front; Taxi Driver.*

Paramount, 61st & Bdway (247-5070). *Network.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Cousin, Cousine.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). to be announced.

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). Thru 1/16, *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution.* From 1/17, *Pumping Iron.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). *(Last-minute switches especially frequent here; phone ahead.)* I. Thru 1/11, *The Starlets.* II. *The Thief of Paris.* III. IV. *Jonah Who Will Be 25 in The Year 2000; Chloe in the Afternoon.* Thru 1/4, *Blood of a Poet; The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.* From 1/5, *Edvard Munch.*

Radio City Music Hall, 50th & 6th Ave (246-4600). *The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). Thru 1/4, *David Copperfield.* 1/5-8, *Camille; Gaslight.* 1/9,10, *Travels with My Aunt; Sylvia Scarlett.* 1/11,12, *Heller in Pink Tights.* 1/13-15, *Adam's Rib; A Bill of Divorcement.* 1/16-18, *Two-Faced Woman; The Philadelphia Story.*

Rivoli, 49th St & Bdway *The Shaggy D.A.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Bdway at 47th (757-5450). I. *Monkey Hustle.* II. *Pipe Dreams.*

RKO 59th St I & II, nr 2nd Ave (688-1717). I. *The Enforcer.* II. 1/4, *Little Big Man; Soldier Blue.* 1/6-8, *Casablanca; Play It Again Sam.* 1/9,10, *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter; Charlie.* 1/11,12, *Five Easy Pieces; Carnal Knowledge.* 1/13-15, *The Producers; Start the Revolution Without Me.* 1/16,17, *Funny Face; On a Clear Day.* 1/18,19, *Strawdogs; Wild Bunch.*

RKO 86th St I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *Pipe Dreams.* II. *The Monkey Hustle.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). to be announced.

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at St Marks Pl (777-1955). Thru 1/6, *Bingo Long and the Travelling All-Stars; Janis.* From 1/7, *Two-Minute Warning.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *The Marquise of O.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *Network.*

Symphony, Bdway nr 95th (AC 2-6600). *The Pink Panther Strikes Again.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 1/4, *Partie de Plaisir; The Slap.* 1/5-11, *Vincent, Francois, Paul and The Others; Delusions of Grandeur.*

Theater St Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 1/3,4, *To Each His Own; The Heiress.* 1/5,6, *To Catch a Thief; Foreign Correspondent.* 1/7,8, *When Worlds Collide; The War of the Worlds.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *Voyage of the Damned.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *All This and World War II.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *The Pink Panther Strikes Again.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *The Enforcer.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *The Enforcer.*

Ziegfeld, 54th betw 6th & 7th (765-7600). *A Star Is Born.*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

BECAUSE OF PRODUCTION DIFFICULTIES, CERTAIN LISTINGS MAY BE OUT OF DATE.

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

Most theaters honor "Ammex" and "Diners Club" credit cards, and some accept reservations by telephone.

ON BROADWAY

Ipi-Tombi–A black African musical, conceived and composed by Bertha Egnos, with lyrics by Gail Lakier, mixes traditional and modern rhythms. It's about a village boy who fails to make good in the big city. Previews now prior to a 1/12 opening. Harkness, Bdway at 63rd (581-6000).

Something Old, Something New–Molly Picon and Hans Conried costar in a new comedy by Henry Denker about two senior citizens living together who must cope with several problems before they can get married. Directed by Robert Livingston. Previews now. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

The Trip Back Down–John Cullum stars in a new play by John Bishop about a racing car driver. With Jill Andre, Anthony Call, and Arlen Dean Snyder. Directed by Terry Schreiber. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

SEX AND POLITICS

And that's what Tom Stoppard's double-bill **Dirty Linen** and **New-Found-Land** are all about. Here we see a smug **Remak Ramsay** whom we'll see, along with Francis Bethencourt, Cecilia Hart and a few others. Directed by Ed Berman, the comedy opens tonight at the Golden Theater, 252 W 45th Street (246-6740).

Bubbling Brown Sugar–About half the show is an authentic and lively tribute to old-time Harlem theater, with some great numbers lined out by the likes of Avon Long, Josephine Premice, and Vivian Reed. The other half, alas, is a silly, patronizing, meandering book and some new songs by Danny Holgate that merely waste time, beyond rescue even by all that classy staging and dances. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sat mat at 2; Sun at 2:30 & 7 p.m. ANTA, 245 W 52nd (246-6270).

California Suite–Sleazily written, shoddily constructed, and without even a scintilla of Neil Simon's usual slick adroitness with a gag line, this grab bag of skits about life in a Los Angeles hotel suggests that California life may have scrambled Mr. Simon's brains. Gene Saks's direction draws a few moments of bovine humor from Jack Weston, but Tammy Grimes, Barbara Barrie and George Grizzard look as foolish as they are made to sound. Eugene O'Neill, 230 W 49th (246-0220).

Chicago–A music vaudeville, with book by Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse, based on the 1926 melodrama about a Chicago murderess. Music by John Kander. There is fun here, and like any spectacle that carries the Fosse signature, it demands to be seen. *(J.S.)* 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's taut, energetic direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Shubert, 225 W44 (246-5990).

Comedians–Trevor Griffiths's uneven but often brilliant dissection of the place of laughter in today's world of debased standards. There are gags here to please the crowd, but they explode like smoke-bombs. Mike Nichols's direction is wonderfully taut and understated, and a splendid all-male cast, notably Jonathan Pryce as a funnyman filled with hatred, provides some spectacular theater even when the play loses its way, as it occasionally does. Music Box Theater, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Equus–Peter Shaffer's play which is structured around a valid premise, an exploration into the tortured mind of a boy who suddenly goes berserk and blinds a stableful of horses. But the play is ruined by Shaffer's concept of the psychiatrist, who is forced constantly into tedious (and, to an intelligent auditor, insulting) sermons on what it all means to him. With Anthony Perkins and Ralph Seymour. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

Fiddler on the Roof–Zero Mostel stars in a revival of the musical, with Thelma Lee, Ruth Jaroslow, Paul Lipson, Christopher Callan. Book by Joseph Stein; music by Jerry Bock; lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. Winter Garden, 1634 Bdway (245-4878).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow Is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling theatrical experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Godspell–Although it may have been overpraised when new (thanks to *J.C. Superstar's* also having been around), the artless joy of this retelling of the Passion through the eyes of flower-children, the romping inventiveness of its appealing cast, and the vitality of most (if not all) of Stephen Schwartz's music still make this one of the loveliest things in town. The move to Broadway has been well managed, and you're still invited onstage for wine at intermission. Wed thru Sat at 8; Mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 5:30 p.m. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156).

Grease–An amusing, ridiculous 50s rock 'n' roll musical exploring the myth created by the mass media of what teen-age life was like in the 50s. Excellent choreography by Patricia Birch. Book, music & lyrics: Jacobs & Casey. Directed by Tom Moore. *(J.S.)* Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

Guys and Dolls–Damon Runyon's Broadway lingo has been translated by Billy Wilson into black jive, with results more joyous than anyone might have dreamed possible. This is one of the best of all recent musical revivals, and Frank Loesser's flawless score makes 25 years sound like overnight. The cast — led by Ernestine Jackson, an absolute charmer, as Sarah; Norma Donaldson as a wonderfully brassy Adelaide; James Randolph and Robert Guillaume as the top gamblers — hasn't a weak member. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 2 & 8 p.m.; Sun at 3 & 7:30 p.m. Broadway, Bdway at 53rd (247-7992).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

My Fair Lady–Jerry Adler's direction tends to draw heavy lines under the best-loved moments, but he cannot obliterate this memento of popular musical theater's brightest creation. Christine Andreas's Eliza sounds better than it looks, but Ian Richardson is a flinty Higgins, and George Rose a roistering Doolittle. Tues thru Sat; evenings at 8 p.m. Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

Night of the Iguana–Not Tennessee Williams's best play, but also not as dull and flat as made out in this generally misguided revival. As the tormented, defrocked preacher, Richard Chamberlain is all juvenile redneck, given to gargling his best lines; as the object of his seedy love-games, Sylvia Miles comes on like a defrocked thug. Joseph Hardy's direction cannot cover these inadequacies, and the drab lighting by H. R. Poindexter further drains the play of much of its rudimentary poetry. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway, nr 8th Ave (581-0720).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard, Sherman Yellen. Mon, Tues, Wed at 8; Fri at 7:30 & 10. Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 7:30. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Pippin–The most beautifully gotten up musical ever to surround a near-vacuum, the "vacuum" being Roger O. Hirson's empty and pretentious book about Charlemagne's son. The "near" is Stephen Schwartz's music and lyrics, with an awkward, amateurish charm, but at least they have a somewhat medieval feel. Director-choreographer Bob Fosse's only flaw is an excess of inventiveness. *(J.S.)* Mon, Tues, Wed & Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Imperial, 45th nr 8th Avenue (CO 5-2412).

Porgy and Bess–All these years people have said that Gershwin's huge, sprawling folk-poem suffered most from its operatic pretensions. Now comes the Houston Grand Opera Company to give that legend the lie, with a production that honors, probably for the first time anywhere, the soaring genius behind *the work as originally conceived. The production has* that mixture of respect and vitality that is rare both in theater and opera house. A triumph, in short. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bdway (PL 7-7064).

The Robber Bridegroom–Eudora Welty's folk-fable *turned into a country-music jamboree by Alfred* Uhry (words) and Robert Waldman (music). The show has a certain seedy, kicky charm, but the songs aren't much in themselves and Gerald Freedman's direction tends to drive some of the jokes into the ground. Biltmore, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).

Same Time, Next Year–Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell in a romantic comedy by Bernard Slade about an annual rendezvous that lasts for 25 years involving a pair who are married, but not to each other. A two-character play similar in theme to *Avanti*, and in quality to *The Voice of the Turtle*, it is genuinely funny, often moving, and slyly perspicacious throughout. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. *(J.S.)* Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

Shenandoah–A musical by James Lee Barrett, P. Rose, P. Udell, and Gary Geld; directed by Philip Rose; stars William Chapman. It takes no Civil War expert to know that this foolish hyperanachronism has about as much to do with history as with wit, tunefulness, or basic intelligence. The book goes from nowhere to nowhere, unless commuting between jolly homespun philosophy and arrant tear-jerking constitutes an itinerary. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m.; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. *(J.S.)* Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Sly Fox–Larry Gelbart has misread a certain famous tombstone as "O Rape Ben Jonson," and has done just that in this gross, gaggy rewrite of *Volpone.* As the Fox himself, George C. Scott mistakes post-striking for comic acting, and Arthur Penn's direction is a luckless try at creating a Jacobean *Hellzapoppin'*. Ugh. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (CI 6-6699).

The Three-Penny Opera–Echt Brecht, this splendid, imaginative staging (by Richard Foreman) restores the cutting edge of the play that was blunted in the famous off-Broadway version. Stanley Silverman's musical direction accomplishes similar results for Weill's marvelous music, and a large cast honors this act of resurrection as the wonder it truly is. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 1/23/77 at Vivian Beaumont, 150 W 65th (787-8080).

The Wiz–New musical version of the *Wizard of Oz* with an all-black cast; by William F. Brown and Charlie Smalls; directed by Geoffrey Holder. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. If you already know Oz, from the Baum books and the Garland movie, you're ahead of the game. *J.S.)* Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Your Arms Are Too Short To Box With God–The Book of Matthew's greatest hits, turned into a generally lively gospel musical by Vinnette Carroll, Nicki Grant, and Alex Bradford. Sometimes the wooing of audience by cast becomes a little blatant, but there is some spellbinding singing (notably by Salome Bey and Delores Hall) to set matters right. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

AN OLD FAVORITE

Gale Sondergaard, who together with Robert Pastene and Jan Farrand, have the starring roles in a revival of Henrik Ibsen's **John Gabriel Borkman,** which deals with an old man's protest against his failing powers and the conflict between two sisters who have a life-long battle for his love. Plays thru February 13th, at Roundabout/ Stage One, 333 W 23rd St (924-7160).

The Brownsville Raid–Douglas Turner Ward stars in a play by Charles Fuller which takes place on a U.S. army post in that Texas town in 1906, when, it was reported, a troop of black career soldiers raided the town. Directed by Israel Hicks, it's a tenth anniversary Negro Ensemble Company production. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 3:30 & 8:30; Sun 2:30 & 7. Thru 1/30, Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a goggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the roles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. You probably have to see this for yourselves to understand why this rather special show is as delightful as it is. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

NEW ERIC BLAU MUSICAL

Elly Stone stars (as she did in Blau's *Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well in Paris* long-runner) in **The Cockeyed Tiger,** with action here taking place in an old celebrated nightclub at Broome and Houston Streets in New York City. Choreography is by Gemze de Lappe, and music by Nicholas Meyers. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (473-9481).

David Mamet's Plays–*Sexual Perversity in Chicago* and *Duck Variations,* two beautifully written, subtle, and wise short plays about — well, about life: young people's lives ruined by meddling "friends," old people's lives ruined by aching, desperate dullness. It's all treated with a fine, light touch, which the expert direction of Albert Takazauckas deftly underscores. Wed, Thurs, Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 8. Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St (989-2020).

Emma Instigated Me–Rochelle Owens's new play about Emma Goldman, the most notorious woman of her day, here portrayed by Diane Kagan. $2.50. 1/4-9, at 8 p.m. American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

The Fantasticks–In the zillionth year of its run, with its notable list of acting alumni, this innocuous drivel has finally found its audience: one man who attends regularly because it cures his insomnia. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838). Amex honored

God's Trombones–A gospel rock and dance revival of James Weldon Johnson's classical work, adapted and directed by Tad Truesdale, choreographed by John E. Parks. Thru 1/16. $4. La Mama Experimental Theater Club, 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

Israel Horovitz Repertory–People's Theater Ensemble offers Horovitz's *The Indian Wants the Bronx* and *It's Called the Sugarplum,* Thurs and Sat at 8 p.m. and *Morning* and *Rats,* Fri at 8 p.m., 18th St Plyhouse, 145 W 18th (242-3900).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–Ionesco's *Rhinoceros,* Pinter's *The Caretaker.* P.B. Shelley's *The Cenci.* Bouwerie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery at 2nd St (677-0060).

The Long Black Block–Roger Furman's Harlem classic of the late 1960s, with music composed by Jackie McLean. New Heritage Repertory Theater, 43 E 125th, at Madison (876-3272).

Mango Plus Fan Equals Happiness–Stephen Shea's new contemporary work for one performer and two simultaneous video tracks. 1/5-9 at 10 p.m. 1/10-12 at 8 p.m. 1/8,9 at 5 p.m. $2.50. Basement Space, American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

Marco Polo Sings a Solo–John Guare's new comedy, directed by Mel Shapiro, with Joel Grey, Anne Jackson, Larry Bryggman, Jim Jansen, Madeline Kahn, Sarandon, and Sigourney Weaver. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-1750).

M'liss or Gold in Them Thar Hills–A musical valentine to the Old West, based on the Bret Harte Story, directed by Robert Dahdah. Tues thru Thurs at 7:30, Sat and Sun at 3 p.m. Fri & Sat at 7:30. $5.50 (Children $3). O'Lunney's, 915 Second Ave (242-3900).

Nightclub Cantata–An entertainment conceived, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados. Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker (GR 5-5122).

No Exit–Jean Paul Sartre's play, directed by Rose Lynch. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30. $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

The Pleasure of Honesty–Luigi Pirandello's comedy, directed by Kirt Alexander. Thurs thru Sat, thru 2/5, at 8. $2.50. NYC Rep, 437 W 46th (JU 6-3700).

The Rehearsal or Love's Reward–Jean Anouilh's bittersweet farce, in a ghastly revival that merely says that Roundabout's producer, Gene Feist, has a wife, Elizabeth Owens, who thinks she can act. A good supporting cast has nothing to support, and Anthony Stimac's last-minute directing stint is something like trying to fix a carburetor by changing a tire. *Very* tired, in fact. Thru 1/16. Roundabout Stage II, 307 W 23rd (924-7160).

Soho Repertory–*Merchant of Venice,* Jerry Engelbach's *Dracula.* Soho Rep, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

Streamers–David Rabe's finest play so far, in a distinguished production by Mike Nichols, is enough to restore anyone's faith in the future of native theater. Externally, the play is about Vietnam-bound soldiers; underneath, it is about the way human beings struggle to find responsive chords in one another, and often fail. Tues-Sat at 7:30; Wed & Sat at 2:30; Sun at 3 p.m. Mitzi E. Newhouse, 150 W 65th (787-8080).

Strindberg Repertory–The Hudson Guild Theater presents, *The Stronger* and *The Creditors,* Tues, Thurs & Sat at 8; Sat mat at 3; and *The Stronger* and *Miss Julie,* Wed, Fri & Sun at 8; Sun mat at 3. $2.50. Hudson Guild Theater, 441 W 26th (760-9800).

A Tribute to Lili Lamont–Well-observed, harrowing drama by Arthur Whitney about an aging derelict of a former film star and the mental midgets who constitute her five-member fan club. Leueen MacGrath's incandescence as Lamont is wonderfully employed by Marshall W. Mason's expert direction. Circle Repertory, 99 7th Ave So on Sheridan Square (924-7100).

Twelfth Night–Shakespeare's comedy, presented by the Peter Quince Company, directed by Michael Bergmann. With Jeffrey Ware, Martha Meade, Lynn Harper, Jason Lee, Jay Goldenberg. Tues thru Sat at 7:30, Sun at 3 p.m. $3.50 & $4.50. Bert Wheeler Theater, 250 W 43rd (Carter Hotel, betw Bdway & 8th). 289-2508 for reservations.

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galbway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (541-8394).

Women Behind Bars–Divine stars in the role of the prison matron in Tom Eyen's spoof of all those 1930's prison movies. With Fanne Fox. Loathsome. Tues-Thurs, 8; Fri, 9; Sat, 8 & 10:30; Sun, 3 & 8. Truck and Warehouse Theater, 79 E 4th St (777-0140).

The Yellow Wallpaper–A play about a women's descent into madness, written by Gloria Albee, directed by Nancy Rhodes. Thurs thru Sat at 8:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. Encompass Theater, 168 W 48th (749-4864).

Excerpted from Alan Rich's reviews

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Backstage–318 W 45th. Gene Foote, a perennial Broadway gypsy, now turns to song, at 8:15 on 1/9, then continues 1/11-16 (581-8447).

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Dinner, guest variety turns emceed by comic Lenny Schultz, and the Untouchables. Amateur hour Monday night (794-1906).

Cecil–161 E 54th. Elegant disco serving food in a European country garden. And there's a fireplace lounge for cocktails and backgammon. Roberta Sherwood entertains twice nightly. Dancing from 10 p.m. (688-[illegible]88).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Elegant Egyptian decor, international cuisine. "Ooh La La," a revue with belly dancers, whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtimes 10 & 12. Closed Sundays (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment. Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 10; Sat at 8, 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Restaurant-discotheque. Tuesdays thru Saturdays, entertainment. Thru 1/8, Sweet Inspiration, a group of five girl vocalists. From 1/11, the Ken Hamilton Show. Also, three shows nightly in the lounge from 9 p.m. (PL 5-6010).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Excellent restaurant, and Mon thru Fri, there's The Tommy Furtado plays Mon thru Sat & the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun & Mon. nights. Singer-pianist Glen Covington & his trio thru 1/29, nightly except Sun (838-8384).

Les Mareyeurs–998 Madison, betw 77th & 78th. Elegant French seafood spot, with Neal Wolf at the keyboard Tues thru Sat (628-3333).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Avenue. Restaurant-cum-antique shop. "Porcupine," a revue, in the Valentine Room Mon thru Sat at 9 & 11 (683-0044).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. In the Playroom: *Oops!* a new cabaret revue, complete with strobe lights, sequins and feathers, and an underwater ballet. In the Living Room: Jazz guitarist Gene Bertoncini here Mon thru Fri, 5 to 7 p.m. For keyholders only (752-3100).

Rainbow Grill–65th Floor, Rockefeller Center. Comfortable dining, Picasso tapestries, a world-famous view, and 1/3-15, Comedian Corbet Monica, with singer Bunny Parker (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Center. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world (almost) from its 65th floor windows. Sy Oliver leads the band for dancing. Tues, Wed, Thurs, from 7 p.m. Fri & Sat, from 8 p.m. & Sun from 6 p.m. (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Bi-level discotheque, open Mon to Thurs, 5 p.m. to 1 a.m.; 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. on Fri & Sat (MU 8-3365).

Regine's–502 Park Avenue—Only non-private private club in New York. Classy foreigners and natives dancing chic to chic. Not for welfare cases (826-0990).

Roseland Dance City–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wednesday thru Sunday from 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thursdays and weekend. American orchestras alternate with Latin bands (CI 7-0200).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Pleasant dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Tre Amici–1294 3rd Ave (bet 74th & 75th). A handsome place and Italian food; Charles DeForest plays his favorites at the keyboard (535-3416).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, 43rd St & Madison (687-7000). **Under the Clock:** Dancing once again, to the music of Tony Terini's Trio, Mon thru Fri, from 7 p.m. to midnight.

Carlyle–Madison at 76th (RH 4-1600). **Cafe Carlyle:** Bobby Short's here at the piano singing his heart out, all the way thru 1/8/77 **Bemelmans Bar:** The great jazz pianist Marian McPartland entertains nightly, except Sunday.

Drake, Park at 56th (421-0900). **Shepheard's:** Dinner and disco dancing. A group called Glen Bailey and Circus, at 9, 11 p.m. & 1:15 a.m. nightly except Sunday, thru 1/8. **After Ten:** pianist-song stylist Don Tabor on stage from 10 to 1:30 a.m.

Hilton, 6th Ave & 53rd (JU 6-7000). **Metamorphosis**—A discotheque with dancing seven nights a week from 8 p.m. **Mirage**—Roland Granier de Lafayette at the piano from 4 to 9 p.m.

Pierre, 5th Ave at 61st (TE 8-8000). **Cafe:** The Rene Martel plays Tues thru Sat; Sun & Mon, pianist Steve Weltner.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's**— Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment by the Shelle Adams Trio, nightly, except Sunday.

Sherry Netherland–5th Ave at 59th (759-9020). **Le Petit Restaurant:** A noisy environment, with pianist Earl Rose playing pop, classical, and jazz tunes Mon thru Fri, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Stanhope Hotel, 5th Ave & 81st (288-5800): Pianist George Feyer plays everything from Viennese schmaltz to sophisticated show tunes and pop, sings everything from Porter and Coward to his own political parodies. Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 1 a.m.

St. Regis-Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **King Cole Grill:** Pianist-composer Ray Hartley plays Mon thru Fri, 5:30-11 p.m.

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Alfredo's Settebello–10th St & 7th Ave. Known for its divine cuisine, restaurant, also, at 11 p.m. Tues thru Sun, Jane White, with a festival of love songs. Closed Mondays (675-4630).

Ali's Alley–77 Greene Street. 1/4-8, Rev. Frank Wright, tenor; James Blood Ulmer, guitar; Benny Nilson, bass; Rashied Ali, drums. 1/11-15, 18-22, Rashied Ali Quintet. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist-arranger Frank Foster leads a big band with a fierce rhythm section and several adept soloists. (226-9042).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mabel Godwin at the piano Tues thru Sat, 9 to 3 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

Ballroom–458 W. Bdway. 1/4-9, Hal Hackady & Larry Grossman. 1/11-16, Arthur Siegal, Tues thru Sun (473-9367).

Barbarann–349 W 46th. Theatrical Restaurant, with Michael O'Haughey and Ann Ault in a new song and dance act, 1/4-9, at 11:30 p.m. (541-6150).

Bijou–400 E 57th St. Attractive restaurant, with Dickson Hughes at the piano with songs from 5:30 on (421-0410).

Bradley's–70 University Pl. Barry Harris, the eminent modern pianist whose blend of Powellian lyricism and energy, with Monk's rhythmic and dynamic subtleties makes for a mesmeric evening, is here every Sunday. The rest of the week is given to Cedar Walton and a bassist who refine standards and originals with clear vision and fortitude (228-6440).

Brothers and Sisters–355 W 46th St. Wed thru Sat, Thru 1/15 at 9:30 & 11:30, the triumphant return of singer-comedienne-actress Marcia Lewis (765-7848).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming place, open hearth fire, good food. Musicians Jerry Greenberg and Andy Cahill do the standards, including a Gershwin medley, Tues thru Sat nights (673-5720).

Cookery–University Pl & 8th. Helen Humes, a wonderful singer with an enlightening repertoire of first class standards and blues numbers, is back thru the new year, with the incomparable Ellis Larkins on piano and Major Holley on bass. She is warm, cheering, and occasionally inspiring, and not to be missed. 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Sun, 8 to 1 a.m. pianist Sammy Price, king of boogie-woogie. Sat and Sun, noon to 5, jazz pianist Chuck Folds (OR 4-4450).

Court Street–1544 Second (betw 81st & 82nd). Lively discotheque with a live disc jockey; there's a Tunisian chef, and the action starts at 10 p.m. Decor is charming, and there's a dining porch (535-3394).

Crawdaddy–45th and Vanderbilt. A New Orleans restaurant, with Sammy Price, a master of boogie woogie (a school of music frequently parodied by pianists incapable of making it soar), plays for diners and is then joined by his musical friends; Mon thru Fri, 6:30 to 11 p.m. (889-8331).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. The houseband, Red Balaban and Cats, includes the genial, clever, and occasionally moving trombonist Vic Dickenson, a true stylist of the horn, as well as clarinetist Herbie Hall, trumpeter Ed Polcer, and drummer Connie Kay. 1/4, Scott Hamilton, tenor sax. 1/9, The Zoot Sims-Al Cohn Quintet. (265-8277).

Flanagan's–1215 First, at 65th. Michael Owens plays folk, rock and guitar with a dash of Irish country music at this large room. James Kean accompanies

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him on the accordion. Tues thru Sat from 9 until 2 a.m. (472-0300).

Gaslight Club–124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist-singer Jane Mullaney; there's pianist-singer George Mahoney; there's Sam Ulano's Speakeasy Four, with Dixieland jazz—all on different floors (752-2500).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Four combos—Brooks Kerr's Trio with drummer Sonny Greer and saxist Russ Procope; singer Alicia Sherman, Wed thru Sun. Al Haig Trio (guitarist Chuck Wayne and bassist Jamil Nasser), Mon & Tues. Gene Roland Trio with singer Lynn Crane, Mon thru Sat, 4 to 8. Warren Chiasson Trio Sun from 5:30 to 9:30 (371-2220).

Harley Street–547 Second Ave, at 30th. Restaurant-club with entertainment Fri & Sat from 9 to 3 a.m. Thru 1/15, Warren Chiasson on vibes, with Chuck Wayne on guitar, and Earl May on bass (685-9659).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. The electrifying Roy Eldridge is back, in his seventh year at the club, and playing as brilliantly and movingly as ever. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky, another volatile trumpeter, opts for earlier stylistic parameters (CO 5-9505).

Jim Smith's Village Corner–Bleecker, at LaGuardia Music from 9:30 to 3 a.m. Wed, Armen Donelian, pianist. Thurs thru Tues, pianist Lance Hayward. Sundays singer Jane Valentine entertains (473-9762).

Max's Kansas City–213 Park Ave So. 1/4, The Planets. 1/5, Day Old Bread; The Fuse. 1/6, Uncle Son; The Cramps. 1/7, Dead Boys; Sirius Trixon and the Motor City Bad Boys. 1/8, Mink Deville. 1/9, Reggae Night. Showtimes at 10 and midnight (777-7871).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. Pianist Dick Hyman presents the 1930s sounds and music of the little bands, with bassist Milt Hinton, clarinetist Pee Wee Irwin, saxophonist Bob Wilbur, and drummer Bob Rosengarden, Tues thru Sat, starting around 9:15. Woody Allen continues with his jam sessions on Mondays (785-2272).

O. Henry's–345 Sixth Ave. Village steakhouse, with Tiffany lamps, sawdust on the floor, and a clam bar. Fri and Sat, there are Aldo Bruschi, Jo Mirasola and Carlos Santana from 9 p.m. (CH 2-2000).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave, betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9:00; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass (751-5470).

Other End–149 Bleecker. Tom Paxton, a refreshingly lyrical folksinger-songwriter, was a looming figure in the folk revival of the mid 60s. He got lost when rock 'n roll was discovered to be blowin' in the wind; perhaps he can be heard again now (673-7030).

Stryker's–103 W 86th. On Mondays, Dave Matthews leads a 12 piece band; on Tuesdays, reedman Eddie Daniels brings in his ensemble. Wednesdays and Thursdays are given to the nonet lead by the brilliant saxophonist Lee Konitz, who once played a considerable role in someone else's nonet. On Friday and Saturdays, guitarist Joe Puma is joined by various soloists (874-8754).

Sweet Basil–88 Seventh Ave So, at Bleecker. On Sunday afternoons, pianist Hal Galper leads a vigorous quintet. Monday and Tuesday evenings are regularly assigned to the virtuosic guitarist Jack Wilkins (242-1785).

Tramps–125 E 15th. Stormin' Norman and Suzy have returned to the room where they have acquired a following. Suzy is a funny, racy, slightly atavistic cross between Texas Guinan and a contemporary folkie, but Stormin' Norman would be better rechristened Vaguely Competent Norman; she deserves a better band. Shows at 10 and midnight (541-5460).

West End Cafe–2911 Broadway, at 113th. This popular restaurant-music room has become the home for a mini-jazz festival with legendary names from the swing era proving the timelessness of their original ideas: Mondays, Tuesdays, the Frank Williams Four; Wednesdays, Jo Jones, the premiere drummer, raconteur, conjurer, leads a quartet of friends—they change—and the evening meshes historic ruminations with the classiest rhythms imaginable; Thursdays & Fridays, the Swing-to-Bop Quintet. Saturdays & Sundays, the Countsmen, a Basie-alumni band with Earle Warren (666-8750).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Emmerich**–41 E 57th (752-0124). Gold and other precious materials from Greece, Rome and Pre-Columbian America, thru 1/5.

***Frumkin**–50 W 57th (757-6655). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 12-5:30. Works done 10 years ago by members including realist works by Beal, Leslie, Midgette, and Pearlstein, 1/4-28.

Hammer–51 E 57th (644-4400). American paintings by Cassatt, Hassam, Kensett, Moran, others, 1/10-22.

Heidenberg–50 W 57th (586-3808). Kinetic paintings, sculpture, graphics by Agam, Carreaga, Cruz-Diez, Soto, others, thru 1/29.

***Janis**–6 W 57th (586-0110). European masters of the Picasso generation, thru 1/15.

René–6 W 57th (765-1330). Graphics by Agam, Damian, Soto, Vasarely, Yvaral, others, thru 1/8.

Viridian–24 W 57th (245-2882). Members work, thru 1/31.

WomenArt–41 W 57th (421-2420). Paintings, sculpture, and mixed-media by women, thru 1/14.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

African Tribal Arts II–37 W 53rd (582-5056). Mon-Sat 10:30-5. Ceremonial staffs representing authority and strength from Baule, Yoruba, thru 1/31.

***Artweave**–924 Mad at 73rd (794-0384). Weavings from various cultures of Pre-Columbian Peru, thru 1/22.

***BlumHelman**–13 E 75th (249-5350). Storage jars from Ancient Japanese kilns, thru 1/15.

***China Institute**–125 E 65th (744-8181). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5, Sun 2-5. Chinese folk art in American collections from the early 15th to the early 20th century, thru 1/30.

***Committee to Save Grand Central**–59 E 43rd (586-4761). Mon-Fri 10-6. Art Deco architecture in the West Bronx, thru 3/1.

***Elkon**–1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940). Paintings and sculpture introduced here during the 60's including Avedisian, Bush, Dzubas, Witkin, others, 1/8-2/2.

Harlow–1100 Mad Ave (988-4360). Wed-Sat 12-6. French graphic art from 1890 to 1930, plus early 19th century photos by Bisson Freres, Carjat, Nadar, others, 1/5-29.

Jackson–32 E 69th (988-1800). Collages on paper by Bultman, lucite sculpture by Byng, 1975 abstractions

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Children

Doug Anderson, magic, Nathan's in Times Square (594-7455), 1/16 at 1 & 3.

Floating Hospital Puppet Playhouse, Pier 15 of South St. Seaport (744-8636). *The Shy Fox & Roots,* 1/16 at 1:30 & 3.

Penny Jones & Co., 215 W 11th St. (924-4589). *Mother Goose Tales & The Three Bears,* (puppets), 1/15-16 at 1:30.

Magic Towne House, 1026 Third Ave. (752-1165). Magic shows Sat & Sun at 1, 2:30 & 4.

Richard Morse Mime Theater, 224 Waverly Pl. (242-0530). *A Chip off the Old Munk,* Sat & Sun at 2.

Pumpernickel Players, Theater of the Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr. (864-2929). *Rapunzel,* dance theater, 1/15 at 2.

Theater of the Open Eye, 316 E 88th St. (534-6363). *Raven's Dance,* Sun at 2:30 & 4.

13th Street Theater, 50 W 13th St. (924-9785). *Gingerbread,* (musical), Sat & Sun at 1 & 3.

We Three, The Little Synagogue, 27 E 20th St. (255-0469). *The Mouse House with Minka & Tinka* and *Dance Time,* 1/16 at 2.

CONCERTS, OPERA, DANCE, MUSEUMS EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Concerts

Extended Run

Ice Capades, Madison Square Garden (563-8000). The engagement runs thru 1/23. Call box office for times.

Tuesday, January 11

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Pierre Boulez conducts, with Peter Serkin, piano. Works of Haydn, Beethoven & Takemitsu, at 7:30.

Philadelphia Orchestra, Carnegie Hall; James Levine conducts, with Norman Carol, violin. Works of Berlioz, Brahms & Barber, at 8.

Gregg Smith Singers, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Paul Gallo, clarinet, Federal Hall National Memorial, Wall & Broad Sts. (264-4451), at 5:30.

William Grubb, cello, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Juilliard Student Concert, Juilliard Theater, at 8:30.

Princeton Ensemble, Guggenheim Museum, at 8.

Wednesday, January 12

Da Capo Chamber Players, Carnegie Recital Hall, 8.

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.

Tommy Tune, Town Hall, at 5:45.

Elizabeth Suderburg, soprano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Thursday, January 13

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Pierre Boulez conducts. Works of Debussy, Stravinsky & Boulez, at 8:30.

Osipov Balalaika Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

John Harris, tenor, Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E 20th St. (264-4451), at 7.

New Music, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Jane Bowers, baroque flute/**Peter Wolf,** harpsichord, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Juilliard Quartet, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

Joseph Payne, harpsichord, Baroque Music Center, 33 Union Sq. W. (989-7052), at 8.

Friday, January 14

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 1/13, at 2.

Osipov Balalaika Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Pinchas Zukerman, violin/**Eugenia Zukerman,** flute, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.

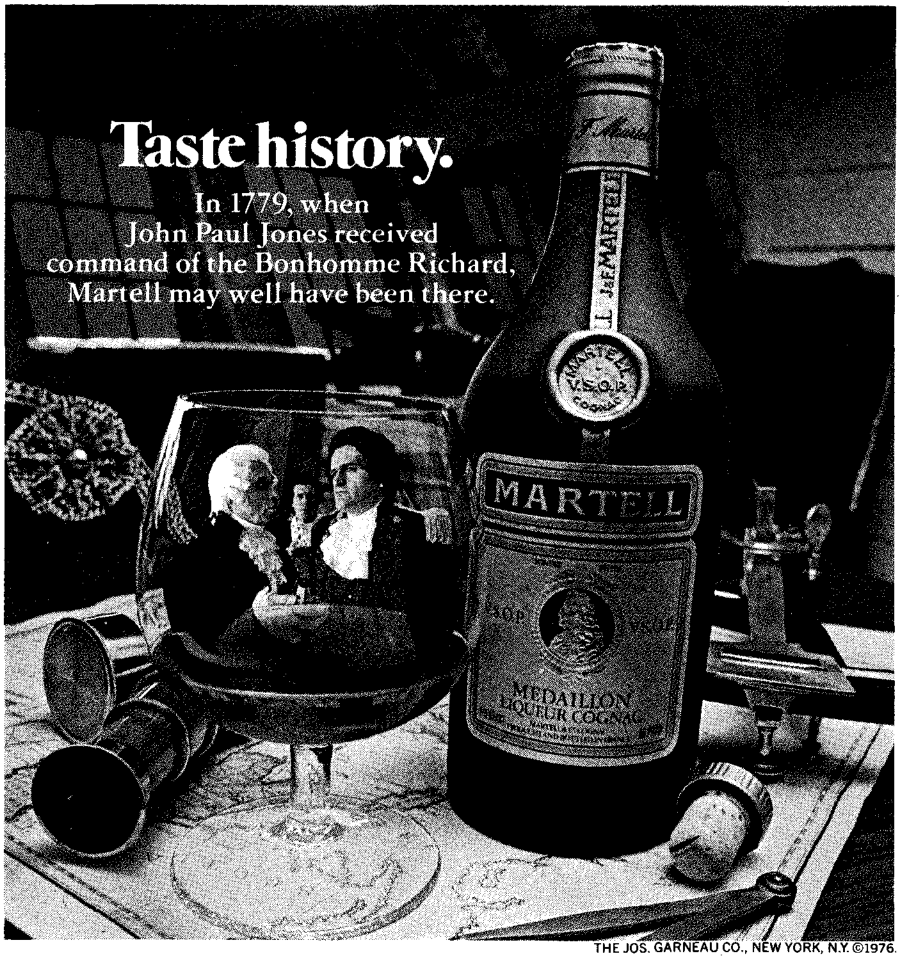
Brooklyn Philharmonia, BAM Opera House, at 8.

Cremona String Quartet, Hotel Biltmore Music Rm., Madison Ave. at 43rd (749-5464), 8:30.

Gidon Kremer, violin, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

Watts Electric, May Theater, 66 Fifth Ave. (989-2230), at 8.

Lisa Krathwohl Marum, flute, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.



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Saturday, January 15

SALUTE TO JELLY ROLL

Eubie Blake, that extraordinary musician, headlines Bob Greene's "World of Jelly Roll Morton" at Carnegie Hall on Saturday, January 15 at 8:30. Also on hand for this special tribute and jazz revival will be Cathy Chamberlain, Bill Russell, Bob Greene, and the Jelly Roll Morton Orchestra (247-7459).

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 1/13, at 8:30.
All Mozart Program, Carnegie Hall, at 2:30.
Jankry Ensemble, WBAI's Studio C, 359 E 62nd St. (826-0880), at 9.
Brooklyn Philharmonia, BAM Opera House, at 8.
New Little Orchestra Young People's Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 11 & 3.
Russian Romantic Music, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2.
Paula Robison, flute/**Kenneth Cooper,** harpsichord, Alice Tully Hall, at 3.
Germain Besus, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Armstrong & Fredricks, Queens College Colden Center, at 8:30.
New York Renaissance Band, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Nina Tichman, *piano, Metropolitan Museum,* at 2:30.
Musica Aeterna Orchestra/Emanuel Ax, piano, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

Sunday, January 16

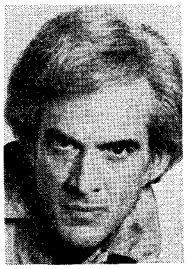
American Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall; Sergiu Comissiona conducts, with Sylvie Carbonel, piano. Works of Mendelssohn, Barber, Liszt & Kodaly, at 3.
Lionel Rogg, organ, Alice Tully Hall, at 2:30.
Brooklyn Philharmonia, BAM Opera House, at 2.
Contemporary Music Concert, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
Eastman Jazz Ensemble & Eastman Musica Nova, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Diana Kasco, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
Fiori Musicali Chorus, Bethlehem Lutheran Church, Third Ave. at Pacific St., Brooklyn, at 4.
Benjamin Luxon, baritone, Town Hall, at 2:30.
Evelyn Polk, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Anthony Davis Quartet, Jazmania Society, 14 E 23rd St., at 1.
Kapell Konzerte, Fifth Ave. Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St., at 2:15.
Ann Tedards, soprano/**David Tayler,** lute, NY Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400), at 2:30.
Joel Mandelbaum, Bloomingdale House of Music, 323 W 108th St. (663-6021), at 4.

Monday, January 17

Mikhail Sheyne, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Choral Concert, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Greenwich House Woodwind Trio, Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. (242-4770), 8.

Tuesday, January 18

BALLADS AND GLISSANDOS



Gerald Goodman, harpist and troubadour, makes one of his rare New York appearances on Tuesday, January 18 at 8 in Carnegie Recital Hall. His program will consist of of ballads of the British Isles and American folk ballads, and little known music for harp and piano (247-7459).

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 1/13, at 7:30.
Consuelo Colomer, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
University of Braslilia String Quartet, 92nd St. Y, 8.
John Harris, tenor, Federal Hall National Memorial, Wall & Broad Sts. (264-4451), at 5:30.
American String Quartet, *Mannes College of Music,* 157 E 74th St. (737-0700), at 8.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall & Gershwin Theater, Campus Rd & Hillel Pl (859-1180).
CAMI Hall, 165 W 57th (972-0113).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (362-1911). Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (874-2424). Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue (799-2200). Metropolitan Opera (580-9830). American Ballet Theater (787-3880). New York State Theater (877-4727). Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (799-5000).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St YM-YWHA, Kaufmann Concert Hall, Lexington Ave & 92nd (427-6000).
Palladium, 126 E 14th (249-8870).
Queens College, Colden Auditorium, L.I. Expressway & *Kissena Blvd.* (793-8080).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).

Opera

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Tues, 1/11 at 8: **Lucia di Lammermoor** with Sills, Gedda, Edwards, Flagello. Conductor: Woitach; director: Wallmann; designer: Colonnello. Wed, 1/12 at 8: **Tosca** with Bumbry, Giacomini, Milnes, Capecchi. Conductor: Santi; director: Schenk; designers: Heinrich & Reppa. Thurs, 1/13 at 8: **Faust** with Munzer, Burrows, Walker, Giaiotti. Conductor: Prêtre; director: Barrault; designers: Dupont & D'Auriac. Fri, 1/14 at 8: **The Magic Flute** with Valente, Shane, Burrows, Uppman. Conductor: Conlon; director: Rennert; designer: Chagall. Sat, 1/15 at 2: **Lucia di Lammermoor** (Same cast as 1/11). Sat, 1/15 at 8: **Salome** with Bumbry, Ericson, Nagy, Sarabia. Conductor: Leinsdorf; director: Rennert; designers: Heinrich & Reppa. Mon, 1/17 at 8: **The Magic Flute** (Same cast as 1/14). Tues, 1/18 at 8: **Le Prophète** with Horne, Scotto, McCracken, Hines. Conductor: Lewis; director: Dexter; designer: Wexler.

OTHER

Bel Canto Opera, 30 E 31st St. (889-6366), *Mireille,* 1/15 at 7:30, 1/16 at 3.
Bronx Opera Co., Hunter College Playhouse, 695 Park Ave. (733-2100). *La Traviata,* 1/14-15 at 8.
Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (861-2288). *The Vagabond King,* 1/12 at 2 & 8:30, 1/13-14 at 8:30, 1/15 & 8:30, 1/16 at 4.

Dance

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Subject to settlement of strike.

Tues, 1/11 at 8: *Chaconne; The Cage; Le Tombeau de Couperin; The Concert.* Wed, 1/12 at 8: *Swan Lake; Saltarelli; Pas de Deux; The Concert.* Thurs, 1/13 at 8: *Le Tombeau de Couperin; Chansons Madecasses; New Ballet No. 1; An Evening's Waltzes.* Fri, 1/14 at 8: *Harlequinade; Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.* Sat, 1/15 at 2: *La Sonnambula; Saltarelli; Pas de Deux; Symphony in Three Move-*

ments. Sat, 1/15 at 8: *Harlequinade; Stravinsky Violin Concerto.* Sun, 1/16 at 1: *New Ballet; Union Jack.* Sun, 1/17 at 7: *La Source; Agon; Pas de Deux; Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2.* Tues, 1/18 at 8: *Episodes; The Steadfast Tin Soldier; Tzigane; Stars & Stripes.*

OTHER

Neubert Ballet, Bijou Theater, 209 W 45th St. (685-7754), 1/12 & 15 at 8, 1/16 at 2:30.

Riverside Theater Dance Festival, Theater of the Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr. (864-2929). Luise Wykell & Co., 1/12-14 at 8; Rebecca, 1/15 at 8, 1/16 at 2 & 6.

Art

Galleries are open Tues.-Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Exceptions are noted. Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction. Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

***Douglas Abdell**–Surreal industrialist sculpture in bronze, 1/14-2/5. Crispo, 41 E 57th (758-9190).

Paul Cadmus–A large satirical subway scene in acrylic plus the Seven Deadly Sins, thru 1/22. Midtown, 11 E 57th (PL8-1900).

***Jim Dine**–Recent paintings, etchings and drawings including a self-portrait, 1/15-2/12. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA1-3292).

Sorel Etrog/Larry Rivers–Sculpture/Works with paper, plus new editions by Grooms and lithos by Kokoschka, thru 2/5. Marlborough, 40 W 57th (541-4900).

***John Ferren**–1956 Vase paintings using Byzantine-like patterns, thru 2/3. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).

Joe Fiore/Lawrence McCabe–New landscapes./Sculpture, thru 1/20. Fischbach, 29 W 57th (PL9-2345).

Rube Goldberg–Inventions and cartoons, thru 2/5. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

Stephen Greene–Works-on-paper using oils, pencil, charcoal, crayon and pastel, thru 1/29. Pearl, 29 W 57th (838-6310).

Mon Levinson–Paper works immersed in coffee, tea, ink and acrylics, thru 1/29. Esman, 29 W 57th (421-9490).

Jame Lutnick–Sculpture, 1/15-2/3. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

Oscar Magnan–Sculptural abstractions in tertiary colors, thru 2/3. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).

Michael Mazur–20 years of works-on-paper including recent lush jungle scenes of Georgia, thru 2/4. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

Paul Mogensen–Works, thru 1/22. Esman, 29 W 57th (421-9490).

Vincent Moore/Tony Schneider–Gouaches and watercolors/Sculpture, thru 2/2. Berman, 50 W 57th (757-7630). Mon-Sat 10:30-5:30.

***Richard Muller**(1874-1954)–Graphics by the spokesman of the *Neue Sachlichkeit,* thru 2/2. Sumers, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

Plonia van der Hoeven Nixon–Still-lifes in watercolors and collage, 1/11-29. Summit, 101 W 57th (586-6734).

***Tim Scott**–Large steel sculpture made in Bennington this summer, thru 1/27. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

***William Zorach**(1889-1966)–The female figure in wood, stone and bronze, 1/11-2/12. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Abe Ajay**–Relief sculpture dealing with architecture and landscape, 1/15-2/5. Gimpel, 1040 Mad at 79th (628-1897).

Walter Darby Bannard/Tony Rosenthal–Mixed-media and acrylic abstractions/Large-scale steel sculpture, 1/15-2/3. Knoedler, 19 E 70th (794-0550).

Elizabeth Bart–Collages, thru 2/5. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

Juan Calzadilla–Surrealist drawings with caustic humor, thru 1/28. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

***Jean Cott/Wolfgang Roth**–Rock formations in watercolors./Ink drawings collages and metal, wood sculpture by this stage designer, thru 1/22. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).

***Lyonel Feininger**(1871-1956)–Watercolors and drawings, thru 1/29. Sabarsky, 987 Mad Ave (628-6281).

Dian R. Friedman–Painted drawings and frescoes, thru 1/22. Bodley, 1063 Mad Ave (249-2155).

Emil Friedman–pen and ink drawings on canvas and linen, thru 1/22. Gallery 84, 1046 Mad Ave (628-4920).

Herb Greene–Architectural renderings, thru 1/29. Duhl, 31 W 54th (582-4163).

Addie Herder–Collage constructions, thru 2/15. Gruenebaum, 25 E 77th (249-5668).

Gillian Jagger–"Africa", thru 2/4. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

Rodger Mack–Bronze or nickle-bronze sculpture with some outdoor pieces, thru 1/29. Krasner, 1043 Mad Ave (RE4-6110).

***Harvey Quaytman**–Large works-on-paper in acrylic, dry pigment, 1/15-2/4. McKee, 140 E 63rd (688-5951).

Vincent Smith–Oils and drawings of Africa, thru 1/28. Larcada, 23 E 67th (249-4561).

Nelson Williams–Acrylic constructions, thru 1/21. Phoenix, 939 Mad Ave (RH4-5166).

SoHo

Cecile Abish–An installation and drawings, 1/15-2/8. Alessandra, 489 Broome (925-7373).

***Laurie Anderson/Marcel Duchamp**–Songs and stories on records with lyrical wall works./Works-on-paper, 1/12-2/1. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

Temma Bell–Landscape of Iceland, thru 1/26. Bowery, 135 Greene (473-8778). Tues-Sat 1-6.

***Natvar Bhavsar**–Abstractions of dry pigment spread on layers of wet medium, thru 1/22. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

***Tom Boutis**–Direct and quiet studies of the Square, thru 1/27. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

John Dobereiner–All white 3-D canvases, thru 1/23. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (475-9658).

Robert Ducate–Catastrophy surfaces, thru 1/28. Lotus, 81 Spring (226-6664). Tues-Sat 1-6.

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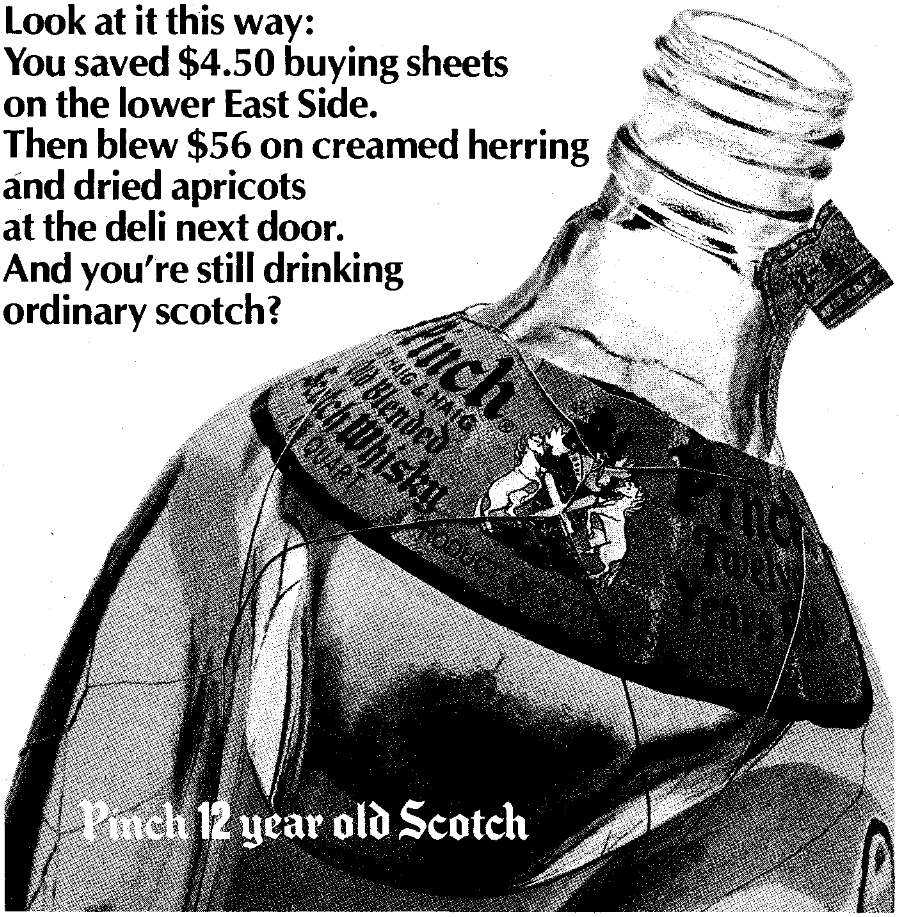
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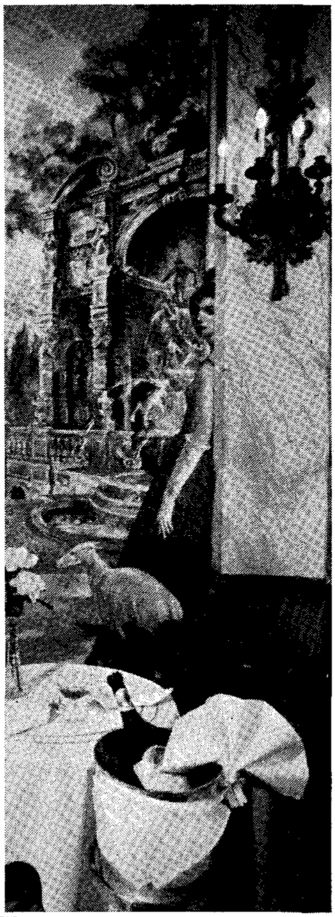

Solomon Ethe–Recent paintings, thru 1/29. Neill, 136 Greene (925-8633).

Joel Fisher–Apographic entensions, thru 2/5. Protetch, 157 Spring (925-4009).

Shirley Gorelick–Realist paintings dealing with the figure in greenery, thru 2/2. Soho 20, 99 Spring (226-4167).

***Michael Hayden**–Geometric neon and argon gas-filled tube sculpture, thru 1/31. SculptureNow, 142 Greene (966-3066).

***Brian Henderson/Ursula Von Rydingsvard**–Large stained canvases with hard-edged elements/ Stacked and interlocked boxes in raw cedar posts, 1/13-2/5. Soho Center, 114 Prince (226-1995).

Margie Katz/Jeff Russell–Stained grid abstractions./ Extended wall sculpture, thru 1/20. Westbroadway, 431 W Bdwy (966-2520).

Terence La Noue/John Okulick–Circular works-on-paper./Wood, sticks and rope constructions, thru 2/3. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

***Marion Lerner Levine**–Everyday objects in unusual contexts, thru 1/26. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153).

Gordon Moore–Pale surface abstractions delineated by tense lines, thru 2/8. Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince (966-0455).

Giulio Paolini–Works in many media, 1/15-2/3. Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene (431-3685).

Robert Sievert–Urban and country landscapes, thru 1/27. Green Mountain, 135 Greene (674-2390).

Steve Steinman–Abstract sculpture, thru 1/26. 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson (966-5790).

OTHER

***Jackie Ferrara**–A wooden Stacked Pyramid, 1973 and a Trisected Pyramid 1976, thru 2/20. Hammarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 2nd Ave at 47th.

Igael Tumarkin–Three large-scale corten steel and reflective glass sculptures, thru 1/31. Fordham, 113 W 60th (956-3775).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Frumkin**–50 W 57th (757-6655). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 12-5:30. Works done 10 years ago by members including realist works by Beal, Leslie, Midgette, and Pearlstein, thru 1/28.

Hammer–51 E 57th (644-4400). American paintings by Cassatt, Hassam, Kensett, Moran, others, thru 1/22.

Heidenberg–50 W 57th (586-3808). Kinetic paintings, sculpture, graphics by Agam, Carreaga, Cruz-Diez, Soto, others, thru 1/29.

Viridian–24 W 57th (245-2882). Members work, thru 1/31.

WomanArt–41 W 57th (421-2420). Paintings, drawings, sculpture and mixed-media by women, 1/11-2/5.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

African Tribal Arts II–37 W 53rd (582-5056). Mon-Sat 10:30-5. Ceremonial staffs representing authority and strength from Baule, Yoruba, thru 1/31.

***Artweave**–924 Mad at 73rd (794-0384). Weavings from various cultures of Pre-Columbian Peru, thru 1/22.

***China Institute**–125 E 65th (744-8181). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5, Sun 2-5. Chinese folk art in American collections from the early 15th to the early 20th century, thru 1/30.

***Committee to Save Grand Central**–59 E 43rd (586-4761). Mon-Fri 10-6. Art Deco architecture in the West Bronx, thru 3/1.

Davis & Long–746 Mad Ave (861-2811). American and British painting, thru 1/26.

***Elkon**–1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940). Paintings and sculpture introduced here during the 60's including Avedisian, Bush, Dzubas, Witkin, others, thru 2/2.

***Gallery of Architecture**–165 W 72nd (787-6350). Early 18th century engravings by Wren, Jones, Child, Hawdsmoor, 1/15-2/8.

Harlow–1100 Mad Ave (988-4360). Wed-Sat 12-6. French graphic art from 1890 to 1930, plus early 19th century photos by Bisson Freres, Carjat, Nadar, others, thru 1/29.

Jackson–32 E 69th (988-1800). Collages on paper by Bultman, lucite sculpture by Byng, 1975 abstractions by Jenkins, fiberglass, bronze and marble sculpture by Pomodoro, and Pond's sports series, thru 1/29.

***Nicholls**–1014 Mad at 78th (472-0211). Tues-Sat 12-5:30. Cartoons, illustrations, and watercolors by Addams, Arno, Booth, Petty, Saxon, Tobey, others, thru 1/29.

Stone–48 E 86th (YU8-6870). Mini-environments by Abraham, drawings by Hickam and paintings by Songero, thru 1/30.

SoHo

A.I.R.–97 Wooster (966-0799). Christopher, Feinberg, Johnson and Snitzer, thru 2/2.

***Buecker & Harpsichords**–465 W Bdwy (260-3480). Lesser known works from 1963 including string constructions by D'Aquila, collages by Picard, others, thru 2/26.

***Ward-Nasse**–131 Prince (925-6951). Surreal collages by Baker, ironic environmental ceramic sculpture by Cote, fantasies in acrylic, ink and watercolor on canvas by Smith, and multiple canvases that mirror each other by Spelman, thru 1/27.

OTHER

Associated American Artists–663 5th Ave (PL5-4211). Portraits of Yeats, Pound, Brecht by printmakers Chatetz and Coughlin, thru 1/22.

***Center for Inter-American Relations**–680 Park Ave (249-8950). Tues-Sun 12-6. Aztec stone sculpture from the last few 100 years before the Spanish conquest of Mexico, thru 1/30.

Guiness World Records Exhibit Hall, Concourse Level of Empire State Bldg., 350 Fifth Ave. Open daily, 9:30-7.

***Hall of Science**–Corona Park, Flushing Meadows (699-9400). Architectural heritage of Queens from the 17th century to the 20th, thru 3/1.

National Art Museum of Sport, Madison Square Garden Center (244-4127).

Pratt Graphics–831 Bdwy (674-0603). Mon-Fri 10-6. Sat 1/5. Forerunners of the American print Renaissance, 1920-1950 including Davies, Kuhn, Kuniyoshi, Roth, others, 1/15-2/26.

Photography

A. Aubrey Bodine–Photos, thru 1/31. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

Canadian–1251 Sixth Ave (586-2400). Mon-Fri 9:30-4:30. The border between the USA and Canada, thru 1/31.

Merce Cunningham–Photos and notes on dance, thru 1/29. Solway, 139 Spring (925-1200).

***Roy Decarava/Kay Bell Reynal**–City life and Harlem/Portraits of famous literary and artistic people, fashion and still-lifes, 1/12-2/12. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).

***Baron Adolf de Meyer/Lewis W. Hine**–English High Society in the 20s/Child labor in the US in the early 1900s, thru 1/29. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).

Alan Dennis–Color dye transfer land escapes, thru 1/29. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).

***French Cultural Services**–972 5th Ave (737-9700). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. 25 well and lesser-known Frenchmen including Arnault, Barbey, Cartier-Bresson, Hers, others, 1/12-2/2.

Benno Friedman/Harold Jones–Photos, 1/12-2/5. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

***Robert Goldsmith**–*Microscopic petrographs* or a study of abstract art, thru 1/31. 4th Street, 67 E 4th (673-1021). Sun-Thurs 2-8, Fri-Sat 3-10.

Peter Hujar–Portraits in Life and Death, thru 2/15. Pfeifer, 825 Mad (737-2055).

***Helen Levitt**–Spanish Harlem in the 40s and color-dye transfer prints, 1/11-2/5. Carlton, 127 E 69th (249-9880).

Prakapas–19 E 71st (737-6066). Vintage prints by Abbott, Adams, Atget, Brassai, Cameron, Evans, Kertesz, Stieglitz, Weston, Weegee, others, thru 1/22.

Ben Rose–Illusions in Time and Space, 1/12-2/12. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

***Soho/Stieglist**–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6. Tues 7-9. Nudes by Burton, Death Valley dunes by Campbell, signatures by Reese, others; plus fantastic landscapes, car wrecks by Deak, thru 2/1.

Bert Stern–Hollywood Stars from the mid 50s to the late 60s, thru 1/29. Knowlton, 19 E 71st (794-9700).

Karin Szekessy–Nudes, still lifes, and cityscapes, thru 1/15. Staempfli, 47 E 77th (LE5-1919).

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Sun & Hols 11-5. *The New Hall of Minerals and Gems. Oh Christmas Tree:* the Museum's 25-foot high, origami-decorated Christmas tree.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Anamorphoses: Games of Perception;* thru 2/13.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum–Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Man Transforms/Aspects of Design:* The opening exhibit of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design.

Guggenheim Museum–Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Acquisition Priorities: Aspects of Postwar Painting in America:* An exhibition of paintings by 31 artists active during the period in which America became the leading center of artistic activity in the western world; thru 1/16. An exhibition of 17 works (1903-30) by Piet Mondrian; thru 1/16.

International Center of Photography–Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. Retrospective of the works of Dennis Stock and Mike Disfarmer; Calotype Landscapes by Glenn Richmond. All shows thru 3/13.

Metropolitan Museum of Art–Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Annual Baroque Christmas Tree & Creche Display;* thru 1/23. *Two Worlds of Andrew Wyeth: Kuerners and Olsons:* The exhibition presents Wyeth's exploration of the land, buildings, and people of Karl Kuerner's farm in Pennsylvania and Christina Olson's house in Maine; thru 2/6. *Roman Artists of the 17th Centruy: Drawings and Prints;* thru 1/16. *Blue and White:* Early Japanese export porcelain of the 17th century; thru 6/30. *The Glory of Russian Costume:* An exhibition of 200 years (1709-1909) of Russian costumes; thru August.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *European Drawings From the Fitzwilliam Museum:* 120 master drawings from the 16th thru the 19th centuries; *Ancient Near-Eastern Treasures;* thru 2/13.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53rd St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. *A Child's Comfort:* An exhibition devoted to baby and doll quilts; thru 1/23.

Museum of Modern Art–11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thur 11-9. *Harry Callaghan:* A retrospective demonstrating Callaghan's unique contribution to contemporary photography; thru 2/8. *European Master Paintings From the Swiss Collections: Post-Impressionism to World War II.*

HISTORICAL EXHIBITION

THE SATURDAY EV
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200 Years of American Illustration, the first retrospective exhibition of American book, magazine, newspaper, and poster illustration is being shown at the **New York Historical Society** (170 CPW at 77th St.) thru Februrary 15. The museum is open Sundays and Tuesdays thru Fridays 1-5, and Saturdays 10-5 (873-3400).

Whitney Museum–Madison Ave at 75th (794-0600). Daily 11-6, Tue, 11-10, Sun & Hols, 12-6. Closed Mon. *Calder's Universe:* A retrospective exhibition of the works of America's foremost sculptor; thru 2/6. *American Master Drawings & Watercolors:* Works on paper from Colonial times to the present; thru 1/23. **Downtown Branch,** 55 Water St (483-0012). Mon-Fri, 11-3. *Surface, Edge, and Color:* Works by Held, Martin, Kelly, Noland, Poons, and Stella; thru 1/12.

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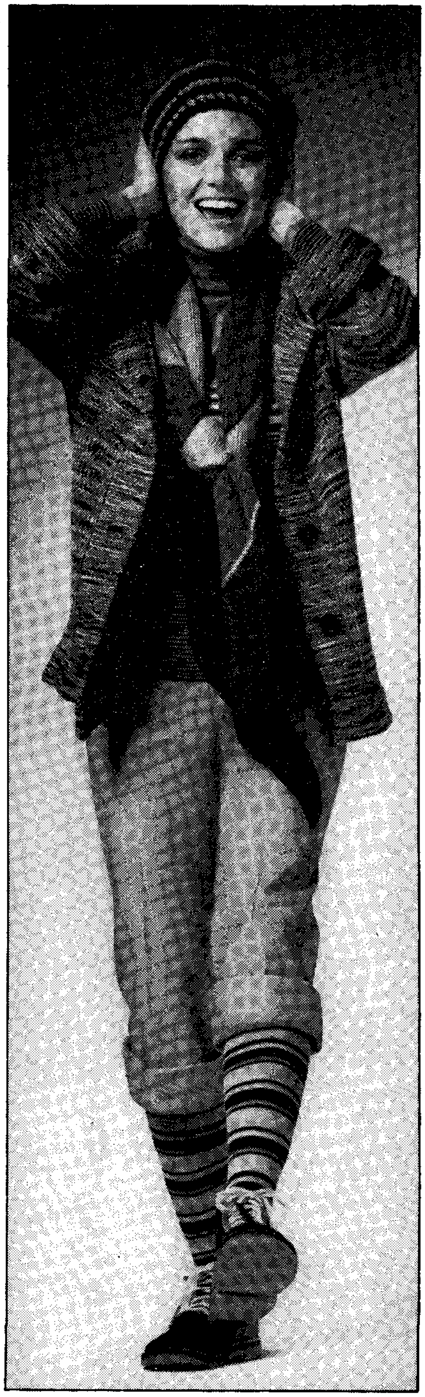

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% Professional/Managerial Occupation	New York	*New York Times Magazine*	*New Yorker*	*U.S. News & World Report*	*Time*
% Graduated From College	*New York Times Magazine*	New York	*New Yorker*	*U.S. News & World Report*	*Time*
% Age 25–49	New York	*Sports Illustrated*	*Time*	*New Yorker*	*People*
% Professional/Managerial & $20,000+ Household Income	New York	*New York Times Magazine*	*New Yorker*	*U.S. News & World Report*	*Time*
% Attended/Graduated From College & $20,000+ Household Income	New York	*New York Times Magazine*	*New Yorker*	*U.S. News & World Report*	*Time*
% ISP–Classes I & II	New York	*New York Times Magazine*	*New Yorker*	*U.S. News & World Report*	*Time*

New York readers per copy up from 3.51 to 4.16

Source: Simmons 1976/77

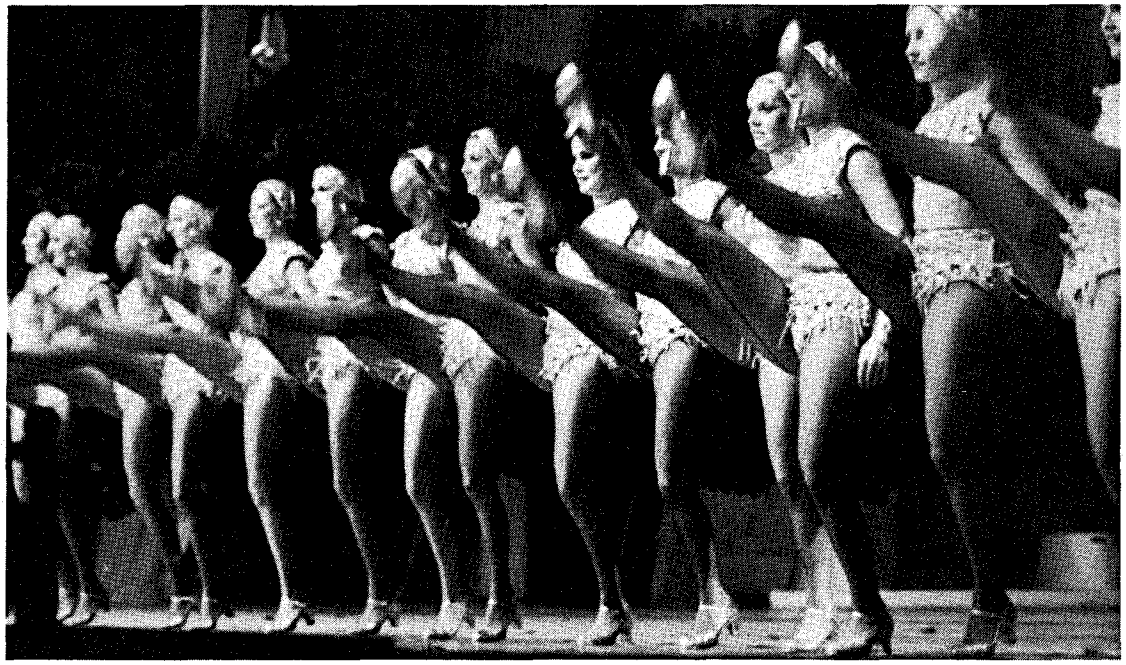
New York

It's Better Than Ever.

Reintroducing The Barter Economy

By William Flanagan

"...There are many things that can be swapped—from baby-sitting to zither lessons. All it takes is willing partners..."



The Rockettes: *Dancing on half price meals at the Assembly Steak House.*

One of the most annoying things about having written a book that doesn't sell is that you wind up with a disturbing number of copies that sit on your bookshelf, mocking you. I determined that they had to go. But to whom? My mother already had plenty. My friends—the real ones—had actually bought copies. The secondhand-book stores would only offer me peanuts.

Then it hit me. The one person for whom my book, *The Smart Executive's Guide to Major American Cities*, had some value was Peter Aschkenasy, co-owner of Charley O's—the drinking emporium I frequent, which is referred to in glowing terms in the book. Peter wanted a few copies to prove that at least one writer loves the joint.

When I dumped an attaché case full of books on Peter, he generously offered me a few free lunches in exchange. Delighted at my coup, I repaired to the bar and began to regale the regulars with my tale of good fortune. But I was met only with derision—especially from the advertising types who drolly informed me that swapping something for meals was hardly unique. I was told that many restaurants barter meal credits, usually for advertising.

Where had I been? I was so used to paying for or charging everything that I had never given barter a second thought. What a dummy. There are more things that can be swapped for than are dreamed of in your philosophy, from baby-sitting to zither lessons. All it takes is willing partners—and agreeable terms.

I was reminded of the classic New York barter story about Boris Tomashefsky, the great Yiddish actor. He was approached backstage by a pretty but threadbare girl who told him how much she admired him. Tomashefsky closed his dressing-room door and the two made love. The next day the girl returned, and explained that she needed help for her sick daughter. "Here's two tickets for Saturday's matinee," said the actor. The girl refused them. "I need bread, not tickets," she explained. Tomashefsky replied: "You want bread, screw a baker. Tomashefsky gives tickets."

In the barter game, bread remains a preferred medium of exchange. Restaurateurs often give breaks to customers whose presence they value, for example.

Rockettes, I found, pay half price for meals at the Assembly Steak House. The New York Giants pay only half at Gallagher's. Actors and actresses have a specially priced menu at Sardi's and at the U.S. Steak House Company. Stewardesses get free drinks at Kitty Hawk's and McMaster's.

Meal credits—called due bills—are offered to advertisers in lieu of cash by the Four Seasons, the Oyster Bar, Mamma Leone's, the Brasserie, Charlie Brown's, the Trattoria, Ma Bell's, Sal Anthony's, Proof of the Pudding, Tandoor, the

"...Tony the accountant does tax returns for his ex-wife in return for the Giants tickets she got as part of their settlement..."

Gloucester House, English Pub, Luchow's, the Auto Pub, the Steer Palace, Toots Shor's, and a slew of other places. (But I couldn't find a single place that gives any break to writers.)

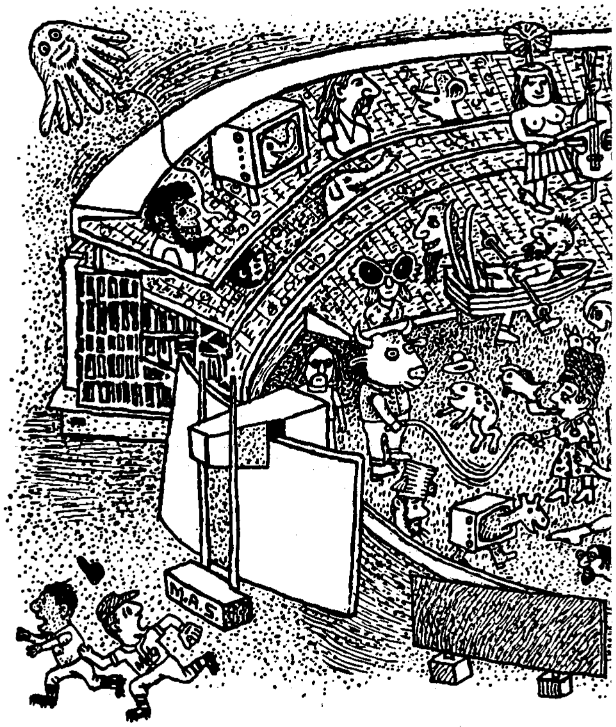
But the swapping business barely begins with what restaurants do. The regulars at Charley O's bar chimed in with their own little fiddles. Tony the accountant still does tax returns for the "albatross"—his ex-wife—in return for the New York Giants season tickets she got as part of their settlement. Skip, an insurance salesman and part-time piano player, admitted to entertaining at a disliked neighbor's party in return for some plumbing work. Steve, an adman, swapped a week at his Water Mill summer home for a long winter weekend at a friend's place in St. Thomas.

Bill, a public-relations type, gives up his West Side brownstone for a flat in Paris, London, Rome—wherever he wants to vacation. The flat owners use his place while he stays at theirs.

A couple of dozen inquiries later and I had an astonishing list of items and services people routinely exchange. A dentist from SoHo does artists' dental work in return for sculpture. A Westchester interior designer accepts airline tickets from a travel agent whose apartment she has renovated. An investment counselor takes a client's American Express card and charges up an agreed-upon amount (which the client then craftily deducts as business expenses).

A Southampton lobster fisherman pays his electrician in crustaceans. A Scarsdale housewife swaps vegetables from her organic garden with her hairdresser. A Legal Aid lawyer in Manhattan gets preferential treatment at his

The Barter Baron



Anyone visiting the Atwood Richards, Inc., offices at 99 Park Avenue knows right away that this is no conventional business. The reception area houses a huge cage containing twenty chirping birds. There is a chess set with steel men two feet high in one corner. In another is an air-hockey game. And stereo headsets. Elsewhere there are a 500-gallon fish tank, a five-foot ceramic bulldog, models of New York tenements that light up, accompanied by street noises, toasters, rug samples, boxes of records, calculators, ski equipment, television sets, cocktail mixes, perfume.

Although Moreton Binn, president of the company, was an orphan, this eclectic assemblage is not due to any childhood deprivation for which he is trying to compensate. No, Moreton Binn is the media-anointed Barter Baron, and these are but some of his wares.

He sits in his office amidst mounds of clutter. A sign (doubtless scrawled a few nights earlier by an exhausted aide) hangs from his desk: IT'S 11:45. DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR HOME IS? Binn's eyes bulge as large as the rubies and emeralds he is examining—stones brought in by a magazine owner who wants to barter the gems for advertising space and hotel credits. They are worth $1 million; a deal is worked out before the day is over.

"Now I have to figure out what to do with these damned stones," he says.

You and I should have such problems. This fiscal year alone, Binn figures his privately held company will have handled about $100-million worth of goods and services—everything from jet aircraft to bat manure. But to generate that volume of trading takes more moves than Doctor J has. Here is a typical trade deal which Binn's company arranged:

1. Atwood Richards negotiates a trade with a toy manufacturer—exchanging plastic mix for an excess stock of hockey pucks.

2. The plastic mix came from a big chemical company, which traded for television time with Atwood Richards. The company wanted to advertise its room deodorizer.

3. The television station supplying the advertising time got a new camera from Atwood Richards.

4. The equipment manufacturer supplying the camera got brochure printing in exchange for the camera.

5. The printer doing the brochures got ocean cruises.

6. The cruise line got food products.

7. The food-processing company got radio advertising time and magazine ad space. Radio time came from existing ARI inventory.

8. The magazine got sales-meeting facilities at a hotel.

9. The hotel supplying the rooms got wallpaper from ARI.

10. The wallpaper company got magazine space left over from step 8, in exchange for its goods.

Now the trick is to make a profit out of all this. The gimmick is to build leverage into each transaction—extract a vigorish, as it were. Only 80 or 90 percent of the product or service acquired in each trade gets passed along. The excess is sold through ARI's merchandising department—for cash. This accounts for the company's dollar profits. Who are the buyers? It depends.

"We often have to sell stuff overseas, because manufacturers don't want to jeopardize their dealers here," Binn explains. "If a company is stuck with newly obsolete television sets—such as the remote-control sets that still use bank because he helped a teller with her divorce.

The more examples I found, the more the notion took hold that here was a great way to beat the system. You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours, and no one pays anything. Carried to its extreme, we would be right back in the days of the cavemen—a totally cashless society where the only people shafted would be bankers, gouging middlemen, and tax collectors. (Alas, the taxman is hip. More about that later.)

Now it's absurd to suggest that the entire capitalistic system be scrapped in favor of a primitive barter society. But why should we pay cash for *everything?* Certainly cash is quick, easy, and convenient. Credit is even quicker. But what if you are short of both, or don't want to report any more income or expenses? Kids (back in the days when childhood *was* a cashless society) swapped comics, marbles, and records. When money was worthless in postwar Europe, G.I. Joe found out what nylons and Hershey bars could fetch.

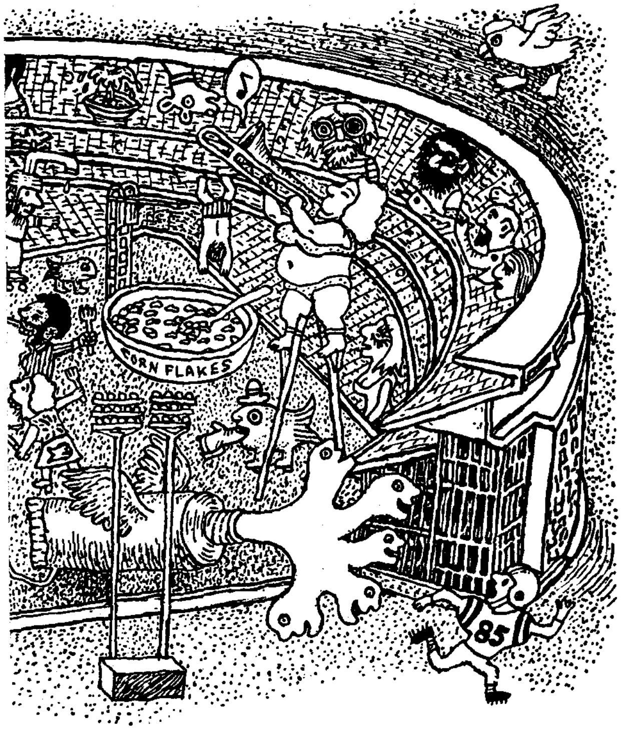
There are lots of goods and services that can be swapped. Ironically enough, there is much to be learned about the barter game from the folks who have developed it to a fine art—businesses, which rely on us, the hapless consumers, to pay for everything.

It is impossible to put a precise figure on how much money does *not* change hands between businesses because of the swapping they do. Oil companies alone swap millions of dollars' worth of oil with each other constantly. Big real-estate swaps are common. But it is estimated that small and medium-size retailers and distributors will swap about $15-billion worth of merchandise this year alone.

In its simplest form, a company will swap something it has too much of—from raw materials to television sets—for something it needs: other raw materials, equipment, advertising. But barter middlemen have made the process far more sophisticated and have greatly expanded the quality and quantity of swappables (see box below).

If you are a small-business person or a professional, you have ample opportunities for barter. For one thing, there are a growing number of bartering firms around the country that will accept you as a member, provided there is demand for your services or wares.

Business Exchange, Inc., is the na-



a clicker instead of the new pressure-sensitive controls—I can unload them. But it might have to be offshore."

Or, Binn might sell goods to a large discount house, or unload them to a bank or other business for use as premiums or gifts. In some cases, he even stages his own sales. Two months ago, for example, he staged a "Chapter XI" sale at a warehouse in Long Island City, offering such items as TV sets, radios, appliances, ski, golf, and hockey equipment, garden tools, perfumes, colognes cookware, jewelry, encyclopedias, art posters and books, goggles, toys, candles, candlesticks, and boxed candy—all acquired in trade—for sale at or below wholesale prices. Sharp-eyed consumers made a killing, but it was strictly cash-and-carry.

"The thing that makes this business go is that no one operates at 100 percent efficiency—airlines, hotels, print shops, TV and radio stations—and no one produces exactly the right product in exactly the right quantity," says Binn. "I just get them all together."

In many cases, the common denominator in trades is advertising, since virtually every business can use it. "If advertising isn't sold—bingo. It's gone. You can't stockpile it and use it later. Every radio and television station has some time to bargain with. We acquire time credits, which we can use at any time, and will even help a client map out an advertising schedule using the credits we have accumulated. We have credits at hundreds of radio and TV stations."

Sometimes Atwood Richards will produce programs like quiz shows or personality "specials" and barter them to the stations for time credits. One day when I visited Binn he was watching a tape of a show featuring Neal Sedaka. Sometimes the prepackaged programs will include ads from some of ARI's clients.

Atwood Richards is the largest and oldest of the barter companies, with offices in New York, Chicago, Beverly Hills, and Toronto. It started operation in 1957. One of the reasons for its success is its healthy inventory of radio and television time, some of it bought years ago at much lower prices, or in exchange. So A.R. has considerable leverage to start with—so much so, in fact, that it can sometimes benefit a client by buying goods from him and selling them right back at a lower price.

Example: A hardware manufacturer discovered to his horror that $2-million worth of hand tools he had produced were slightly flawed. He approached ARI and sold the tools for the normal $2-million wholesale cost, thereby protecting his profit. He received no cash, of course, but received instead printing service, two sales meetings, consumer-magazine space, and radio ad time, together worth $2 million retail.

The hardware manufacturer then bought the tools back from ARI for $1 million in cash, took its trade name off the goods, and unloaded them where it knew it would not damage existing markets. It grossed $1 million in cash on that sale—what it had paid ARI. The barter company made a nice profit because the $2-million worth of services it surrendered had cost it much less than the $1 million it received in exchange.

"The hardest part of my job is making people aware of all the deals that they can work out using barter. You have to use your imagination," says Binn, who refused to disclose just how much the company makes on its $100-million volume.

"But if you want to go out and start up another barter company like this one, I'll lend you the money," he said, only half joking. **—W.F.**

tion's largest bartering firm that caters to professionals and small businesses. it started in California sixteen years ago. Today, there are about 6,000 members in some 24 franchise areas throughout the United States, whose ranks include everyone, from accountants to gynecologists to contractors to undertakers. According to vice-president Brian Cox, there are 475 categories of members who pay $139 to join, and $36 a year in dues. That entitles them to exchange goods and services with fellow members, usually cash-free. (In some cases, especially those involving retailers who operate on small profit margins, members prefer to do half-barter, half-cash deals, for both sales and purchases.)

Whenever a member uses another's service, or "buys" his products, credits are built up in the selling member's account for the full retail amount of the goods or services rendered. They can be used for any goods or services other members provide.

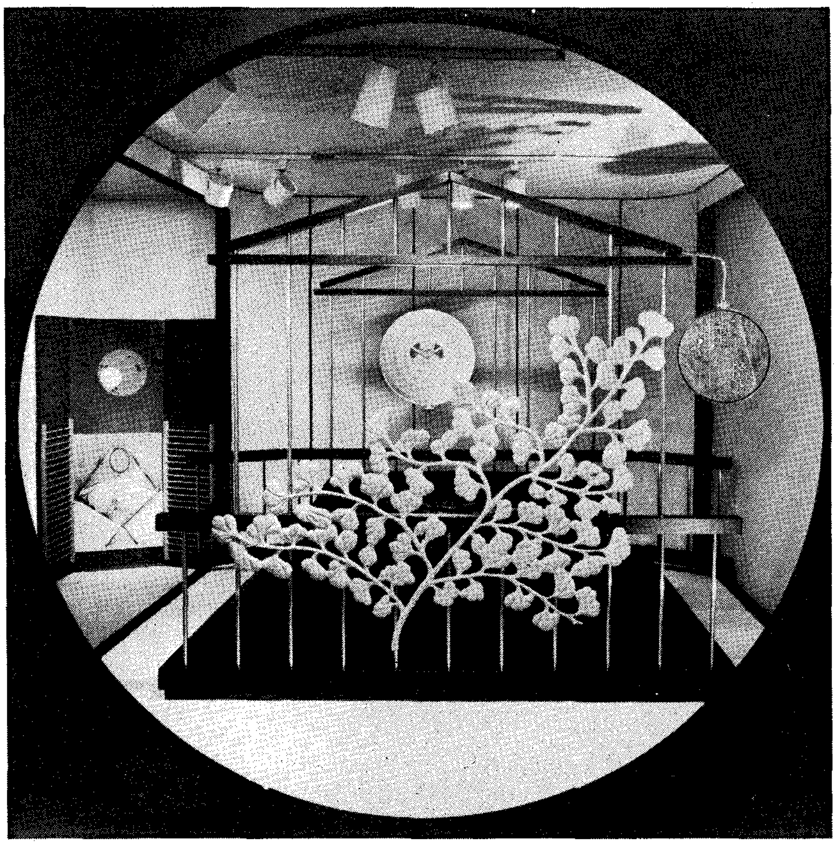
Example: Suppose you are a lawyer and join Business Exchange. Members come to you with various problems, and you bill them as you would any client. But instead of getting paid in cash, you get credits (the minimum amount of credit you must expose yourself to is $1,000). Should you decide to renovate your office, you can call on other members, such as a carpenter or painter, as well as get some furniture—all procured with your $1,000 worth of credits. You pay no cash—although you are liable for any sales taxes. And you have to pay 8 percent, in cash, to Business Exchange whenever you use your credits.

Although there is not at present a New York franchise of Business Exchange, there are some 65 businesses in New York City that are members of the national exchange program. Business Exchange does have a franchise in Pompton Plains, New Jersey.

There are similar exchange organizations around the country, such as BarterCard in Florida and Mutual Credit Buying System, Inc., in Los Angeles. (BarterCard hopes to expand into the New York City area shortly.)

Obviously, in all these organizations, there can be only so many professionals, retailers, realtors, manufacturers, wholesalers, media outlets, insurance agencies, etc., within a given area, so that members have a full spectrum of goods and services to choose from, and each can build up a sufficient amount of credit to use the exchange.

Things can go awry with such exchanges. For one thing, people selling services, rather than hard goods, can benefit more. Lawyers, accountants, etc., don't have money tied up in inventory the way retailers do, and are more will-



The impractical in pursuit of the unswappable.

Art Barter

Bartering art for goods and services is a way of life among artists. For example, for years writer Henry Miller has been trading his watercolors to his heart specialist in return for the specialist's services. New York artist Miriam Schapiro has traded her paintings and prints for twelve years of haircuts, a fur coat from Jacques Kaplan, a stove from an East Hampton appliance-store owner, the obstetrical services of Dr. George Blinick when her son was born, as well as other surgical services in New York and Los Angeles.

Last winter, however, Schapiro formalized the barter process. When she had her one-woman show at the A.R.C. gallery in Chicago, she put up a notice announcing that her paintings and collages were not for sale but for trade. "Money," she wrote, "separates people instead of bringing them together." She listed the things she particularly wanted to have, but indicated she was available for negotiations. The list included materials for building a studio, a freezer full of food or meat (Chicago being meat-yard city), a trip around the world, antique Oriental rugs, and American quilts.

The opening night of the show, a woman came up somewhat apologetically and said she couldn't provide a trip around the world but she could offer her fifteenth-century house in St-Jean-de-la-Blaquière in southern France for the summer. Schapiro agreed, and the woman (a legal secretary) picked out a collage, 30 by 20 inches.

Later, a collector offered a choice of Persian rugs and someone else volunteered a quilt, which Schapiro got for one collage each. Another would-be collector offered her husband's architectural services to build the studio, but Schapiro decided it would be too inconvenient working with an architect so far from East Hampton.

Recently Schapiro closed a deal with a Los Angeles silk-and-fabric-store owner for a long-term supply of materials. Currently she is negotiating with one of the big trader-collectors in the country, millionaire Sydney Lewis, who is on the board of the Whitney and is head of a mail-order business in Virginia, for which he has acquired a large collection of art, much of it from barter with artists. Schapiro is angling for two air conditioners. **—Dorothy Seiberling**

“. . . When money was worthless in postwar Europe, G.I. Joe found out what nylons and Hershey bars could fetch . . .”

ing to accept credits. Another snag has to do with reporting any exchanges for tax purposes.

One barter company, the Washington Trade Exchange, with which Carter Randall of National Student Marketing fame is associated, is being investigated by U.S. postal authorities. Apparently they want to know if exchange members were adequately warned of risks and if they are complying with federal tax laws.

While New York does not have any exchange firms that cater to individuals, there are several that specialize in making barter arrangements for restaurants and other, larger businesses. In many cases, the medium is advertising—television, radio, or magazine. Three such firms are even listed in the Manhattan Yellow Pages under “Due Bills,” yet all keep a low profile. “We don’t want any publicity,” I was told repeatedly when I contacted them.

I was especially interested in talking to Richard M. Silverman, president of Reciprocal Merchandising Services, since his letter to restaurant owners states that in exchange for meal credits, “we can offer you either for your own personal use or for your business use, most any type of product or service such as: automobiles, boats, TV sets, watches, fur coats, cameras, luggage, refrigerators, ranges, air conditioners, office equipment, furniture . . . etc.—ALL WITH NO OUTLAY OF CASH.”

I was curious to find out how a restaurant could make business use of a boat or fur coat. And exchanging business property—such as meals—for personal gain raises some interesting tax questions.

“I don’t want my type of business publicized,” Silverman insisted. “I’m not looking to have my phones ringing with every guy in town trying to save a few bucks on something.

As an individual, you will have to work out your own barter deals in New York. Advertising can help, of course. But, as I quickly discovered, there are limitations. In order to see how receptive New Yorkers are to the swapping concept, I ran an ad in the classified section of *New York* some weeks ago:

“*Free tax returns*, bookkeeping, etc., by CPA, in exchange for legal, dental, lawn care, handyman work, you name it. Box 1057 NYM.”

Most of the replies were predictable—a couple in Westchester were willing to refinish furniture and do some handyman work in return for help on an “uncomplicated” tax return. A struggling actor from Ardsley was willing to trade paperhanging talent for help with his business records. An East Side tour operator who arranges discount trips suggested a deal.

But the most alarming response was from a New York State Education Department investigator who insisted I contact him immediately.

When I met with Edward Rabbani, he explained that while bartering professional services might be quite proper, advertising definitely was not. “Professionals licensed in this state—dentists, nurses, accountants, and so on—cannot advertise in any way,” he said.

Nor can lawyers advertise—at least not yet. The penalty could mean disbarment or, in the case of licensed professionals, license revocation.

But for the nonprofessional who wants to baby-sit, house-sit, pet-sit, plant-sit, paint, plumb, or whatever, in return for whatever, it can pay to advertise. Employee publications, bulletin boards, supermarkets, and specialty publications produce the best results.

If you want to swap houses temporarily, things are a lot easier. For $12 you can have your home listed in the *Home Exchange Directory*, which is produced each year by the Vacation Exchange Club, 350 Broadway, New York 10013. According to its manager, Mary DeBalbo, the directory contains some 6,000 listings of people in the United States and foreign countries who want to swap residences for anywhere from a weekend to a year. Some typical listings (names have been changed):

“Mary Jones, 000 East 23rd Street, New York 10010—2 bdrm apt, 2 adults/1 ch, exch, anytime, pf: Eur, Can, Mex, LatAm, Pacific, duplex in apt co-op, designer/artist owned, beautifully furn, terrace, enclosed playgrounds, mdtn loc, PT, maid svc avail.”

She might well work out a deal with this subscriber: “Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Smith, Vida Del Mar, Manzanillo—2 bdrm apt, 2 adults, exch 1/June–1/Oct, pf Eur, Can, USA; coastal development, exc. beach, golf, tennis, pools, fishing, ex bth, lge balc ocean view.”

Alas, many kinds of barter disturb the taxman. “Barter deals are liable to state sales and income taxes, there’s no doubt about it,” said a spokesman for the New York State Tax Commission. (Many professional services are excluded from *sales* taxes, however, including medical, legal, dental, accounting, and other services.)

The feds are even more outspoken. “Basically, things acquired by barter are taxable at their fair market value, the same as if you received cash,” says Tom Glynn, assistant to the commissioner of the IRS in Washington.

Indeed, tax liability is often taken into consideration in business barter arrangements. Take a television station, for example, that sells time at a discount to a barter house. In return it might accept due bills at hotels, airline tickets, and credit at certain restaurants. That is all taxable income. But the television station can charge it all off one way or another. Its salesmen will stay at designated hotels, fly the given airline, eat at the appointed restaurants. Or, it will arrange a sales meeting where the hotel and airline credits can be used. So all the income can be expensed, and no tax at all is due.

Note: Hotel due bills have become such hot items and are so widely accepted that earlier this year someone counterfeited Sheraton Hotels’ “Limited Availability Use Certificates.” The bogus due bills cost the Sheraton Corporation and others who bought the phony bills “several hundred thousand dollars,” according to a spokesman.

Individuals can rarely play the same tax-wash game, however. I asked Glynn about tax liability if a dentist and a CPA work out a deal—say, tax returns for teeth-cleanings. “Both should declare the value of the other’s services as income,” he insisted, “and should report whatever would be charged a regular patient or client.”

Glynn further insisted that an exchange of homes, say for a vacation, is likewise taxable at the “fair market value.” So if you swap a few weeks at your summer home for a few weeks at someone’s ski lodge, both parties are supposed to report what the rental price would be as income.

I asked him if President Ford should have declared the use of his friend’s house in Vail as income. “Some transactions can be considered gifts,” he demurred. But Glynn insisted that the basic question the taxpayer should entertain on any barter arrangement is: “Would this be taxable if it were in cash? If so, tax is due.”

Glynn did admit, however, that there are some gray areas in bartering, and that the IRS has bigger fish to fry: “If you paint a house for a neighbor, and he tends your lawn in return, such favors between friends might not have to be reported. It’s impractical for us to tax, and expect people to report, neighbors’ doing favors for each other.” ■

Can You Make It to 100?

How to Pass The Test of Time

By Mark Jonathan Harris

> "...There are no rules, no magic formulas. What's impressive about the aged elite is their capacity for growth, for regeneration..."

When Maurice Chevalier was asked, on his eightieth birthday, how it felt to be old, he replied, "Great—when you consider the alternative."

In America today there is an almost universal dread of aging—and for good reasons. Expelled from the work force at 65, no longer thought productive or economically useful, the old are banished to segregated retirement communities if they can afford them, to nursing homes if they cannot. By conservative estimate at least one third of the 22.5 million people over 65 live in poverty. Isolated, impoverished, embittered, a burden to their children, many elderly live out their final years in despair or muted rage. Reminders of our own mortality, they evoke in us a mix of pity and dread.

And yet, old age can be a period of great fulfillment, the crown of a successful life. The elderly who find great rewards and satisfactions in their later lives are a small minority in this country. But they do exist. Sociologists call this select group "the aged elite."

"The aged elite are positive models of what old age can be like," says Dr. James E. Birren, a psychologist and physiologist, executive director of the Ethel Percy Andrus Gerontology Center, and dean of the Leonard Davis School of Gerontology at the University of Southern California. "They have good health, high morale, high activity, high satisfaction, and enough income to live on. They provide hope for all of us for what our later years can be. "Some people identify decline with approaching death. They feel the closer you are to death, the less likely you are to grow. This is a myth."

Old age provides not just continued opportunity for growth, but new opportunities. One of the positive benefits of growing old is the freedom from responsibility it brings.

When Artur Rubinstein was 80, someone told him he was playing the piano better than ever. "I think so," he agreed. "Now I take chances I never took before. You see, the stakes are not so high. I can afford it. I used to be so much more careful. No wrong notes. Not too bold ideas. Now I let go and enjoy myself and to hell with everything except the music!"

The freedom from the stresses of building a career can bring an exhilarating sense of liberation. Ernest Billman, 69, the retired chairman of the board of the Safeco Title Insurance Company, described what he has discovered in retirement: "Retirement has eliminated the ulterior motive of trying to make friends to get business. Now my friendships are much more genuine."

Not all who retire at 65, of course, make Billman's discoveries. But whether retired or still active, the aged elite have successfully confronted the crises that old age brings. "The world breaks everyone," says Dr. Birren, quoting Hemingway, "but some are stronger at the broken places."

There are no rules, no magic formulas for living to a successful old age. For instance, George Burns smokes ten cigars a day. Photographer Ansel Adams sleeps only four to five hours a night. Yet they are leading dynamic, active, productive lives.

One reason for the success of the aged elite is the traits they have developed earlier. Jennie Swerdlow, a 68-year-old Russian immigrant, three times married and three times widowed, expresses it best: "It's not exactly what you do when you're past 65," she says. It's what you did all your life that matters. If you've lived a full life, developed your mind, you'll be able to use it past 65. . . . Let the young people put that in their soup and eat it."

Another quality of the aged elite is candor. My 90-year-old grandmother, a marvelous and forthright woman, said to me recently, after delivering a particularly devastating but accurate criticism: "At this point in my life, I'm too old to worry anymore about offending people. I say what I think."

Along with candor comes humor. It is an adaptive mechanism the elite use all their lives to cope with stress and disappointment. "Humor," says Dr. Birren, "is a way of relieving yourself of taking too seriously the things you should take seriously. . . . And humor also leads you to affiliate with other people."

Gregarious, humorous, candid—these qualities accentuate life's positives rather than its negatives. "[The aged elite] have worked hard," says Dr. Birren, "but they are prepared to accept loss, which is inevitable in life. They have the ability to accept things because they feel secure about themselves."

There is one other catalytic ingredient common to all their lives: luck. They all are conscious of it. "My biggest break . . .", "I was lucky . . .", "I was fortunate . . ."—these are phrases that run through all their talk.

Finally, there must be something said about death, for it is the imminence of death that shapes old age. George Burns said it in his own inimitable fashion: "I took dancing lessons because I wanted to learn how to kick the back of my head and be able to do a split. So when the time comes for me to go, I'll have a finish."

How to Pass the Test of Time

The following test, though *not* validated, is based on the best scientific evidence available today. While scientists still don't know all of the variables causing long life, they are aware of some of the phenomena that seem to be correlated with longevity. The test is based on that data. The life-expectancy table is taken from the latest census figures; it reflects average life expectancy for the entire United States population. Racial differences do exist: At birth the life expectancy for most nonwhites averages over six years lower, although by 65 it's less than one year lower.

Life-Expectancy Table

AGE	MALE	FEMALE	AGE	MALE	FEMALE	AGE	MALE	FEMALE	AGE	MALE	FEMALE	AGE	MALE	FEMALE
26	70.5	77.3	**35**	71.3	77.7	**44**	72.3	78.4	**53**	74.1	79.6	**62**	76.9	81.4
27	70.6	77.3	**36**	71.4	77.8	**45**	72.5	78.5	**54**	74.3	79.7	**63**	77.3	81.6
28	70.7	77.4	**37**	71.5	77.8	**46**	72.6	78.6	**55**	74.6	79.9	**64**	77.7	81.9
29	70.8	77.4	**38**	71.6	77.9	**47**	72.8	78.7	**56**	74.9	80.1	**65**	78.1	82.2
30	70.9	77.5	**39**	71.7	78.0	**48**	73.0	78.9	**57**	75.2	80.3	**66**	78.6	82.4
31	70.9	77.5	**40**	71.8	78.0	**49**	73.2	79.0	**58**	75.5	80.5	**67**	79.0	82.7
32	71.0	77.5	**41**	71.9	78.1	**50**	73.4	79.1	**59**	75.8	80.7	**68**	79.5	83.0
33	71.1	77.6	**42**	72.0	78.2	**51**	73.6	79.3	**60**	76.2	80.9	**69**	79.9	83.3
34	71.2	77.6	**43**	72.2	78.3	**52**	73.8	79.4	**61**	76.5	81.2	**70**	80.4	83.6

Find your life expectancy in the table above, based on age and sex. Keep a running score by adding and subtracting years as you answer each of the following questions. The final number is your personalized life expectancy.

Heredity

1. Longevity of parents or grandparents
Add 2 years if 2 of your grandparents lived to age 80 or beyond. If your mother lived to 80 add 1.5 more; if your father reached 80 add 2.

+ ______ − ______

2. Relatives and cardiovascular disease
Subtract 4 if any parent, grandparent, sister, or brother died of a heart attack or stroke before 50. If anyone died of any of the above before 60, subtract 2.

+ ______ − ______

3. Other heritable diseases
Subtract 3 for each incident of diabetes, thyroid disorder, breast cancer (women), digestive-system cancer, asthma, emphysema, or chronic bronchitis in parents or grandparents.

+ ______ − ______

Health and Diet

4. Weight
Subtract 1 per 10 pounds overweight.

+ ______ − ______

5. Smoking
Under a cigarette pack a day, subtract 2; 1 to 2 a day, subtract 4 to 7; 2 or more, subtract 8 to 12.

+ ______ − ______

6. Drinking
For light to moderate drinkers—up to 2 drinks per day—add 3. For heavy drinkers—over 3 drinks per day—subtract 8. Teetotalers subtract 1. Moderate drinking reduces stress and aids digestion. Heavy drinking, however, produces physiological damage. As for teetotalers, they may have rather rigid value systems, and may undergo stress in maintaining them.

+ ______ − ______

7. Exercise
If you exercise moderately—jog, bike-ride, take long walks, or swim 2 or 3 times weekly—add 3. Just exercising on weekends isn't enough.

+ ______ − ______

8. Sleep
If you sleep 9 hours a day, subtract 4. For more than 10 hours, subtract 6. Adults who sleep that much use too many hours in nonphysical activity, and may be unhappy and sleep as an escape, or they may be ill. Depressed people have shorter life expectancies.

+ ______ − ______

9. Regular physical examinations
Women over 30 who give monthly breast self-examinations and have at least an annual breast examination and Pap smear add 2. Men over 40 who have an annual physical and proctoscopic examination add 2. If cancer is detected early enough, it can be treated and controlled.

+ ______ − ______

Education and Occupation

10. Years of education
Less than high school, subtract 2; 4 years beyond high school, add 1; 5 or more years beyond high school, add 3. School does not make you live longer, but higher education correlates with increased income and opportunity and access to better health care.

+ ______ − ______

11. Type of occupation
If your occupation is in the professional category, add 2—except if you're a musician, architect, or pharmacist, subtract 1. (Why the negative correlation between longevity and these occupations exists is uncertain.) If you work in rugged heavy labor, you risk accidents; subtract 2. Occupations associated with overeating, such as chef or baker, subtract 2.

+ ______ − ______

12. Annual income
If it's over $40,000 per year, subtract 2. People with higher incomes probably experience more stress earning them and consume more rich food.

+ ______ − ______

13. Activity on the job
If your job is active—housework, construction work, etc.—add 3. If it's sedentary—office work—subtract 3.

+ ______ − ______

14. Age and work
If you are over 60 and you are still working, add 2.

+ ______ − ______

Life-style

15. Rural vs. urban dwelling
If you live in an urban area, subtract 1. If you live in a rural area, add 1. City dwellers experience more stress.

+ ______ − ______

16. Marital status
If married or living with someone permanently, add 3. If single, subtract 1 for each unwedded decade past age 25. Married people live longer.

+ ______ − ______

17. Personality type
If you are a calm, passive person, add 1 to 3. If you're aggressive, intense, and competitive, subtract 1 to 5—you are prone to cardiovascular disease.

+ ______ − ______

18. Risk-taking—auto accidents
If you use your car's seat belts regularly and follow speed limits, add 1. Auto accidents are among the top 10 killers.

+ ______ − ______

19. Happiness
If you are basically content with life, add 1 to 2. If you're unhappy—worried, tense, and guilty—subtract 1 to 3.

+ ______ − ______

Test designed by Dr. Diana S. Woodruff of Temple University, as adapted from "Will You Live to Be 100?" by Judith Bentley, Family Health, ***January, 1975.***

Iphigene Sulzberger:
The Hidden Power Behind the 'Times'

By Lally Weymouth

"...It was hard to believe that this modest, gracious lady was the woman whose every word was reputedly taken as a command..."

For nearly half a century one of the most powerful women in New York has been Iphigene Sulzberger, now a spry 84 years old. She is the daughter of Adolph Ochs, who bought the New York *Times* in 1896. She was married to Arthur Hays Sulzberger, who succeeded Ochs as publisher. She was the mother-in-law of Orvil Dryfoos, who succeeded Sulzberger. And today her only son, Arthur Ochs "Punch" Sulzberger, is the publisher of the New York *Times.*

The influence of women on the Washington *Post* and on the New York *Post* is well known. Much less is known about the person who has been at the heart of the New York *Times* for so many years and who at certain critical moments has been all-important in shaping its destiny. Abe Rosenthal, the present executive editor of the *Times,* says, "It's a big story—Iphigene and the paper. It's a family paper, and to the people who work here, she represents a tradition—her father, herself, and her son."

When I was talking to Mrs. Sulzberger the other day in her Fifth Avenue apartment it was very difficult for me to believe that the small, gracious, and modest lady pouring me tea was the woman whose every word was reputed to be taken as a command at the *Times.* And indeed she laughed at such accounts, spoke of many of the senior editors as friends, and said that such friendship would be impossible if she behaved like an autocrat.

She appears to be the exact opposite of the Powerful Woman. She talks more about her thirteen grandchildren than about her role in shaping the *Times.* Susan Dryfoos, one of the grandchildren, says that her grandmother is "a very modest person. She's not at all overwhelmed by who she is." Three years ago Susan traveled through China with her grandmother. Mrs. Sulzberger danced on the Great Wall with a friend, offered Chou En-lai stock in the *Times*—which he rejected—and then set off on a 24-hour train trip in 120-degree heat, sharing an un-air-conditioned cabin with Susan. "She was a great sport; she just lay there reading about China," Susan told me.

Mrs. Sulzberger's daughter, Ruth Holmberg, who is the publisher of the Chattanooga *Times* and a member of the board of the New York *Times,* says, "There was never anything that I couldn't ask her about—sex or whatever." The greatest thing her mother did for her children, Mrs. Holmberg thinks, was to give them "a very strong sense of family. We back each other up."

But Iphigene Sulzberger is much more than a good mother and grandmother. Ruth Holmberg explains that her mother has "a very, very strong feeling of the role of the paper in the community and in the world, and she has been able to transmit this sense to her children. She's seen to it that we got the message about what kind of a paper this is."

Clifton Daniel, associate editor of the *Times,* remarked that although Iphigene Sulzberger "has actual, formal power, she doesn't use it in any demonstrative or flamboyant way. She exercises it in the bosom of the family." And Turner Catledge, former managing editor of the *Times,* underlined the delicacy of her procedures: "She is not assertive in an overt way. She talks softly, almost whispers, but she is a woman of tremendous character."

The lady who speaks so softly has for a long time carried a big stick in the form of one third of the voting control over the paper. When Adolph Ochs died in 1935, he left his daughter and only child, Iphigene, with the key vote in a trust that he created in order to pass the *Times* along to children and grandchildren. The trust owns 37.2 percent of the A, or nonvoting, stock of the *Times,* plus 70.1 percent of the B, or voting, stock. Control of the trust and therefore of the paper was left in the hands of three trustees: Iphigene Sulzberger; her husband, Arthur; and her cousin, Julius Adler. As long as Iphigene Sulzberger and her husband voted together, as they did until his death in 1968, they controlled the paper.

Catledge recalls hearing his predecessor as managing editor, Edwin James, say to Iphigene: "Little girl, you just don't know the power of your voice." But Catledge adds that Mrs. Sulzberger did understand her power: "She would deny it, but she knew it, and those of us around her knew it. She was very much aware of her mission as the daughter and wife of two publishers and as the dominant character in the Ochs Trust. She had enormous potential power, but I never saw her use it in an obvious, blatant way. Part of her genius was that she tried to exercise her leadership with modesty."

Arthur Hays Sulzberger used to annoy his wife by reminding her of her power. Catledge says that "during the Stevenson days, when she was fond of Stevenson and Arthur liked Eisenhower, he used to make her terribly mad by saying that he was just a hired hand." But the *Times* supported Ike. A friend of the family says that Iphigene Sulzberger in fact went to "re-

Good gray "Times" woman: *Iphigene Sulzberger has maintained her subtle, pervasive influence at the paper for 40 years.*

Photographed by Sylvia Plachy

> "…She exercised power most fully in handing the paper f
> man to another, without ever emerging from the backgroun

markable lengths never to intrude on her husband, or even to seem to be intruding on him."

Probably the most critical moment for Iphigene came after Orvil Dryfoos's death in 1963. Dryfoos had succeeded his father-in-law as publisher in 1961 and he was expected to run the paper indefinitely, but suddenly, at the age of 50, he died of a heart ailment. Since Dryfoos had become a trustee of the Ochs estate after Julius Adler died, there were only two living trustees: Iphigene and Arthur Hays Sulzberger. They had to pick a successor to Dryfoos, a decision for which no one was prepared. Mrs. Sulzberger says that the decision was easy and clear: Punch should run the paper. Others say it was not as simple as that. "Arthur didn't have a very high opinion of Punch," says Lester Markel, formerly the editor of the Sunday *Times*. "I think Iphigene felt that he'd been mistreated by his father and I think this had a lot to do with her decision that, by God, Punch ought to have a crack at this."

Catledge recalls that Arthur Hays Sulzberger, who was at this point quite ill, "wanted to satisfy Bradford [Amory Bradford, who was general manager of the *Times* and wanted to be named publisher]. Sulzberger had considerable respect for Bradford's abilities. Bradford was a very rigid man—hard to get along with." Catledge credits Iphigene with persuading her husband to choose Punch over Bradford: "She was sort of the catalytic agent between the two."

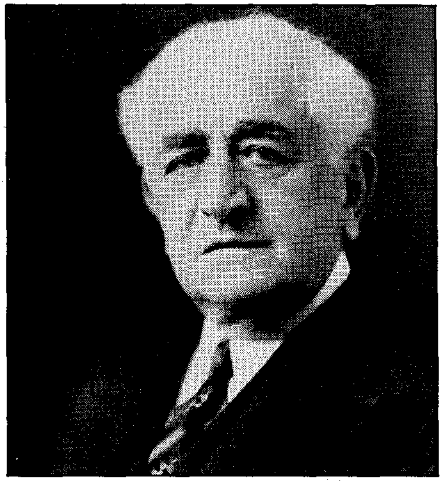
Punch, the victor in the struggle, chooses to give his father more credit than his mother: "Dad had more influence in appointing me than Mother; he was the chairman of the board and the chief executive officer." But the present publisher does credit his mother with "standing right behind me and backing me once I became publisher."

Many say that Iphigene had a strong hand not only in choosing Punch but in guiding him when he first became publisher. A friend of the family says that right after Dryfoos died, "she would write a note about a certain subject and Punch would go out of his way to please his mother. If she had a suggestion for something, he would pay very close attention."

Today Mrs. Sulzberger has stepped back. She has retired from the board, although she reads the paper as carefully as ever and still calls up Punch or executive editor Abe Rosenthal with story ideas. "Punch now runs the company," says one friend. "He has incredible respect and love for his mother. He knows she is an extremely intelligent woman and has very strong opinions. He listens carefully to his mother, but he does not necessarily do what his mother would like to have done. That period when he would automatically do what his mother wanted ended some years ago."

The *Times* has changed a lot from the paper that Adolph Ochs created "to give the news impartially, without fear or favor, regardless of any party, sect, or interest involved." It is a public company now, accountable to stockholders. Two thirds of the company's income now comes from sources other than the paper. "Arthur Hays Sulzberger was a very principled man," says a *Times* official. "He wouldn't do certain things–things we've now learned to live with—because it was the New York *Times*. He wouldn't buy a television station. He saw the paper as the one thing that meant everything. Punch came along when we had to find ways of buttressing the newspaper, which was going through hard times."

CULVER PICTURES



Father: *Publisher Adolph Ochs did not want daughter Iphigene to run the paper.*

There are no signs that Iphigene Sulzberger is displeased by the changes that are taking place at the *Times*. Lester Markel, among others, attributes many of the changes—including the recent dislodging of Johnny Oakes, Iphigene's first cousin, from his position as editorial-page editor—to "the derogatory stories in *Business Week* and *More*. I think this is the real answer. The *Times* was getting the reputation of being leftist and antibusiness, and this was hurting." Markel speculates that Mrs. Sulzberger probably was quite disturbed by the replacement of Oakes: "Family relationships mean a great deal to her. I'm sure that hurt he

It is well known that Oakes di not agree with Punch Sulzberger's decision to have the *Times* endorse Moynihan. What is less well known is that Iphigene Sulzberger quietly voted for Ramsey Clark. But she has always managed to stick to her own principles while at the same time backing up her son, her son-in-law, and her husband —even when she did not agree with them. Markel says, "She would register dissent—when her husband was publisher—about things that were happening at the *Times* and she would say she was shocked by this or by that, but she never pressed her point."

Every person I spoke to at the *Times* —either retired or still active—emphasized Iphigene Sulzberger's power, or at least her pervasive influence, over the years. And all these people, many of whom had known her for years, had similar difficulty in defining how exactly this influence had been exercised. Words such as "subtle" and "indirect" flowed through their recollections. Some of her relatives gave clues to her political views. Stephen Golden, one of her grandchildren, who works on the production side of the *Times*, remarked how "radical" her political views are, and how she contributed anonymously to "liberal Democratic candidates whom one would not expect a wealthy 84-year-old lady to support."

Still, in spite of her power and her political views, the men in her family have ultimately been running the show. Her use of power seems anachronistic —it is, in a sense, from another time. "She's an old-fashioned person," said Catledge, "when it comes to family relationships. I think she would say, 'If that's what Punch wants, that's what ought to be done.' " Lester Markel suggests a reason for this attitude: "Mr. Ochs didn't really believe that women had a place in newspaper work." Still, her father did leave Iphigene in an enormously powerful position. The irony is that she exercised such power most fully in handing the paper from one man to another, without ever fully emerging from the background herself.

Q. What does it feel like to be the matriarch of one of the great publishing families in America?

A. My chief claim to fame is survival. Everybody expects you to be in your dotage, and if you're not, you're really remarkable. I've never been so appreciated, so I go around telling everybody with great delight that I'm 84, terribly tempted to say I'm 90.

Q. I gather that only last week you were in Canada with Punch at a paper mill?

A. Yes, we went up to Kapuskasing, Ontario. It was the fiftieth anniversary of the building of the Spruce Falls Power and Paper Company, which was built by Kimberly-Clark and the New York *Times*, and I am one of the few survivors who saw it built. We were having a celebration and Punch wanted to know if I'd like to go. We got there at lunchtime—it was 30 degrees below zero—drove around and saw the town, went through the hospital, which I'd also seen built, and then they had a party in the evening to celebrate, which annoyed me very much because they didn't invite any of the wives. I and a woman who was the head of the hospital represented the female sex, and so I told them that they were male chauvinist pigs, which they took without blushing. I had tea with some of the wives in the afternoon and they heartily agreed with me that it was an outrage.

Q. If you talk about male chauvinist pigs, what about your father giving the paper to your husband and not to you?

A. He left it to my children. He left the life interest in it to me, not to my husband, but the property really belongs to my children. My husband, Arthur, and my cousin, Julius Adler, and I were left as trustees. My father didn't give Arthur any actual interest in it except making him a trustee. So it really was Arthur and me against Julius, and my vote went for Arthur as publisher.

Q. But your vote could have gone either way?

A. It could have—if I didn't like Arthur, I could have voted for Julius

Q. So therefore your father left you in a very powerful position. I have heard it said that you are more like your father than your mother. Is this true?

A. My mother was a totally different type. My mother was a very gentle, retiring person who was not interested in business in any shape or form, and thought my father was absolutely divine—anything he did was perfect. Arthur once said that I really was like my mother, but enough like my father to know I couldn't get away with it.

Q. Tell me about your father.

A. My father was the head of his family, even when his father was alive. His father was very intelligent and able, but he had no business sense. My father went to work at fourteen. He was a newspaper publisher at twenty—when he bought a half interest in the Chattanooga *Times*. His father had to sign the papers because he was underage.

Q. Where did he get the money?

A. He borrowed it—$250. He went to the banker in town and asked him to lend him $250, and the banker said, "Have you any collateral?" He said, "No." The banker then said, "Have you anyone that you think would sign your note?" to which my father said, "I don't know anybody in town who knows me any better than you do." So the banker signed the note and lent him the money.

When my father bought the half interest in the Chattanooga *Times*, he had an agreement with his partner that either one could buy out the other, which my father did at the end of two or three years.

I remember asking my father if the paper paid in the beginning, and he said it had to, because that's what he was living off of. His mother and sisters and younger brothers were living in Knoxville and every night he used to mail $2 to them to pay the bills. That was in 1878, so it shows you what the cost of living was like compared to today. Two or three years later he bought a house in Chattanooga and moved the family down.

CULVER PICTURES

Daughter: *Iphigene Sulzberger in 1944. She has had key vote as* Times *trustee since '35.*

Q. The whole family moved to Chattanooga?

A. Yes, into his house. There was his father and mother and three sisters, two brothers, and a grandfather. Then my father got married in 1883—my mother was the daughter of Rabbi Isaac Wise of Cincinnati [the founder of Reform Judaism in America]—and he brought her into this household. She was young and my grandmother was a rather powerful type of female. It never occurred to my grandmother that this was her son's home and his wife might be the head of the household. My mother was just accepted as another daughter.

Q. So your grandmother really ran the household?

A. She very much ran the house, and my mother lived there for fifteen years. As I look back . . . my mother during those fifteen years showed such great restraint. Years later I found a picture of my grandmother, and I framed it and started to give it to my mother. I thought that she would like it. I noticed that she did not want it at all. She said thank you and put it down. Suddenly it dawned on me what she had been putting up with. Of course she didn't want it. But never did I hear her say a word against her mother-in-law. So I must admit I always had a bit of contempt for Mrs. Roosevelt, the way she talked about her mother-in-law, after I realized what my mother put up with and never said a word. She knew what the finances were, and certainly everybody was treating her with love and devotion, but she was just a younger daughter in her own home.

Q. So your father bought the Times *in 1896, and you came to New York then, when you were four?*

A. Yes. Because he went broke in Chattanooga. He got carried away with a real-estate boom. He bought all this real estate, the boom burst, and he found himself with lots of debts and valueless property. A lot of people suggested that he should go into bankruptcy, which he thought was immoral. The only thing to do was to expand, and the one thing he knew was how to run a newspaper. He heard the *Times* was bankrupt, so he came up here. In '96, Bryan was running against McKinley on free silver and the bankers here who had control of the *Times* wanted someone to run a "gold" paper. My father was for gold but he said he couldn't work for anyone, although he'd still like to buy the paper. He worked out some kind of complicated way in which he owned the Chattanooga *Times* building with the mortgage on it and managed to raise $75,000 (I think it was), and they put the majority stock in escrow so that after three years, if the paper was paying, he would get it—which he did. He was in his thirties then. The last person he had to have sign the papers was J. Pierpont Morgan. My father told me that he went down to Wall Street with fear and trembling to see this tycoon whom everyone was scared of, and he was ushered in and Mr. Morgan said, "How do you do? Where do I sign?" He didn't ask my father a thing. He had evidently been briefed by the other men and he was satisfied.

Q. Was your father a good father to you?

A. He was wonderful. I was the only child. I used to follow him around at his heels, it seems to me. I was more faithful than my dog is to me. Every Sunday we used to go walking in the park and he'd tell me stories; he used

> “…‘If I get a bright idea,’ Mrs. Sulzberger says, ‘I call up and tell somebody. If I get indignant, I write a letter to the editor’…”

to make up continuous stories.

Q. Did he ever take you to the paper?

A. Frequently, yes. But he didn’t want me to work there. He was very much opposed to that; he thought the little woman should stay home and be protected. He was very much the old Victorian southern gentleman on that score. But he had his heart set on my getting an education and insisted on my going to Barnard. I didn’t want to go to college at all but when I got there, I never was happier. I loved college.

Q. But your father didn’t want you to run the paper? What do you think about that?

A. Well, I don’t think I would have been very good.

Q. Why not?

A. I don’t know. People develop under pressure and responsibility. I might have developed. I don’t want to do myself an injustice, but frankly I think my husband was much better qualified as a human being—nothing to do with sex. I’m not of the practical type too much. I did inherit this from my father: I have a very active mind, which I am sure I inherited from him, but I’m not a digger.

Q. After your husband retired, the paper went to your son-in-law, Orvil Dryfoos, not to your daughter Marian [Orvil’s wife], in the same way it had gone from your father to your husband. Am I correct?

A. Well, Marian had shown absolutely no interest in the paper at all. Punch was quite young. Ruth was down in Chattanooga and had not had the experience. Orvil did seem to be the logical choice. He was very popular, he was hardworking, he was intelligent, and he had had business experience as well as journalism. And, alas and alack, he had a weak heart. That dreadful, long strike was just too much for him, and he died as a result of it. Just plain heart failure. Punch was then about 35 or 36; he was showing promise, but it was a gamble.

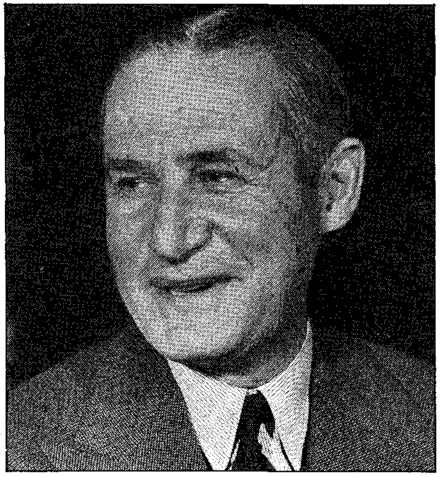
Q. How did you make the decision that your son, Punch, would become the publisher of the Times?

A. Well, it was up to Arthur and me. I was a trustee, along with my husband. When my cousin Julius died, Orvil became the third trustee, and then when Orvil died, that left just Arthur and me who had to make the decision; we had to select the third trustee and we also had to select the publisher. Arthur was sick and he wasn’t able to take over again. The next in line [Amory Bradford] was obviously not the person. He had made himself thoroughly unpopular; we would have had a revolt. He was able, but very, very arrogant and not able to cope with people. He’s not been on the *Times* since—he got mad and left. Punch seemed the logical choice. There wasn’t in the business side anyone outstanding who would have been acceptable to the staff. They *would* accept Punch. He was very popular; he didn’t throw his weight around. He was intelligent. And he’s turned out very well; he’s shown imagination.

Q. How active were you in the operations of the Times?

A. Never very active. The only time I worked down there was during the war—they were getting shorthanded. In that period, the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* were running pretty much neck-and-neck and the *Herald Tribune* claimed that it was the women’s paper—they were getting all the advertising—and so Arthur said, “Why don’t you try your hand in promotion and see if we can’t interest more women?” So I was down there about six or seven years, working in promotion. If I do say so, I did a good job.

CULVER PICTURES



Husband: *Arthur Hays Sulzberger took over as publisher from Iphigene’s father.*

Q. You were on the board of the New York Times *for many years. When and why did you resign?*

A. I retired from overage about four years ago. I was getting deaf and I was at a meeting at the *Times*. They were talking and I suddenly realized that I wasn’t hearing what they were saying. At the end of the meeting, Punch said, “Any new business?” and I said, “Yes, I’m retiring.” That was sort of a shock. I said, “I guess we ought to have a retirement age, and I’m past the age anyhow.” The thing is get off while the going’s good. I don’t want people to say, “When will the old fool have the sense to retire?”

Q. Since you are no longer on the board, do you participate in any other way?

A. Yes. If I get a bright idea, I call up and tell somebody. Sometimes I get a story in. If I get very indignant, I write a letter to the editor.

Q. I’ve never seen one printed.

A. Oh yes, they print them, but I always use the names of deceased relatives. I send them to John [Oakes] on my own paper so he knows it comes from me with the distinct understanding that if he likes it, he publishes it, and if not, he puts it in the wastepaper basket and no hard feelings—I get it off my chest.

Q. What is your latest story idea?

A. I won’t tell you—you might use it.

Q. Tell me the last idea that appeared.

A. It was just a suggestion for a little story (I used to be on a board—an advisory committee) on the Co-operative Education Program. I never thought they got enough publicity. And the other day I saw a long story about somebody down in Texas having medals practically pinned on him for starting this great idea which actually has been going for over 60 years in this city. So I called Abe Rosenthal and I said, “The public schools are always getting black eyes, so when they do something well, isn’t it time to give them a little boost, particularly since the *Times* carried the misinformation that this man in Texas started the Co-operative Education Program?” I got a very polite note from Abe saying it was okay, a good story.

Q. What did you think about the Times’s *endorsement of Moynihan?*

A. Punch told me I wasted my vote—I voted for Ramsey Clark.

Q. What did you think about John Oakes’s writing a letter of dissent to the editor about the endorsement of Moynihan?

A. I think it’s a free press—we believe in it—he wanted to write a letter. He was for Bella Abzug—and so, why not? It’s his privilege.

Q. You didn’t like Moynihan?

A. He’s usually on the side I’m on, but he makes me think I must be wrong. He overdoes it. There’s something about his personality—he arouses antagonism when I don’t think he should. Ramsey Clark’s people seemed to think he didn't have a chance because he was too much in left field. He never struck me that way. Perhaps he isn't a strong enough character, he didn't have the fight, I don't know.

Q. Gay Talese says in The Kingdom and the Power, *his book about the New York* Times, *that the editors take your suggestions as commands. Is that true?*

A. That young man didn't know what he was talking about. In the first place, I only met him once. Evidently he liked the *Times*, but not the people who created it. I only met him once—Arthur was quite ill at the time—and Gay Talese started asking him questions, and it was just too much, and after about fifteen minutes Arthur said, "Will you excuse me? She can tell you." And so Arthur went off and Talese assumed I was the big boss. That's what the whole thing was based on.

Q. Talese also quotes Turner Catledge as saying that your most casual remark was treated as a command.

A. Nonsense. Turner Catledge and I are very good friends and with all these people I'm friends and they know that I would not talk to them if I felt that they felt it was a command. I can talk to them because they can say, "You're cockeyed," and I say, "Well, perhaps I am, you know better than I do, it just seems like an idea," and they say, "Well, I'll look into it, perhaps there's something to it." As you know, you can't be friends with people if they think that you're an autocrat.

Talese didn't know what he was talking about. He was getting something off his chest. I am always skeptical about these books I read, always wondering how did the author get under the bed.

Q. What was it like for your husband to work for your father, who was such a powerful man?

A. My father was very keen for him to come there. My father didn't have any plan for training him. Arthur always said that he got his training by picking up odds and ends that nobody wanted to do. Gradually my father, finding him able, just kept on turning things over to him.

Q. How long did it take for your husband to be really in charge of the Times?

A. Well, he really was running the paper before my father died, because my father was quite ill for about a year and a half before, and Arthur had been his right-hand man. I remember my father once telling me that if I had picked Arthur just for his interests, not for mine, I couldn't have done better. They got along very well. It was a very happy relationship.

I suppose there were disagreements as among all human beings, but nothing stands out in my mind. But by the time my father died, it was an easy transition, there was no problem.

Q. What did he die of?

A. A cerebral hemorrhage. But he had had a nervous breakdown.

Q. When did he have the breakdown?

A. Around '34, and he died in '35, when he was 77.

Q. Is there any reason why your daughters were not selected to run the paper instead of Punch?

A. My daughters were not interested—Ruth was, but she was already in Chattanooga. Marian was not interested, and Judy was in medicine.

Q. Are all your children on the board of the paper?

A. Yes.

Q. What do you think your greatest influence on the Times *has been?*

A. Just being there, I suppose. Perhaps just being a friendly soul and getting along with people.

UPI

Son: *Current publisher "Punch" Sulzberger."He's turned out well," Iphigene says.*

Q. I understand that your family, especially your father, were determined to make the best newspaper they could, regardless of what profits they made for themselves. Is that true?

A. My father's one ambition was to make it a good paper. He always used to say that he had vindicated the intelligence of the reading public by proving that they would support a paper like the *Times*. When he came to New York, it was the day of yellow journalism, and the *Herald*, the *World*, and the *American* were riding high. The *Times* was the serious paper which everyone thought was bound to come to a speedy end. He used to tell a story about the attitude of the other papers toward the *Times*. One time a water pipe burst, and the presses of the *Times* were flooded. The *Sun* came out with a long story about the flood. The purpose of the story was to say that they'd sent around to inquire about conditions at the *Times* and were happy to report that it would come out as dry as ever the next day. That was the general attitude toward the *Times* in those days.

Q. Where did your family live when you came to New York?

A. When we first came here we lived in a boardinghouse on West 72nd Street. Then we took an apartment on Broadway and 70th Street and I remember hanging out the window and watching them dig the first New York subway. We lived perfectly comfortably, but we weren't rich people. When we first came here we used to ride in elevateds and streetcars. Then we rented—a hansom cab, and then a carriage by the month—and then we bought an automobile in 1903 or '04—a second-hand Mercedes. It had no top, no windshield, and there were lights on the side. We went on a tour in it and we wore goggles and dusters and the baggage was tied on the back with rubber sheets over it. If it rained we put on raincoats. In 1904, I think it was, we went all the way to Nova Scotia in this car—we thought it was fun. I remember in Maine bumping over the back roads and having farmers stop us while they unhitched their horses and took them into the woods because they were so scared—they'd never seen a car.

Q. What did you think of the way my mother [Katharine Graham] handled the strike at the Washington Post *last year?*

A. I thought she was very courageous. . . . Having grown up in an atmosphere prolabor and prounions, I saw why they were needed. I used to work in my youth in the Henry Street Settlement and the slums there and see the people who worked in the sweatshops. To me it is a tragedy that the unions seem to have become big business. Now they try to keep out minorities. But unions, I'm sure, are necessary. I don't think you ought to trust any group to be completely just to another.

Q. Whom did you vote for for president this year?

A. I voted for Carter.

Q. What do you think of him?

A. I hope for the best. He makes a good impression, from all I've read, but I've not met him. I like particularly the fact that as a Southerner, he has gotten the black vote—that gives me great confidence in him. He seems to be liberal. I think he has compassion. I like the fact that he doesn't know all the answers right away. I liked it when they said he was vague, because how could he be anything but vague when he didn't know all the facts? I liked his restraint. So far, he seems to be making good choices. Cyrus Vance is a director of the New York *Times*

"…'I left the board about four years ago. I didn't want people saying, "When will the old fool have the sense to retire?"'…"

and a neighbor, so we are losing him in two ways.

Q. What do you think of women's liberation?

A. I think it's ridiculous to think of women as not being human beings, as a minority, but I don't think they're fairly treated—for instance, paying women less for the same work. I'm afraid that one has to go to extremes to get to the middle. Having lived through getting the vote for women, I can understand the situation.

Q. What was that like?

A. Well, it was a little bit the same idea. My mother and I were for suffrage. My father didn't approve. Since I had great affection and respect for him, I did not want to embarrass him by going out and parading, but I used to sneak all my spare cash to it when I was in college. The first vote I got was in 1920. The only thing against women's suffrage is that they don't vote very differently from the men. We're just human beings like they are; we vote according to our likes and our interests.

Q. What do you think of family-held newspapers like the Post *and the* Times?

A. If they are nice families like the Meyers and the Grahams and the Sulzbergers, then it's all right. Isn't it always the case of whom you are talking about? I remember some group coming to me and saying wouldn't I support a woman for president? And I said, "Which woman?" and they were enraged with me. I wouldn't say I'm for a man for president—I want to know what man. So . . . it depends on the family.

Q. What do you think distinguishes your family?

A. They're dedicated and they're honest, and they try to do a good job. They believe they are privileged to be able to serve their country, and it *is* a privilege, and they understand democracy and also . . . capitalism, which, I think, go hand in hand. I'm strong for the little capitalist—I always shop in little stores.

Q. What do you think of Agnew's criticism of your family's publication and mine, his attacks on the Jewish-owned and -controlled media?

A. I think he is a crook. We've always had anti-Semitism. It seems a bit absurd, as your mother is only one-half Jewish. In my family there is a good deal of intermarriage. It happens that the ones who've been running the *Times* have been Jewish. But I don't know—people have to have somebody to blame. If they'd only stop to think about it, they couldn't pay the Jews a greater compliment. This handful running the earth. Well, I will say this for the Jews: Considering their small numbers, they've contributed extraordinarily—look at the number of Nobel prize winners and musicians and so forth—it's incredible.

Q. What do you think about Israel?

A. I'm very torn. I can't help feeling that the plight of the Jews is due really to the czars of Russia and to Hitler, not to mention the Communists. Otherwise the Jews would have been perfectly happy living where they were. But nobody was very kind, so they took a bit of land from the Palestinians, and the Arabs haven't treated them very well either. I can understand the Palestinians' anger at being asked to pay the bill for the Europeans. But heaven knows the other Arabs have shown just about as much kindness and understanding as the Nazis and the czarists. But killing off all the Jews won't solve anything, any more than killing all the Palestinians.

SYLVIA PLACHY

Matriarch: *Iphigene Sulzberger. Once she asked Chou En-lai to write for the* Times.

Q. What will happen to the Times *in the next generation, after Punch?*

A. I forgot my crystal ball today. I left it in the country. Punch has got a very bright, very attractive son who's going into journalism. I have some other grandsons who are interested, some granddaughters who are interested.

Q. Would you like to see it continue in the family?

A. After I go, there are four children. When they go, there are thirteen grandchildren. Your guess is as good as mine.

Q. A lot of people say that the Times *is anti–New York and antibusiness.*

A. Anti–New York? Do they ever read any of the New York *Times*? This is a capitalistic society. The New York *Times* has no endowment. It depends on advertising, which depends on business. Our prosperity is tied up with the city. We're not going out to kill the goose that lays the golden egg, even if we didn't care, which we do desperately.

Q. You must have known several presidents, haven't you?

A. Well, I've known some of them. Punch liked Eisenhower; I liked Kennedy.

Q. What was Roosevelt like?

A. He was a charmer. We were down there two or three times at the White House, and once up at Hyde Park. I can't say I regarded him as an intimate, but he put me at my ease.

Q. Did the Times *support Roosevelt?*

A. Three times out of four. We supported Willkie on the third-term issue; we didn't like the idea of breaking with tradition.

Q. But you supported FDR for the fourth term?

A. It was in the middle of the war and we weren't too keen on Dewey, though we did support him the next time against Truman, which I've always regretted.

Q. What about the labor problems you've had at the Times?

A. I think at last the typographical union is facing up to the fact that typographical machines are out. You can't even buy the parts, so they have to go along with change, just like you can't go back to the hand looms anymore. But I can see why they are fighting for jobs; this new machinery requires so few people.

Q. What did you think of Nixon?

A. I always thought he was an evil man. My conscience is clear from the beginning; from the time he ran against Helen Gahagan Douglas, I never had any use for him.

Q. Do you have any feeling about the Times *becoming a conglomerate instead of just a newspaper?*

A. Punch was the one that started doing that. It was after the strike, when he had all our eggs in one basket, and when the paper wasn't published, there was just nothing coming in. I think he was right; we had to have something else. We are sticking to our field, not going out for shoe factories and things like that.

Q. You've lived such a diverse and fascinating life.

A. I've lived through so many worlds. I grew up before World War I, and graduated from college in 1914. So you see, all my school years were in a different world.

Q. Was it a better world?

A. It's always good if you're on top and hell if you're at the bottom.

Q. And were you on top?

A. I was middle up. I never hit bottom, so it was a good world. I've always been lucky and been in a good world. But I've seen enough of the other.

Q. What do you think of Mrs. Schiff?

A. I feel sorry for her. I think she had an awfully hard childhood. She was unfortunate in her marriages.

Q. How do you feel about Rupert Murdoch coming into New York?

A. Let's wait and see what he's going to do.

Q. What do you think about the other newspapers in the city?

A. They cater to a totally different clientele.

Q. What do you think about the new sections of the Times?

A. They're evidently a success, and picked up about 30,000 or 40,000 in circulation. I must admit, I get discouraged when I see all I have to look at, but of course I don't have to read it all—for instance, I'm not interested much in fashions. I have a strange interest in real estate—I always look at that.

Q. Because of your father?

A. No, it's my city.

Q. So you feel very strongly about this city?

A. This is home, and it's the greatest city in the United States. Ford saying let it go down the drain . . . you might as well put the whole nation down the drain, if we are going to put our cities down the drain.

Q. What do you think about the First Amendment problem that newspapers have been having—for instance, with the Pentagon Papers?

A. Freedom of the press? All I can say is, look at other countries where they don't have it. Let us be grateful for our freedoms. If you go to any of these Communist countries and hear all the propaganda—that's all anybody knows. I was in China three years ago.

Q. At the age of 81, you went off to China?

A. Yes. I had my eighty-first birthday there—a party at the Summer Palace in one of the pavilions.

Q. What was your impression of China?

A. I was fascinated. We had dinner with Chou En-lai.

Q. What was he like?

A. A charmer. I sat next to him. I told him how fortunate I thought I was to be in China

(Continued on page 42)

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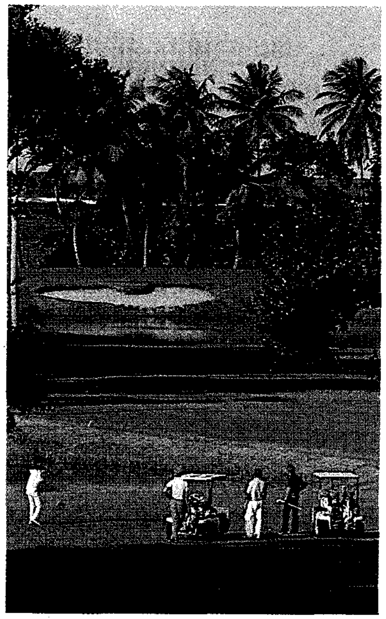

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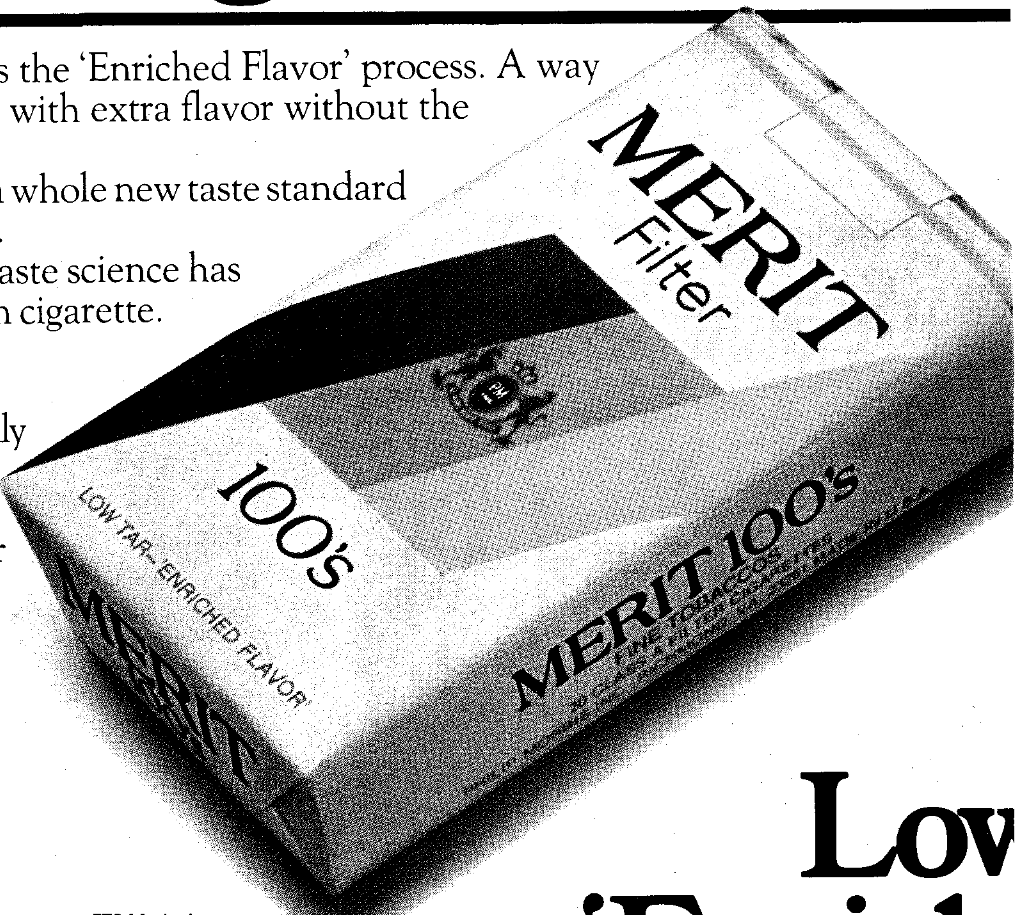
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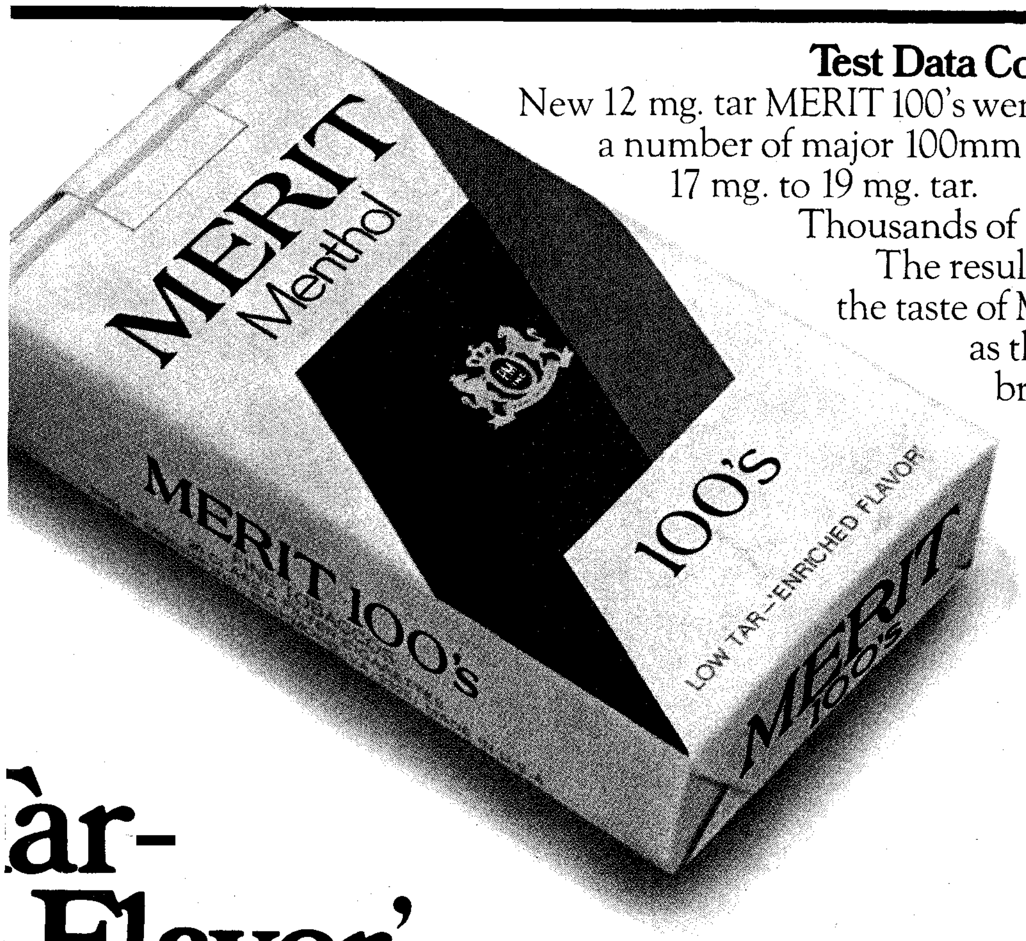
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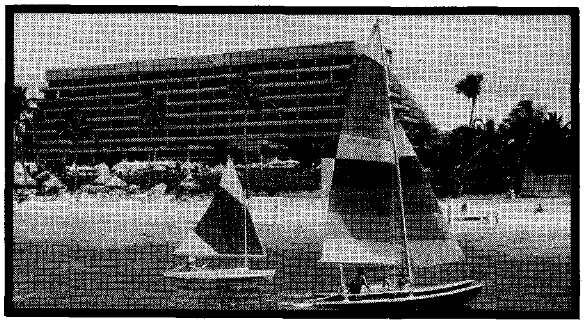

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(Continued from page 39) and how all the family was so jealous of me, being the first one to get there. And I said my son particularly wanted to come. And he said, "He wants to open a bureau here." And I said, "Of course he does. Ever since I've been in China, all I've heard is that you want closer relations between China and the States." So I went into my commercial: "How better than through the columns of the New York *Times*?" And he laughed and said, "You are a good propagandist. Tell your son he can come over." But they had a little cultural revolution afterwards, and we had the worry of a strike, so Punch didn't get there.

Chou En-lai also said, "The *Times* wouldn't publish an article saying that the United States should go Communist." So I said, "If you write it and sign it, I guarantee you front-page coverage." He said he didn't want to be a correspondent for the New York *Times,* and so we didn't get our article.

Q. But you liked Chou En-lai?

A. Absolutely. He was delightful. Here he was, the head of this big nation, and I had never met him before, and I am not used to meeting heads of nations, but I was completely relaxed with him and we just jabbered. I am told this was not unique; he just had that great capacity of putting people at their ease. He had a nice sense of humor.

Q. Were you in favor of the Times *going public?*

A. Well, it seemed like the sensible thing to do.

Q. I understand that you were a good friend of Robert Moses'. What do you think of him?

A. I was president of the Parks Association when he was parks commissioner, and I know what a wonderful job he did. The worst enemy of Robert Moses is Mr. Moses. He is a man who is very sensitive and completely insensitive to other people. What he did for New York City and New York State! Every swimming pool in this city was built by Bob Moses; he put in all the playgrounds. Those parkways he built: They say he should have put in railways, but he was no seer; that was the era of the automobile, and he was doing what was wise then.

Q. Did you spend a lot of time working on the Parks Association?

A. Yes, I spent a lot of time. And I used to go with Bob Moses a great deal on tours of every park in the city and I saw what he did.

Mrs. Sulzberger walked me to the door of her apartment. "Good-bye," she said. "I've put my reputation in your hands and I hope that you write a nice story. Remember that if you don't, I am going to send one of my grandchildren to interview *your* mother." ■

Food / Florence Fabricant

GOAT CHEESE—A SHOT IN THE TASTE BUDS

"...Twenty years ago in France, I first encountered the unforgettable tang of goat cheese. Now New York shops are selling it..."

Among the galaxies of cheese, perfect circles of Brie have long been the luminaries, but Capricorne is coming into view. The future for the sign of the goat is favorable. French goat cheeses are the bright new stars.

I first encountered the unforgettable sharp tang of *fromage de chèvre* some twenty years ago in France. It was a shot in the taste buds. At Androuet, on rue d'Amsterdam in Paris, I was able to sample a few dozen of the countless varieties produced. Back in New York, I found the selection of *fromages de chèvre* consistently disappointing. Then, about five years ago, good French goat cheeses began showing up in cheese shops with increasing frequency. Today, even the most limited inventory is likely to include a log or two of *chèvre.*

Is *fromage de chèvre* popular simply because there's a sudden cheese craze on in New York? "No, it's more than that," says Eddie Edelman of Ideal Cheese, 1205 Second Avenue, nibbling a crumb of delectable Ste. Maure. "I think the travelers to Greece and the Near East, where cheeses are made with goat's and sheep's milk, have acquired a taste for it. Now it's considered sophisticated, and it's very popular."

Several cheese dealers concur, although a salesman at Balducci's in the Village thinks the craze for *chèvre* is limited to the Upper East Side "caviar belt," and Bloomingdale's has not been able to detect a goat-cheese trend.

French goat cheeses vary from tiny, hard disks (*crottin*—"dung") and pyramids to five-pound logs and blocks. They are usually white as snow, with a soft texture that may be creamy and moist or dry and crumbly. Some varieties develop a rich surface creaminess as they ripen while still retaining the characteristic chalky white core. The latest imports include wheels that develop like Brie or Camembert, combining a fluent, satin texture with the typical tang of goat.

Several types of goat cheese are dusted with edible vegetable ash, which imparts a slightly sharper flavor in addition to keeping the cheese more moist. Others are coated with paprika or annatto, which tints them orange. These rindless, coated cheeses tend to remain chalky through and through.

Pure goat: *Banon, a mild* fromage de chèvre *from Provence, has a lemony freshness. It's wrapped in chestnut leaves.*

Every region of France has its own goat's-milk cheeses. Chances are that we'll never see most of them here. Production is extremely limited. There is simply far less goat's milk than cow's milk available. Add to this the fact that goats do not respond well to mechanized dairying, and you can understand why goat's-milk cheeses are at the high end of any price list.

I found close to 30 different French goat cheeses in the major cheese shops around town. They may be in individual packages of about ten ounces, or sold by the pound. In order to be labeled *"pur chèvre,"* the cheese must be 100 percent goat. Goat cheeses labeled "part skim" have been made from a combination of cow's and goat's milk. To the connoisseur of *chèvre,* these taste less distinctive.

Lezay and St. Saviol are two of the major French cooperative creameries producing goat cheeses for export. In general, the Lezay cheeses are milder than St. Saviol varieties. The cheeses of another cooperative, Europ-Lait, are now being distributed nationwide. Its goat cheeses are labeled "Le Bougon."

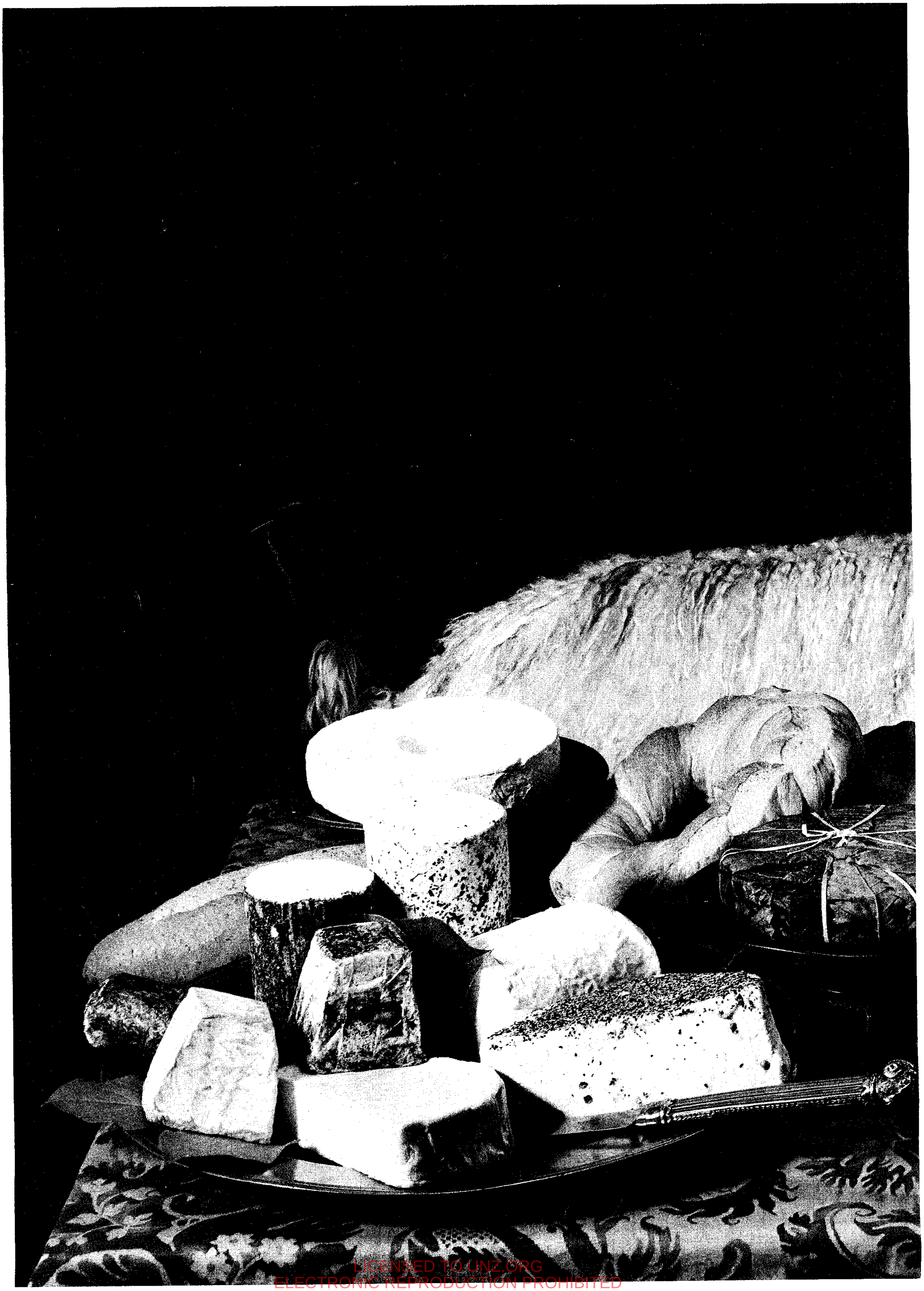
Goat cheese keeps fairly well under refrigeration. It is impossible to generalize, because much depends on the condition of the cheese when purchased. Let your nose be your guide. When the cheese becomes pungent or rank, it's over the hill. *Fromage de chèvre* should be brought to room temperature before serving. It's excellent with cocktails, salad, or fruit, guaranteed to revive somnolent palates. It has less butterfat than cheese made from cow's milk, its softer curd is easier to digest, and its flavor is splendid.

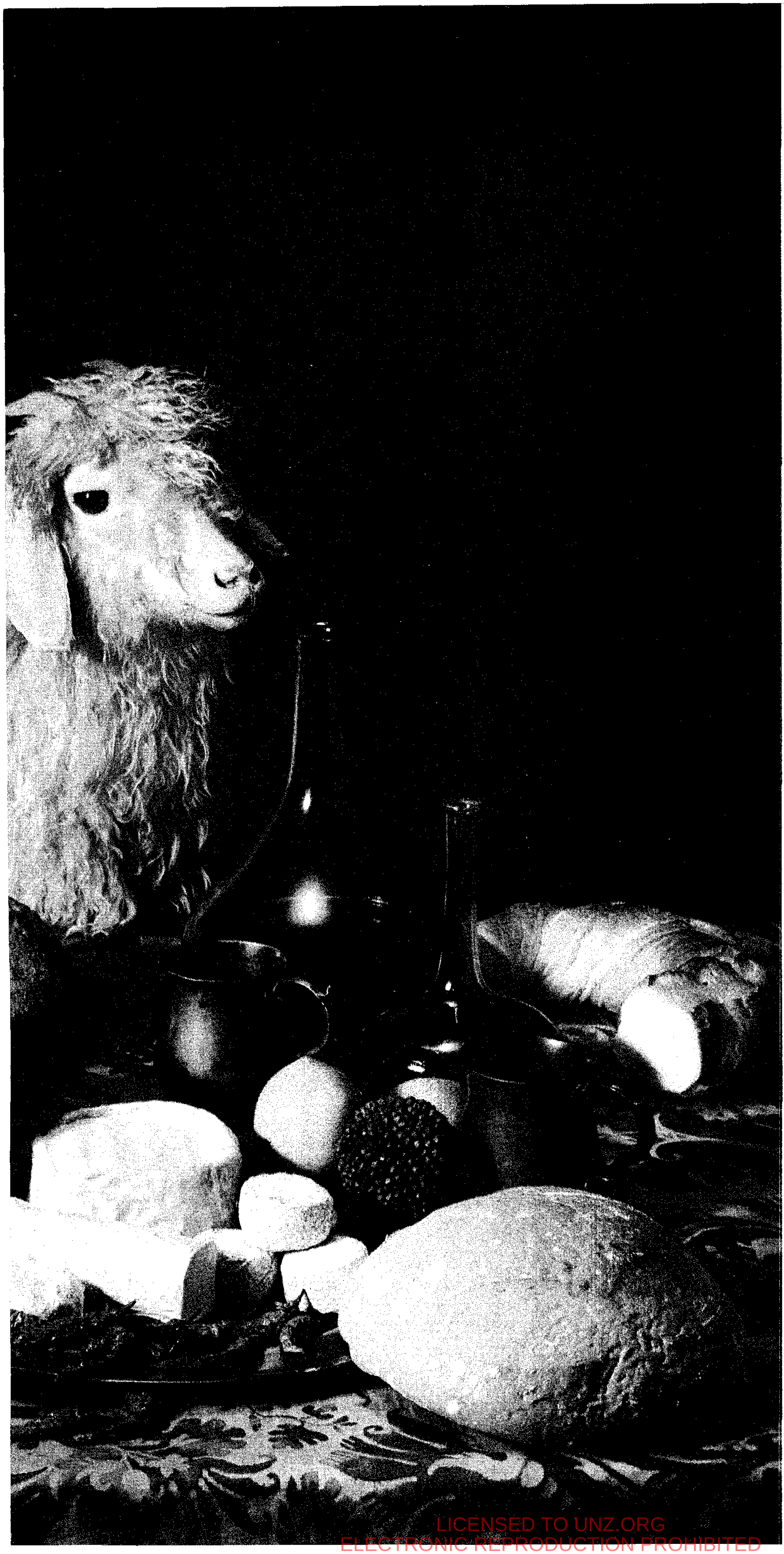
You will find the best selection of goat cheeses at *Ideal Cheese,* 1205 Second Avenue near 63rd Street; *Zabar's,* 2245 Broadway at 80th Street; *Cheeses of All Nations,* 153 Chambers Street; *Cheese Unlimited,* 1529 Second Avenue at 79th Street; and *E.A.T.,* 1064 Madison Avenue at 80th Street. Prices are lowest at Cheeses of All Nations—they average $3.98 a pound. At Ideal Cheese, Zabar's, and Cheese Unlimited, prices are moderate—$4.50 to $6 per pound. Eli Zabar, who owns E.A.T., told me he carries the broadest selection of goat cheese and that he has introduced more people to it than has anyone else in the country. If you think these claims are exaggerated, you should see his prices —they run $7.95 a pound and up.

At Cheeses of All Nations and Cheese Unlimited, you may be told that a cheese is "goat" when it is made from a mixture of goat's and cow's milk. Ask to see a label, especially if the cheese is at all yellowish.

The following stores carry up to ten types of *chèvre* at moderate prices: *Balducci's,* 424 Sixth Avenue near 9th Street; *Cheese Village,* 3 Greenwich Avenue; *HQZ Cheese Pantry,* 1270 Madison Avenue at 91st Street, and 1034 Lexington Avenue at 74th Street; and *Macy's Herald Square.* You will find a comparable selection, but higher prices, at *Bloomingdale's* and *Cheese East,* 1064 First Avenue at 58th.

When you ask for goat cheese at some shops (Merit Farms, for example), they will assume you mean the slightly sweet cooked goat cheese called Gjetost, or "Ski Queen," the Norwegian national cheese. It looks like brown laundry soap and is definitely an acquired taste. Several varieties unavailable for our portrait (next page) include very perishable Chabichou, St. Marcellin (often confused with Baron), and Le Sauzé, a small St. Saviol log.





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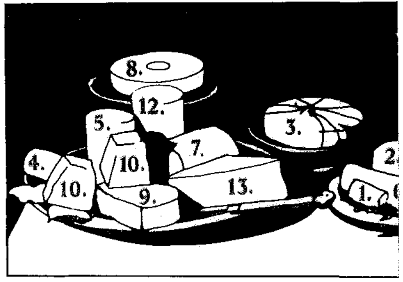

Goat Cheeses, Tame to Tangy

Below, some of the fromages de chèvre *available in New York City, starting with the mildest.*

1. Capricette: Very mild, creamy, and spreadable. Pure goat.

2. Chevrotin, Chevreton: One-and-a-half-pound cylinder, mild but uninteresting. Pure goat.

3. Banon: See page 43.

4. Montrachet: Ten-ounce log, pleasantly tart and salty, comes either white or coated with ashes (slightly sharper). A creamier version is sold in cups. Pure goat.

5. Lezay logs: Large logs or trapezoidal loaves; may be all white or have an orange or ash coating. They are typically firm, chalky, and pleasantly tangy. Pure goat.

6. Ste. Maure: A small log, six to ten ounces. It is one of the most popular goat cheeses in France. Develops a surface creaminess as it ripens. Pure goat.

7. St. Saviol, Bucheron: Large logs with a light rind, chalky center, creamy edges, and a tangy but rich goat flavor. Pure goat.

8. Capricorne: A wheel with a hole in the middle. It's moderately sharp and salty, but very fresh. Except for surface mellowing, the texture is fairly dry. Pure goat.

9. Géant du Poitou: Medium-sized wheels that ripen and run like Brie. The cheese has a sharp, goaty tang. Pure goat.

10. Pyramide: Pyramid shape, available white or coated with ashes. Very assertive. Pure goat.

11. Crottin de Chavignol: Small, hard, sharp-tasting disks. For the educated palate. Pure goat.

Nos. 12 and 13 are flavored with herbs, pepper, and olives. Dealers thought these appealed to the novice rather than the experienced eater of goat cheese.

12. La Chevrette: Available in six-ounce logs or large logs sold by the pound in plain, herb, pepper, and olive. They are not pure goat, and the texture is smooth but not fluent. The salty olive or the sharp pepper is fairly good, but to me the herb tasted somewhat sour.

13. Royal Provence: Of the two flavored goat cheeses, I prefer this one in the olive or pepper variety. For one thing, it's prettier, the outside of the wheel studded with olives or crushed pepper. The rich, salty olive or the snappy pepper is delicious with cocktails. Not pure goat.

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

They Shoed Horses, Didn't They?

Yes, but today's blacksmiths have more calls for weather vanes, knives, tables, sleds, music stands, popcorn poppers, andirons, toilet-paper holders, and such. These, and older works, and even older ones, form a smithys' retrospective, going on view this week.

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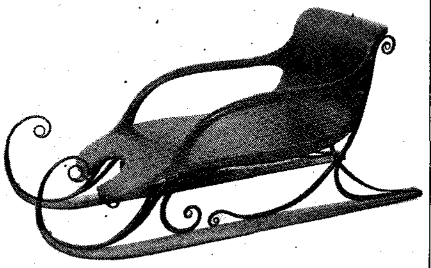


Ivory Power

Jelly Roll Morton did not actually invent jazz in 1902, as his business card proclaimed, but he was probably the first significant arranger and composer in jazz. A proud Creole with a diamond tooth, he probably earned as much money hustling pool and, on occasion, women, as he did playing piano, but his works include some of the loveliest melodies and most provocative stomps in music. Bob Greene, a Jelly Roll specialist, will re-create the Morton ensemble; Eubie Blake, a Jelly Roll contemporary, will re-create himself; and we are distressed to note that Cathy Chamberlain, a walking pastiche, has been added to an otherwise delightful evening. **—Gary Giddins**

JELLY ROLL MORTON/*January 15 at 8:30 p.m./Carnegie Hall*

Skirting the Issue

Artist Antonio sees his girls Tinker Belling through the night in gold- or satin-edged tulle skirts over bathing suits and colored tights. And not just in pictures. What started out as a light-handed "make-over" layout for a men's magazine has turned into the first item in a series of real clothes for Fiorucci by Antonio and partners Juan Ramos and David Wolfson. The skirts are $55. **—Priscilla Tucker**

FIORUCCI/*125 East 59th Street*
751-1404

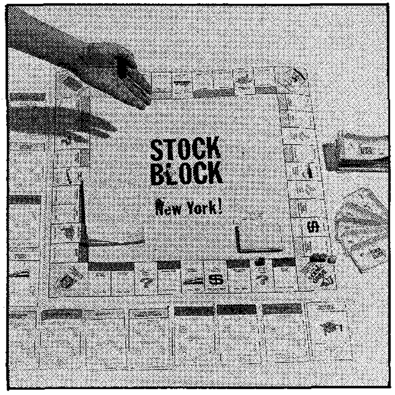
CHARLES TRACY

Worst Bet

To rip off Monopoly is sacrilege; to do it badly, and charge more for it, is a whole lot worse. None of which has stopped the intrepid John F. Majors. His game, Stock Block, substitutes stock certificates and shares for deeds, houses, and hotels; interest for rent; Bloomingdale's, Saks, Central Park, and the George Washington Bridge for Marvin Gardens and Water Works; and tack for knack.

STOCK BLOCK/*Pottery Barn/$10.95*

JOHN MILISENDA



His Is the Only Music

"I get nervous at post time," says songwriter Jule Styne. "I haven't played in a saloon since I played with the Pollack Band in Chicago, at the Southmoor Hotel, in 1928." Nonetheless, he'll play the Rainbow Grill for two weeks (having passed on the Ballroom), singing the early and obscure—such as "Polka-Dotted Tie" (written for a high school show) and "Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry" (from his first show, *Glad to See You,* which closed in Boston in 1944)—as well as a lot of Broadway's very best stuff: his songs from the likes of *Gypsy, Funny Girl, High Button Shoes,* and *Bells Are Ringing.*

JULE STYNE/*January 17–29*
Rainbow Grill

MATTHEW KLEIN

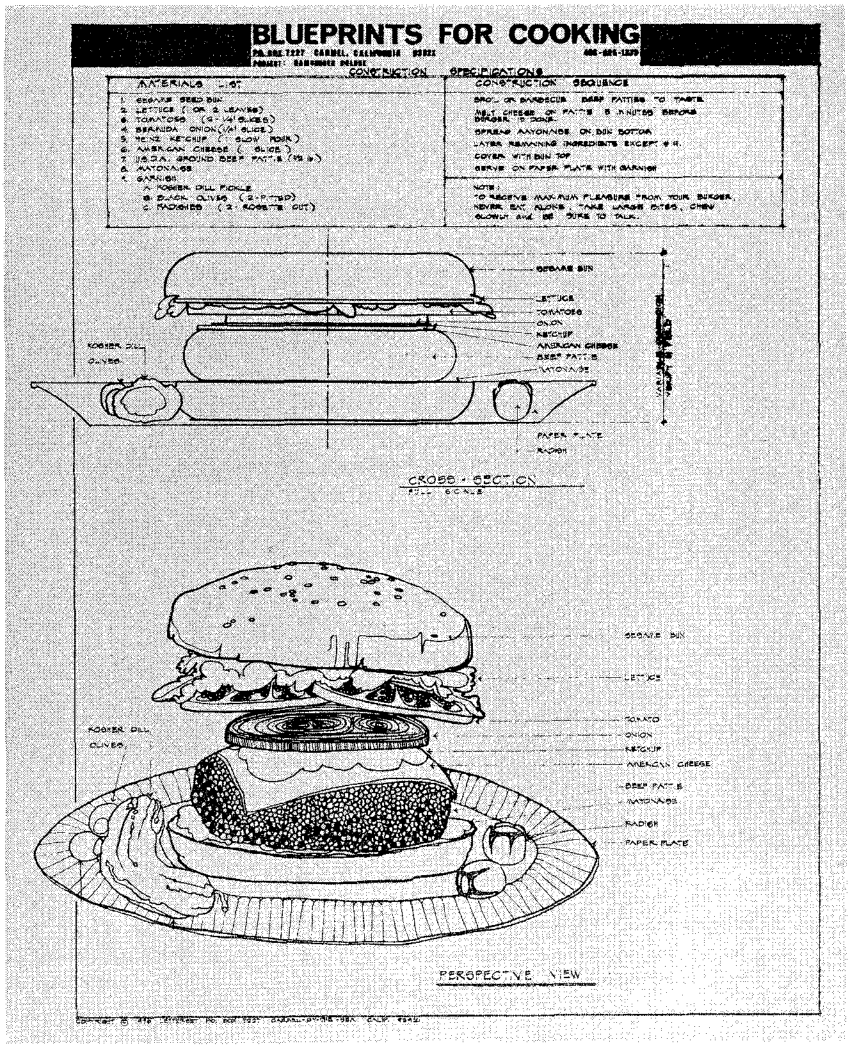
HONEYSUCKLE ROSE

Oscar Brand at Fats Waller's upright.

For a Song

The most enthralling things at the new Songwriters' Hall of Fame are Fats Waller's own piano—there for anyone to play—plus ancient sheet music all over the walls, George Gershwin's portable practice piano, Johnny Mercer's typewriter, the breakfast tray on which Otto Harbach wrote the lyrics to "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," Victor Herbert's desk at which he stood to score *Babes in Toyland* and *Naughty Marietta,* and, in person, Oscar Brand, the curator.

SONGWRITERS' HALL OF FAME/*Opens January 19/1 Times Square*
Eighth floor/221-1252


BLUEPRINTS FOR COOKING
P.O. BOX 7227 CARMEL, CALIFORNIA
PROJECT: HAMBURGER DELUXE
CONSTRUCTION SPECIFICATIONS

MATERIALS LIST

1. SESAME SEED BUN
2. LETTUCE (1 OR 2 LEAVES)
3. TOMATOES (2 - 1/4" SLICES)
4. BERMUDA ONION (1/4" SLICE)
5. HEINZ KETCHUP (1 SLOW POUR)
6. AMERICAN CHEESE (1 SLICE)
7. U.S.D.A. GROUND BEEF PATTIE (1/2 lb.)
8. MAYONAISE
9. GARNISH
   - A. KOSHER DILL PICKLE
   - B. BLACK OLIVES (2-PITTED)
   - C. RADISHES (2 - ROSETTE CUT)

CONSTRUCTION SEQUENCE

BROIL OR BARBECUE BEEF PATTIES TO TASTE

MELT CHEESE ON PATTIE 5 MINUTES BEFORE BURGER IS DONE.

SPREAD MAYONAISE ON BUN BOTTOM

LAYER REMAINING INGREDIENTS EXCEPT # 9.

COVER WITH BUN TOP

SERVE ON PAPER PLATE WITH GARNISH

NOTE:
TO RECEIVE MAXIMUM PLEASURE FROM YOUR BURGER, NEVER EAT ALONE, TAKE LARGE BITES, CHEW SLOWLY AND BE SURE TO TALK.

SESAME BUN
LETTUCE
TOMATOES
ONION
KETCHUP
AMERICAN CHEESE
BEEF PATTIE
MAYONAISE
KOSHER DILL
OLIVES
PAPER PLATE
RADISH
VARIABLE HEIGHT
CROSS - SECTION
FULL SCALE
SESAME BUN
LETTUCE
TOMATO
ONION
KETCHUP
AMERICAN CHEESE
BEEF PATTIE
MAYONAISE
RADISH
PAPER PLATE
KOSHER DILL
OLIVES
PERSPECTIVE VIEW

Blue Plate Specials

Make your own plans. We'll follow Markkinat's plans for the Hamburger Deluxe (above), the Fine American Hot Dog, and Super Submarine—authentic blueprints including cross section, perspective view, materials list, and construction sequence ($4). Lasagna-builders, be patient; that's next.
SAM FLAX/*55 East 55th Street and 25 East 28th Street/481-4700*

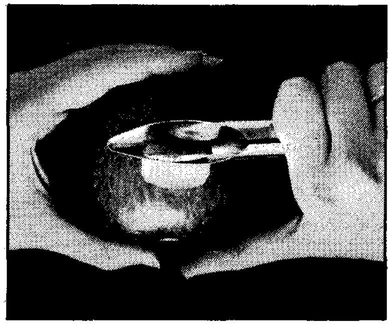
Dry Run

Mealtime in a spaceship can't be much fun, and no wonder. Freeze-dried food, well. . . But on a recent trip to Future Foods, a new shop dealing exclusively in this lightweight cuisine, we made a discovery. If you skip the entrées (which, with hot water added, become gloppy and tasteless versions of turkey tetrazzini and beef amandine) and the ice cream (add cold water), and press right on to the fruits and vegetables—without adding water at all—you've got crunchy goodies to sprinkle on cereal, yogurt, or the palm of your hand. Some of these are pineapples, pears, peas, mushrooms (95 cents–$1.50).
FUTURE FOODS/*348 East 66th Street 328-9355*

Peelings

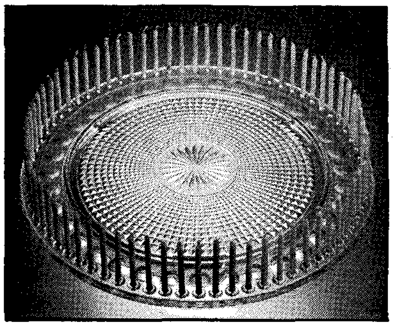
Anyone who's right- or left-handed, and has occasion to peel potatoes or core apples, ought to do it with this bizarre stainless-steel peeler/corer from Sweden ($2.50). It's also nice at the bar, for lemons.
WILBURT, INC./*194 Third Avenue near 18th Street/GR 5-2710*

TERRY HOURIGAN



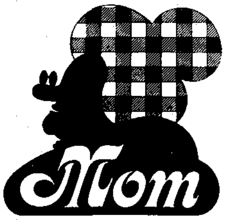
Chop Phooey

Now we've seen everything. From the New School's spring catalog, this new course: *The Restaurants of Chinatown* ($85 for eight sessions and four dinners).
THE RESTAURANTS OF CHINATOWN
Starts February 3/The New School



The Icing Cometh

Happy birthday to anybody under 73, with this official Happy Birthday cake plate. It's glass and has tiny holders all around the edge for 72 candles ($16.50).
CAKE PLATE/*B. Altman*



Pie Square

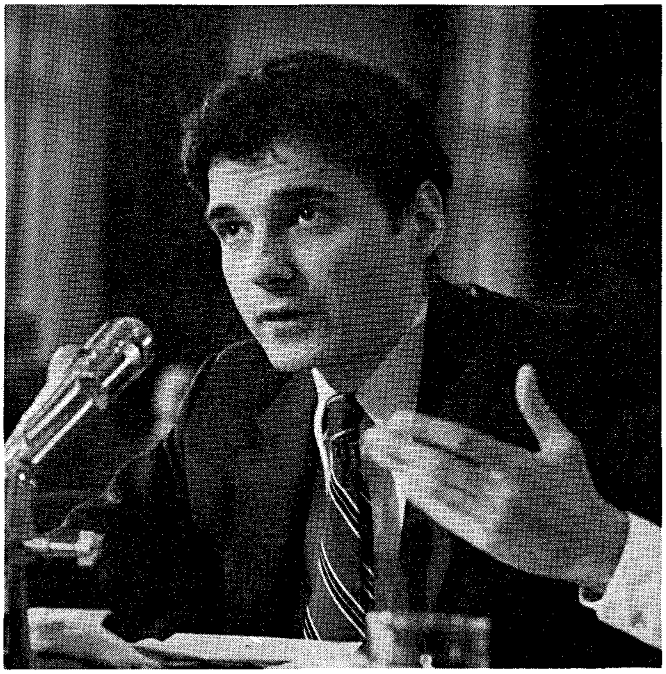
In front, there are red and white checks on the wall, the curtains, and the floor. In back, there is an oven. And on the pie boxes is a caricature of Everymom. Her pies are chicken, beef, and patchwork (ground beef, shredded vegetables, rice, chili, tomato, and spices)—the basics ($1.50–$5.95)—and one or two specials, such as steak and kidney, boeuf bourguignonne, and Italian sausage. These are main-dish pies, says the baker. "No fruit pies here. There are enough people in town doing those."
MOM/*66 West 84th Street/877-5171*

Best Sip

Les Mareyeurs' soupe des Mareyeurs: more garlicky than fishy, topped with croutons and cheese, baked in a crock, and truly sublime on a shivery night ($2).
LES MAREYEURS/*998 Madison Avenue near 78th Street/628-3333*

NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

A New Chevy to Chase



Comedy consumer: Nader had better watch out.

He's not likely to be the next Chevy Chase, but insiders promise chuckles when consumer advocate Ralph Nader guest-hosts NBC's *Saturday Night* on January 15. But if Nader bombs, TV-comedy consumers can hold him responsible: Guest hosts are guaranteed creative control of all sketches in which they participate.

Meantime, Nader had better watch out for early symptoms of celebrity fever. We hear the onetime recluse has also hired himself out to cover the Super Bowl as a reporter for *Rolling Stone*, the publication that started John Dean off on his new and improved career.

Have Couch, Will Travel

Help wanted: A new editor and managing editor, plus some writers and contributors to put out *Psychology Today*, one of 36 periodical titles distributed by Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, Inc., conglomerate in special-interest publishing and plastics.

When Ziff-Davis secretly negotiated a takeover of *Psychology Today*, while its editors and managers were fighting to buy their magazine, all hands stayed on the job and tried to work with Z-D's 26 vice-presidents, in spite of budget squeezes in edit and a 21-page cut in the average issue's editorial content.

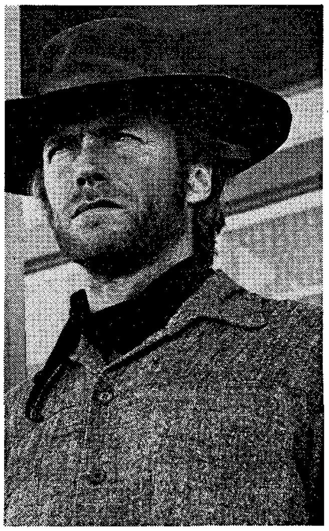
Now, three years later, all key edit and business pros who made *PT* the pacemaker of class magazines are out. Most are now on the move, at higher pay, in other publications. Just this week, Dr. Joyce Dudney Fleming, a *PT* assistant managing editor who finally quit in rage at Z-D, became the new editor in chief of both *Playgirl* and its digest-sized *Advisor*.

James B. Norton, *PT* general manager, *Playgirl* is VP in charge of production and business affairs. David Maxey, *PT* managing editor until last week, this week became editorial chief of Hearst's *Sports Afield*. His managing editor is Colin Campbell, just resigned as a *PT* senior editor.

The Difference Isn't Peanuts

The good economic news from Transition Town is that a twelve-ounce jar of genuine Plains peanut butter currently costs Plains buyers $1.25—the same price the jar sold for in Plains last summer before the election. The bad economic news is that the same size jar of peanut butter cost 89 cents down home in New York City.

Once Upon a Time In the Mob?

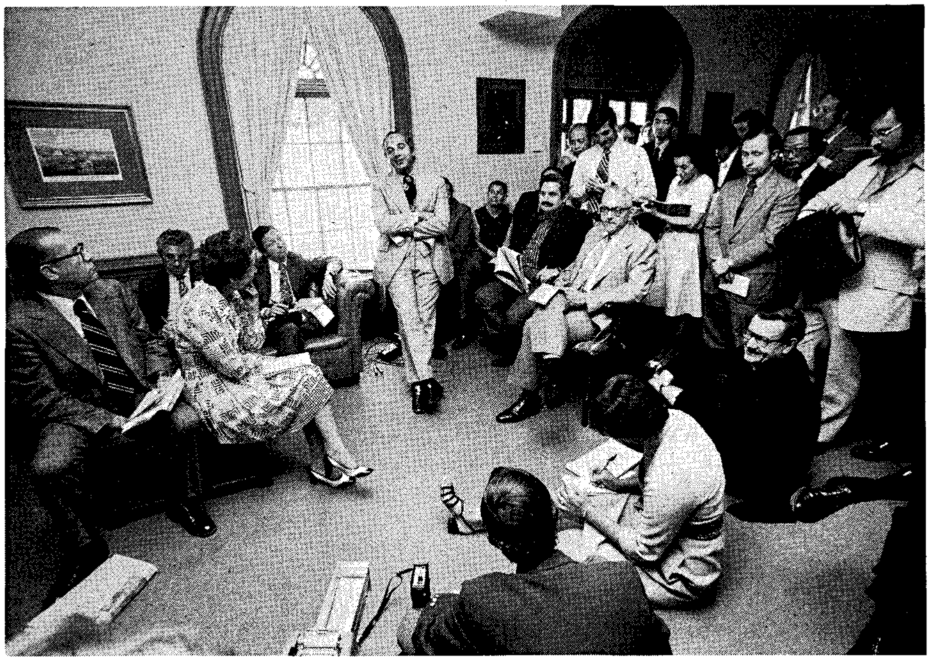


Eastwood: Old boss coming to town.

Sergio Leone, maestro of the Clint Eastwood spaghetti Western *(Fistful of Dollars, Once Upon a Time in the West)* is heading thisaway to scout lower-Manhattan locations for his new opus, a two-part crime film tracing corruption in America "From Prohibition to Lockheed." *Avanti!*

School's Still In

The New York *Times*'s controversial plan to issue report cards for reporters has fallen through. After much staff protest, the *Times* management recently announced that they "had re-thought the performance evaluation [report cards] system, and would cease using the existing form next year." But *Times* executives haven't caved in completely to staff and Guild objections. The memo also stated that the company believed that reporters still need to be evaluated and a new system would feature "an annual evaluation in writing, but one that would 'take out the numerical, computerized flavor.' " What price "works and plays well with others"?



Nessen: His next audience can switch.

White House Outs . . . we hear, the ex–NBC newsman will be going back to television. Ron Nessen has been angling for the job of host on *Panorama*, a midday talk show on the Metromedia station in Washington. A number of other familiar faces—including Frank Mankiewicz and John V. Lindsey—have pitched for the job. But Nessen supposedly heads the list thanks to the support of Herb Klein, the former Nixon White House communications director who is now a Metro media executive. But the competition is all very friendly. Mankiewicz and Nessen worked together one day last week as cohosts on *Panorama*. . . . **And Ins.** Charles Rafshoon, brother of Carter media-image-maker Jerry Rafshoon, is now favored to get the snap job of official photographer to President Carter. Rafshoon knows Carter's best profile—he's been snapping his picture since Carter's days as Georgia governor. Susan McIlhenney of *Newsweek* will also be at the White House but for her magazine.

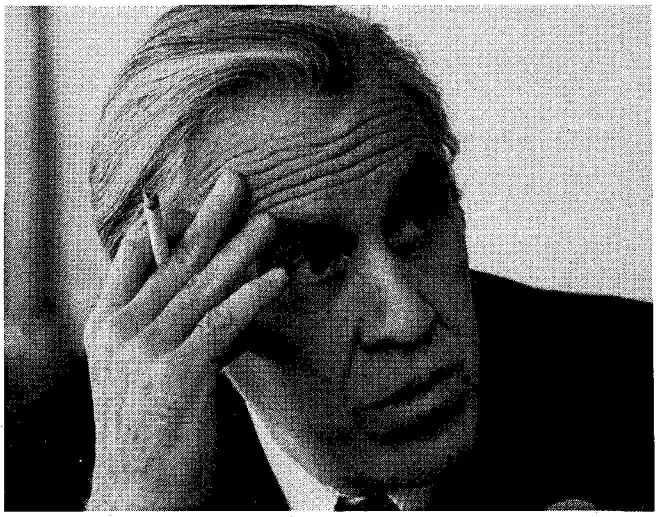
The French Connection

Two of France's biggest publishers, Daniel Filipacchi, in partnership with Hachette, are reportedly looking for something to buy in New York. Worried about a possible communist election victory in France, the two publishers would like to translate francs into dollars.

Filipacchi is the successful ex-photo journalist who started life on Paris Match and now owns 60 percent of it. The other 40 percent belongs to Hachette. Hachette are primarily known as book publishers, but also publish Elle and Le Point as well as other successful magazines. They are looking to buy a media conglomerate—books, magazines, movies etc.

Filipacchi already has a dollar income from Oui, (called Lui in France), on license to Hugh Hefner.

Both Hands—Beware!



Jason Robards, who, in the ABC fall mini-series based on John Ehrlichman's novel, *The Company*, plays a president based on the one with whom the author was most closely associated, has been specifically warned not to use certain familiar gestures: company execs quailed when Robards bounded off a pseudo-presidential plane, thrusting his hand forward in a V salute. And Andy Griffith, playing a western ex-president, will not, we can guarantee, display makeup-man's scars on his torso.

Sunrise, Sunset

On January 1, Shirley Tomkievicz, editor of *Horizon*, resigned from the magazine, citing major differences with management. *Horizon* is a venerable magazine (and Tomkievicz had been with it for seventeen years, the last three as top editor), but management is almost new. Last January, the American Heritage Publishing Company, to which *Horizon* belongs, was bought from McGraw-Hill by Engelhardt-Hanovia, a huge mining fortune with vast interests in South Africa, held in trust by Jane Engelhardt. Taking over publishing controls was Sam Reed, Mrs. Engelhardt's son-in-law. Almost immediately, trouble started. Two articles are said to have set sparks.

But possibly the last straw was the recent introduction of Otto Feurbringer, a former managing editor of *Time*, as a consultant. Feurbringer's admirers credit him as the inspiration behind *People* and *Money*, but even they refer to him as "a highly authoritarian figure."

In any case, the new management policies proved too much for the editor, who, ironically, is directly responsible for the innovative softcover bimonthly which *Horizon* launches this month.

Rock of Ages

Although good government commandos across America are preparing to celebrate Nelson Rockefeller's retirement from public life on January 20th, here in New York both the left and the right are dreading the homecoming of the old warlord.

Rockefeller's investment in the Ford administration briefly freed local Republicans from the Gov's feudal grip, and frustrated leaders like Perry Duryea were just beginning to appreciate their own ambitions.

Even in retirement Rocky threatens to devour the state party, and many of those who were hoping to enjoy his old age now wish he would extend his Venezuelan vacation.

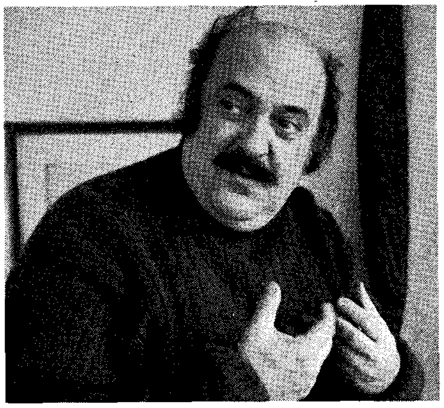
Theater/Alan Rich

'FIDDLER' WITH STRINGS ATTACHED

"...The greatness of *Fiddler on the Roof* lies in the work as a whole, which is infinitely larger than the sum of its parts..."

To proclaim **Fiddler on the Roof** the greatest American musical—as my colleagues have recently done in an apparent race to drain the thesaurus of its every laudatory adjective—may be, on sobering afterthought, a little rash. Yet, it is a splendid show; furthermore, if we judge greatness according to an artwork's power to reach an audience and abscond with that audience's collective heart, sanity, and love, then *Fiddler* must be reckoned as some kind of perfection. Beyond that, it may remain unsaid that a show with any fraction of *Fiddler*'s power to disarm criticism would look, in this sorry season, like the peak of Western art.

The greatness in *Fiddler* lies in the work as a whole, since it is—in violation of any mathematical principle you care to name—infinitely larger than the sum of its parts. Its songs aren't a patch on Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick's best work, which I judge to be *Fiorello* first and *She Loves Me* a close second. Its book is, even for Joseph Stein, scrappy, lumpy, and poorly organized, to the point where at intermission it splits into two irreconcilable halves. What makes it a show at all, and an extraordinarily good one at that, is beyond any question the genius of Jerome Robbins, who had the imagination to treat finished products (music, lyrics, and book) as so many lumps of raw clay, and fashioned from them what has to have been in its time (1964) the most imaginative, inventive staging of a musical then known to man—even surpassing what had been, until then, the most imaginative, inventive staging of a musical known to man, Robbins's work on *West Side Story*. With an outlay of good sense rare in today's theater, the producers of the current revival at the Winter Garden invited Mr. Robbins back to look in and blow off whatever dust his original magic may have accumulated. You may know *Fiddler* from the rather patchy movie, or from one or another road show; even so, you owe it to yourself to check out the new one, wherein the Robbins creation again gleams.



Sloppy Tevye: *Zero Mostel seems to be losing some of his genius.*

The opening ten minutes of *Fiddler* are all you need to establish what a staging genius can do with almost any grade of material. The song is called "Tradition," and there isn't an original or arresting phrase in it. The tune itself is textbook-ethnic, with the further flaw that at every cadence it merely faints dead away. But watch this tune in action, how it builds out on repetition from two people (Tevye and the Fiddler) to a stageful, and how that stageful breaks up into wavy, irregularly interlocking lines of movement, to the point where even the artfully observed shabbiness of Patricia Zipprodt's authentic peasant costumes becomes like angel wings. If there is a better single number, qua number, in American musical-theater history, I don't know it.

That kind of work, to my taste, is the real significance of *Fiddler:* the introduction into stage movement of a fluidity, a compositional essence. Harold Prince, who originally produced *Fiddler*, must have learned from this show some of the stunning things he later was to accomplish, as director, in *Follies* and *Company*. Square and crowd-oriented as *Fiddler* may be, it serves later musical theater nobly as an archetype. Where are its lessons today?

Some specifics about this new production. Boris Aronson's sets retain their sense of wonder, their unique mingling of folk art and superb stagecanniness. Would, however, that Zero Mostel's Tevye were as well preserved. Mostel always dominated, perhaps overpowered, the show which, therefore, changed perspective interestingly with every replacement in the role. But now Mostel has become, for him, somewhat sloppy in delivery and broad in movement, which means that he now has only twice, not five times, the comic genius and timing of anyone else in theater. As Golde, Thelma Lee is hard, somewhat shrewish; she will not easily erase memories of Maria Karnilova in the role. I liked most of the juveniles, especially Elizabeth Hale and Nancy Tompkins as the first and third daughters, Irwin Pearl as the mousy tailor, and Jeff Keller as the student. As Hodel, (Ms.) Christopher Callan is a little dull, but it's not her fault that she and Keller have, to start the second act, the dreariest song in the show.

Also runs: I saw **Something Old, Something New** under appropriate circumstances—at a Wednesday matinee—but even that couldn't redeem it. Henry Denker, whose specialty is apparently to create vehicles to embarrass aging beloved actors (his last item had the late Paul Ford in a Beatle wig), has here concocted some feeble skit for Molly Picon and Hans Conreid about two oldsters, both widowed, who tell their Oedipus-ridden children they're going to live in sin, so's the kids will insist on their getting married: ten minutes of plot, spread-eagled across two hours. Mr. Denker's script has the dear Ms. Picon hoisting her skirt at one point, and dancing up a storm at another, presumably an exhortation to old folks everywhere to get up off'n their rocking chairs, but also an exhortation to *this* youngster to get up off'n his theater seat. Ms. Picon's character is named Laura Curtis, and the food consumed is Danish, not chicken soup. It makes one wonder whether this kind of drama, only recently brought uptown from the Second Avenue Yiddish theater, is now already taking to the closet.

John Cullum wanders through **The Trip Back Down** with a worried look, which could mean that he has read the play. John Bishop—who, the program ingenuously points out, had only *thought* about writing until three years ago—is here concerned with an out-of-luck racing-car driver who returns home in search of "the answers." If I haven't made this interesting, neither has Mr. Bishop. ■

Dance/Ruth Gilbert

ABT'S 'NUTCRACKER'— GOODS WITHOUT THE GOO

"...The ABT unveiled its Baryshnikov restaging in Washington; it's a triumph..."

Bad **Nutcracker** news in New York this winter, where Balanchine's City Ballet version was struck, stricken, or what have you after a scant half-dozen performances. Good *Nutcracker* news in Washington, however, where the American Ballet Theater unveiled its new Mikhail Baryshnikov version a few days before Christmas. New York will have to wait for this one; the ABT can't bring it into City Center during its stand this month 'cause the stage is too small. It's bound to look good at the Met next April, however. The production is a triumph—for the ABT, and for Baryshnikov, who now joins his fellow Kirov refugee Nureyev, not only as a supreme dancer, but also as a supreme choreographer and restorer of Russian classical ballet.

The *Nutcracker* takes on new dimensions in Baryshnikov's rephrasing of the E. T. A. Hoffmann tale. A love story evolves in the dreams of Clara, a nubile girl-child, and she tastes the joys of love in her prince's kingdom in a ballroom peopled by rosy waltzing couples and familiar toys raised to the level of old friends. Not for her the frappés, three-storied ice cream cakes, and sweetmeats (idealized for her in "Konfituerenburg" in the Balanchine version), but *love*—in all its infinite varieties. There is a rhapsodic love duet at the end of the first scene, danced ravishingly and youthfully by Baryshnikov and Marianna Tcherkassky (as Clara) with exquisite high lifts and embraces. A pas de trois occurs in the last act, with Clara torn between the Drosselmeyer of her real life (a sinister Humbert Humbert character) and the young prince of her dreams. She will suffer in the awakening, and it is tragic, but at least there's hope for Clara because we know what her heart is capable of.

Best of all in this *Nutcracker*, aside from the absence of real children performing—Balanchine's gimmick, one which only gladdens the hearts of mothers—is the dancing. There is more pure exciting ballet for the whole cast than in two ordinary *Nutcrackers*. (On opening night, however, in the snowflake scene, which Baryshnikov restored intact from the Vasily Vainonen version, the choral-music tape started too late, and the snowflakes were hurled into a most difficult composition, were forced to count, were thrown off beat, and it was merely luck that only one poor flake fell on her backside before the scene was over and the long line of white-clad girls limped offstage. At the matinee the next day, all went well and the magnificently designed sequence was flawless.) The scene is evolved in circles; flakes leap from the center, leap back to the hub; circles form and reform, wheels within wheels. Snowflakes go every which way as the tempo quickens, and the dancers are strong, swift, and confident.

Marianna Tcherkassky, in Clara's solo, had style and feeling, at once womanly and childish, and showed her potential as an actress as well as a dancer. She seemed elfin, merry, passionate, or despairing, but always there was the delightful flow of grace. (The next day, Clark Tippet was the Prince with the French ballerina Florence Clerc as Clara. He is fast becoming an expert technician, his sole fault, a distracting one, being a tendency to play too much to the audience.)

The mice in the first act are dainty, dressed in tights and frock suits like diplomats; their masks are witty and they have big pink ears. They strut up and down with their hands clasped under their coattails like thoughtful little lawyers and their skirmish with the soldiers is charming. The Mouse King is a more sympathetic figure than Balanchine's (who dresses his mice in Beatrix Potter–looking costumes which hide the line of the dance).

There are splendid divertissements at the court of the Young Prince. Warren Conover, a brilliant dancer who never seems to be used to full advantage, has a splendid virtuoso role as a shepherd, with a fine opportunity to display his exemplary technique and extraordinary elevation. George de la Pena and Roman Jasinsky are exuberant in a Russian peasant number. Jolinda Menendez and Frank Smith are stunning in a Spanish dance. Boris Aronson's elegant, complex sets are, the Ballroom Scene perhaps excepted, as gorgeous as the dancing. ■

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Movies / John Simon

SLOW CRITICS AT WORK

"... Someone actually voted for *The Missouri Breaks* as second-best film of the year; where that is possible, anything goes ..."

Newspaper winners: *The all-star line-up of* All the President's Men.

Winners in the New York Film Critics' Circle's voting for Best Film and Best Director were *All the President's Men* and its director, Alan J. Pakula. In the former category, the runners-up were *Network* and *Seven Beauties;* in the latter, Martin Scorsese (*Taxi Driver*) and Lina Wertmüller. I enjoyed the winning film and its direction, but could not vote for either when there were *Seven Beauties, The Clockmaker, The Memory of Justice,* and even, yes, *Rocky* around. The real absurdity, however, came in with Best Screenplay, where the nod went to Paddy Chayefsky's *Network,* which strikes me as being to satire what *A Star Is Born* is to romance, and to social criticism what *Stay Hungry* is to that.

Particularly inept about *Network* is, precisely, the screenplay, which attacks mostly obvious and safe targets—and those in an uncertain tone tottering between messianic frenzy and gutter absurdism, with all the wit of a semiliterate street-corner orator. It is the kind of movie where, after the flea-market flights of fancy, we finally reach the burning core when the decent but peccant middle-aged hero confronts the good wife he is about to abandon with this searingly poetic *cri de coeur,* this *de profundis:* "All I know is I can't get you out of my mind." *Network* wins over *The Last Tycoon* (slightly more bearable) and the superb *Seven Beauties;* way behind remain the rigorously searching *The Marquise of O . . .* by Kleist and Rohmer, and the incisive and moving *The Clockmaker* of Bertrand Tavernier.

What this means to me is that many of my critical colleagues are essentially indistinguishable from the moviegoers in the sticks, where a subtitled film courts instant death, and where any film that does not reflect the Hollywood mentality or its derivatives speaks an emotional and intellectual language that might as well be Mandarin Chinese. At that, these people are more comprehensible than the cultists, who this time round exalted Chabrol's *A Piece of Pleasure*—a piece of something rather different if you ask me. And their accolades went not only to this vacuously talky, pretentious, boring, psychologically sophomoric film and screenplay, but also to the quite unprofessional performance by Paul Gégauff, the scenarist-star, and his (much better but still essentially amateurish) co-star and ex-wife, bypassing only the Gégauff brats, who at least come by their infantilism legitimately.

Some votes also plopped into the laps of *Carrie* and *Family Plot,* for horrible instance, though whether such juvenilia and (shall we say?) senilia were the choices of know-nothingism or auteurism is hard to determine, the borderline between the two tending to be rather tenuous. But, then, someone (the balloting, however revealing, is secret) actually voted for *The Missouri Breaks* as second-best film of the year; where that is possible, anything goes. Amazing, too, was the poor showing made by films like *Rocky, The Marquise of O . . .,* and *Cousin, Cousine,* despite the critical raves they garnered; suddenly there was almost no reviewer to put his vote where his mouth had been.

We now come to an area about which critics, however modestly endowed, ought not to be able to help knowing something; performance. Acting, after all, is the least intellectually tricky thing to assess—the most readily comparable element in otherwise diverse movies. It is enormously hard to ascertain the relative values of such good but very different films as *The Memory of Justice, The Clockmaker, Seven Beauties, Rocky, The Man Who Skied Down Everest, The Marquise of O . . ., All the President's Men, Kaseki, and Cousin, Cousine*—or even such interesting failures that gave some fine performers a chance to shine, as *Face to Face* and *Alpha Beta.* And how is one to measure on the same scale an *Edvard Munch,* with its random excellences and ultimately unfulfilled, overambitious strivings, and the almost total success of such unpretentious fluff as *Cousin, Cousine*? Acting is much less incommensurable; basically, it comes in four colors: comic and dramatic, realistic and stylized.

Well, Best Actor went to Robert De Niro for *Taxi Driver;* he also won third place for *The Last Tycoon,* with David Carradine (*Bound for Glory*) sandwiched in between. I have no quarrel with this choice, although I found

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Even if you did decide to go and drop your $60 to $100 on "dinner for two" you'll find them trying to usher you off into a corner somewhere, as if they were attempting to establish some new kind of social order. The fact that you've made a success of your life and have family, friends and neighbors who love and respect you very much, means nothing to them, since you have not yet proved your worth in their silly structure.

The best way to correct these pompous airs is to summon the maitre d' or proprietor and tell him "Give me the check for what we have ordered till now. We have decided to give our $100 to someone whom we would enjoy dining with".

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The latest message from this group, is an ad run by Christ Cella's restaurant; paid for by the American Express Co., entitled:

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De Niro's work in *The Last Tycoon* much more unusual, insidiously pertinent, subtly and disturbingly infiltrating an elusive truth; whereas in *Taxi Driver,* the attack was frontal, proficient but not very illuminating. Carradine was fine, albeit in a part that made rather modest demands.

Conversely, Sylvester Stallone made Rocky into someone larger than life-size through almost obsessive accumulation of finely textured details; yet he remained faithful also to the incoherence and penny-ante satisfactions—the littleness of the character. Still, something submerged and inchoate could be seen rising toward recognition, often to dissolve into a confused glance or shopworn phrase. Yet these fragments and bromides carried the huge burden of befuddled longings, of stifled but still kicking eloquence.

And what of Giancarlo Giannini as Pasqualino, with the almost impossible task of making us see a crass, ludicrous, misguided, basically contemptible fellow as he sees himself; not forgive him—certainly not love him—but feel with and for him even as we condemn and reject him. This is hard, very hard; look at such a compelling actor as Peter Falk struggling with it vainly in *Mikey and Nicky,* or observe the gifted Gene Hackman be stymied by it in *The Conversation.* Giannini, however, does it, by God and by Wertmüller, and we end up in a place few performances take us to: deep in the ambiguity of earthly existence.

And what of Albert Finney's both changing and not changing before our eyes in *Alpha Beta?* He becomes palpably older yet stays incorrigibly adolescent, his cockiness and pathos so magisterially blended that we inherit his lacerating duality as we might a Nessus shirt? And, best of all perhaps, what of Philippe Noiret in *The Clockmaker:* a man who grows and grows in front of us, every minute step held up to inspection without the least ostentation or overemphasis? To see him become wiser and warmer is rather like watching those documentaries in which a flower opens or a larva becomes a butterfly, with all the minute stages captured in microscopic detail, only a bit speeded up to make them perspicuous. The entire characterization is, as it were, in extreme close-up; but what is shown in such quietly excruciating detail is that hardest-to-apprehend phenomenon: the unfurling of a soul.

With the Best Actress award to Liv Ullmann in *Face to Face* I wholeheartedly concur; this may be the ultimate portrayal of neurosis on screen—and, beyond neurosis, of naked spiritual agony. But second place to Faye Dunaway in *Network?* This was a routine

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job without much shading or depth; just imagine what Jane Fonda could have done with the part, however poorly written! Sissy Spacek's Carrie deserves much admiration; but why no recognition for the hearty forthrightness of Edith Clever as the Marquise of O . . . ? For Rachel Roberts's innocent shrewishness, so sadly self-defeating, in *Alpha Beta*? What an acting ensemble she and Finney constituted—as did, too, on a different, comic, but equally life-drenched level, Marie-Cristine Barrault and Victor Lanoux in *Cousin, Cousine*—she receiving a few, scattered votes; he, none!

Best supporting actor went plausibly enough to Jason Robards, though there was much remarkable competition barely or not at all noted; certainly Harvey Keitel and Richard Pryor are flighty choices for runners-up. And although Talia Shire was good in her rather too studied way in *Rocky*, she should hardly have beaten out Jodie Foster's complex child-whore in *Taxi Driver*, or some six or seven other notable performances, of which I mention only Françoise Fabian's magnanimously womanly mistress in *Salut, l'Artiste!* Fastidious inwardness, silences gravid with emotion, a vocal parabola laden with suggestion—these are phenomena that some of my colleagues respond to with the aplomb of a Saturday-night crowd in Podunk.

Briefs: A couple of films got lost in the shuffle of major holiday openings. **The Pink Panther Strikes Again** is, at least for its first half, quite good knockabout farce. Distinctly superior to its predecessor, *The Return of the Pink Panther*, it features also some jolly movie parodies and mild political satire along with good-natured and often amusing slapstick, old hat though it be. Peter Sellers, once again Inspector Clouseau, is beginning to look moderately venerable, which enhances the comic incongruity; Herbert Lom supplies him with a condignly maniacal antagonist who goes bananas with brio. The supporting cast is quite good enough for this type of enterprise, and Michael Robbins, as a gentleman's gentleman who hankers to be a lady, is better than that, while Dick Crockett provides a well-aimed and well-merited parting kick at a certain president's behind. Lesley-Anne Down, though pretty, is not very Russian, but Omar Sharif, in an uncredited cameo, is as Egyptian as a scarab from a pharaoh's tomb.

Silver Streak is an expensive attempt at crossbreeding *The Lady Vanishes* and *Twentieth Century;* as written by Colin Higgins (whose previous high was the unsavory *Harold and Maude*) and directed by Arthur Hiller (lachry-

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mosely remembered for *Love Story*), it is not so much a cross-fertilization as a cross-sterilization. From the very outset, when the sex talk and lovemaking of the principals hit sour note after sour note (sample risqué wit: "I give great phone," spoken leeringly, followed by "I give great French," and capped by "I know what goes where and why") as it tries to stretch out a gray dot of an idea into an extended silver streak, the film huffs and puffs and wheezes like a worn-out locomotive.

David M. Walsh's cinematography has its impressive, boldly antirealistic moments, and Jill Clayburgh, once again unworthily cast, once again keeps her head above ditchwater (the actress, as Colin Higgins might wittily put it, gives great head-above-ditchwater). The special effects people do fairly well by a runaway train destroying an unwary railroad station, but Henry Mancini may be the only film composer who would accompany a lost man's hapless trekking through the desert with ballroom music—not even funny enough to work as a joke. Gene Wilder is miscast in a young-Jimmy Stewart role, and Patrick McGoohan, even as a villain, is loathsome above the line of duty. Richard Pryor has the best part, and he and Wilder have a few chuckle-begetting moments; but what can anyone do with a scenarist who'll write, "Always be nasty to nasturtiums"?

Sérail is pretentious trash of the most deplorable sort about a haunted house that consumes its tenants with the help of some mysterious women. Written and directed by Eduardo de Gregorio, the scenarist for the atrocities of Jacques Rivette and the highfalutin obscurantism of Bertolucci's *Spider's Stratagem*. Besides being a modish ghost story, it is also part paean to oral sexuality (perfectly all right in its place, but why here?), part feeble in-jokes, such as calling the hero, an English novelist, by the unlikely name of Eric Sange. Why? Because of the well-known producing company, Films du Losange, owned by Barbet Schroeder, the boyfriend of Bulle Ogier, one of the actresses in *Sérail*. Nothing here makes much sense, nor does the film play fair with us, freely trampling across the thin line separting legitimate ambiguity from willful obfuscation. *Sérail*, moreover, is even less virile in its approach than *Silver Streak*, and plays havoc with Bulle Ogier's and Marie-France Pisier's sexualities. Leslie Caron tries to act mysterious instead of trying to act; Corin Redgrave strikes poses. The picture comes to us via the New York Film Festival, where it should have stayed, along with other epicene favorites by Rivette, Fassbinder, etc. ■

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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Designer duds—This shop's annual winter clearance brings reductions of 40–70 percent on French, Italian, and American designer clothing for women in sizes 4–10: Nina Ricci signature shirts, were $68, now $35; Nina Ricci gray flannel pants with matching tabard, was $375, now $198; Betty Hanson 3-piece wool-gabardine suit (skirt, vest, and shirt), was $259, now $165; French sweaters, including a printed Kenzo, were $70–$98, now 30–50 percent off; selection of Laura Aponte knit dresses, including a long Lurex, were $235, now $99; plus sportswear, daytime and evening dresses, more, at similar reductions. *Arthurs Dress Shop, Inc., 27 East 61st St. (838-3482); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–5:30 p.m.; thru 1/31.*

Bedding—The regular list prices of Sealy Posturepedic bedding, innerspring or posture foam, are: Premier—$159.95 each for twin-size mattress and spring, $179.95 each for full size, $429.95 for 2-piece queen size, $619.95 for 3-piece king set; Royale—$139.95 each in twin, $159.95 each in full, $379.95 set in queen, $549.95 set in king; Imperial—$119.95 each in twin, $139.95 each in full, $339.95 set in queen, $479.95 set in king. This furniture showroom is selling all of the above at 40 percent off these prices, Thurs. and Sat. only during January. Allow 2–3 weeks for delivery. *La Ferlita Furniture Showrooms, 41 East 31st St. (889-2620); Thurs. noon–8 p.m., Sat. noon–5 p.m.; thru 1/31.*

Maternity wear—This boutique carries mostly its own designs, and the clothes are a cut above most we've seen. All winter wear is reduced 25–50 percent: pantsuits, usually $26–$50, are half price; suede-cloth drawstring pants, were $22, now $11; one third off all dresses and jumpers, dressy and daytime; polyester knit pants in many colors, were $17, now $9; wool pants, were $30, now $22; printed and solid-color tops, were $14–$30, now $8–$17; sweaters in many styles, were $16–$30, now $9–$16; selected polo shirts and cotton turtlenecks, were $12–$20, now $6–$10. Master Charge. *Mater's Market, 237 East 53rd St. (355-7977); Mon.–Sat. 10:30 a.m.–5:30 p.m., Tues. until 7 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Furniture—A 1-day-only clearance of 3 floors of showroom samples features discounts of up to 75 percent and includes: a rust velvet 6-piece modular sofa, was $1,500, now $595; traditional wing chair in striped velvet, was $400, now $209; dining-room set (breakfront, table, 6 chairs), was $4,500, now $2,500; hand-painted 7-piece French provincial bedroom set, was $4,000, now $2,500; Art Deco–style mirrored 6-piece bedroom set in white lacquer, was $2,400, now $1,400; swivel and recliner chairs, regularly $300–$800, now $100–$400; sofas and sofa beds, were $600–$1,200, now $300–$600; wall units, étagères, lamps, etc., at similar discounts. No credit cards. *Foremost-Arthur, 8 West 30th St. (889-6347); Sun., 1/16, only, 9 a.m.–4 p.m.*

Clothes for kids—Antique toys (not for sale) decorate this charming shop, now offering winter clothes in infant sizes through size 14 at half price: Robin snowsuits from Canada, yellow or green in toddler sizes, were $54.50, now $27.25; Absorba long-sleeved T-shirts and polo shirts, T2–16, were $8, $10, and $12, now $4, $5, and $6; coordinating pants, were $25, now $12.50; Hillbilly and Billy the Kid corduroy or denim pants, 4–14, were $8.25–$10, now $4.13–$5; Petit Bateau infant's jumpsuit and sweater, were $32.50 each, now $16.25 each; George White camel-color coat, 4–6X, was $60, now $30; more. *Just for Me, 94–17 63rd Dr., Rego Park (459-4552); "E" or "F" IND train to 63rd Dr.; Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Kitchen things—A cozy hardware-cum-gift shop is knocking 20 percent off its hardware items (cleaning products, hangers, baking utensils, etc.) and 50 percent off its large range of other items: wood and Lucite cheese boards, were $5 and $7.99, now $2.50 and $4; Bialetti espresso-maker, was $20, now $10; Italian espresso cups and saucers, were $2.25 each set, now $1.10; strawberry-pattern laminated plastic serving pieces (salad bowl, tray, lazy Susan), were $10 each, now $5 each; hand-painted Italian ceramic serving pieces in bright floral design (pasta bowl, was $8, now $4; serving plates, were $2.50, now $1.25; soup bowls, were $2, now $1); more. *Turtle Bay Housewares Bazaar, 894 Second Ave. near 48th St. (421-5510); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.–5 p.m.; thru 1/31.* ▬

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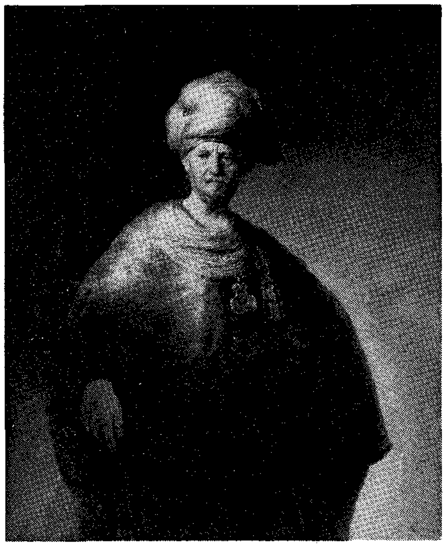
"C'est le temps qui se charge de finir mes ouvrages," said stately, plump J.A.D. Ingres. "It is time that takes charge of completing my works"—indeed. He would float a svelte last coat of clear varnish across the enamel-smooth breast of a rosy odalisque and then sit back to await the passage of a few months, a few years. The resins and oils, drying, brought a mellow glow to the colors. The passages from tone to tone, from highlight to shadow, blended more smoothly. It was as if all chemistry conspired to reward virtue—that is, the correct application of pigments, fillers, binders, and solvents—with an increasingly refulgent afterlife in the Universal Paradise Museum.

Time, however, is a notorious cheat. Satiny varnishes and creamy impastos may improve with years, but then come decades, and after them, the centuries. Varnishes oxidize, darken, turn opaque; impastos crackle, granulate. The image dims, falls apart. The hour of the conservator—cleaner and presser to Parnassus—is at hand.

The new conservator at the Metropolitan Museum is John Brealey. He comes to the post from England, where he had many important assignments, including restoring such notable works in the royal collection as Mantegna's series, *The Triumph of Caesar,* at Hampton Court. Brealey has been at the Met for about fifteen months and already has accomplished some extraordinary results (he also teaches at the Institute of Fine Arts, N.Y.U., and is a consultant at Yale). A stroll with him through the galleries of European paintings, pausing to study recently cleaned works, was like revisiting friends you've known since childhood and suddenly seeing them freshly, free of old stereotypes, as complex, sentient beings. Consider, for example, Titian's *Venus and Adonis,* in European Painting Gallery 2 (up the Grand Staircase and to your right).

In the Met's Venetian School catalog, by Federico Zeri with Elizabeth Gardner, *Venus and Adonis* was considered doubtful. The landscape seemed "too weak" for Titian, and the figures only "probable." The painting has now emerged from Brealey's lab remarkably unified; the master's vivacious touch is evident throughout—a miraculous recovery. Coats of old varnish had obscured many thinly painted details, ruining the coherence of the image. Oxidized varnish, says Brealey, is like a puff of cigarette smoke in a room—it seems white against dark backgrounds, against light ones it looks dark. Thus Titian's modeling (his calibration of shapes in light and shadow) was distorted, and with it, the whole formal concept. After removal of the opaque screen of varnish, Venus's back, which had seemed flat and lax, filled with ample Venetian curves. The "weak" landscape now shines from a typically Titian burst of glorious morning, "kissing with golden face" the tender muzzle of Adonis's well-trained hound.



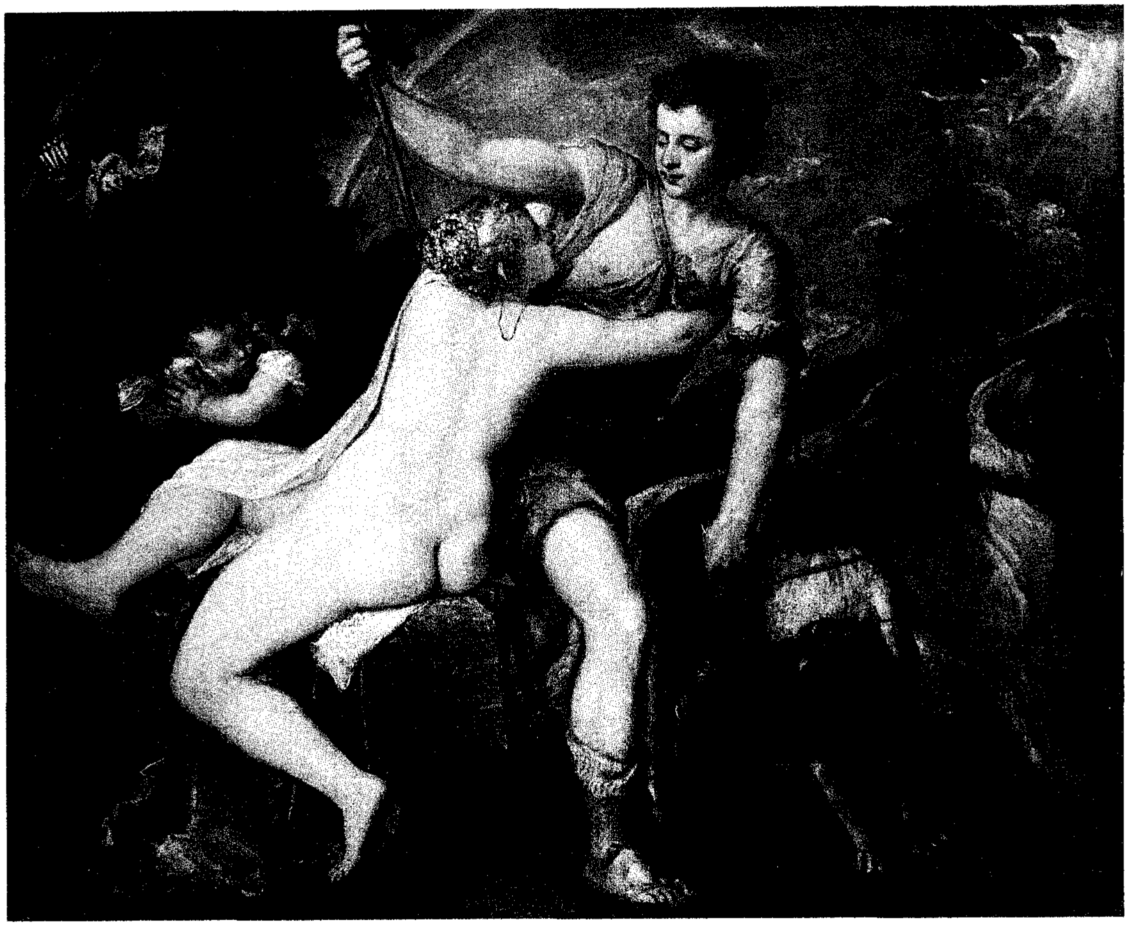
Rembrandt: *To keep tones in balance, some older varnish was retained on the turban of the newly cleaned* Noble Slav.

Thin layers of light colors tend to become transparent over the years, and disappear in dark grounds; the lowered head of the second hound has sunk into the ground tone until it's almost a ghost—but a ghost whose white and pale gray whiskers are traced against a brown pelt with supreme delicacy. Also with the passage of time, dark pigments tend to get darker; they become visible through lighter overlays that once had covered them. For example, Adonis seems to be holding two staffs (most clearly evident by his leg). Titian's change of mind has become visible; you can read the *pentimenti* clearly. Not all of them, of course; only from an X-ray photograph can you tell that Adonis once sported a ribbon gallantly tied around his leg.

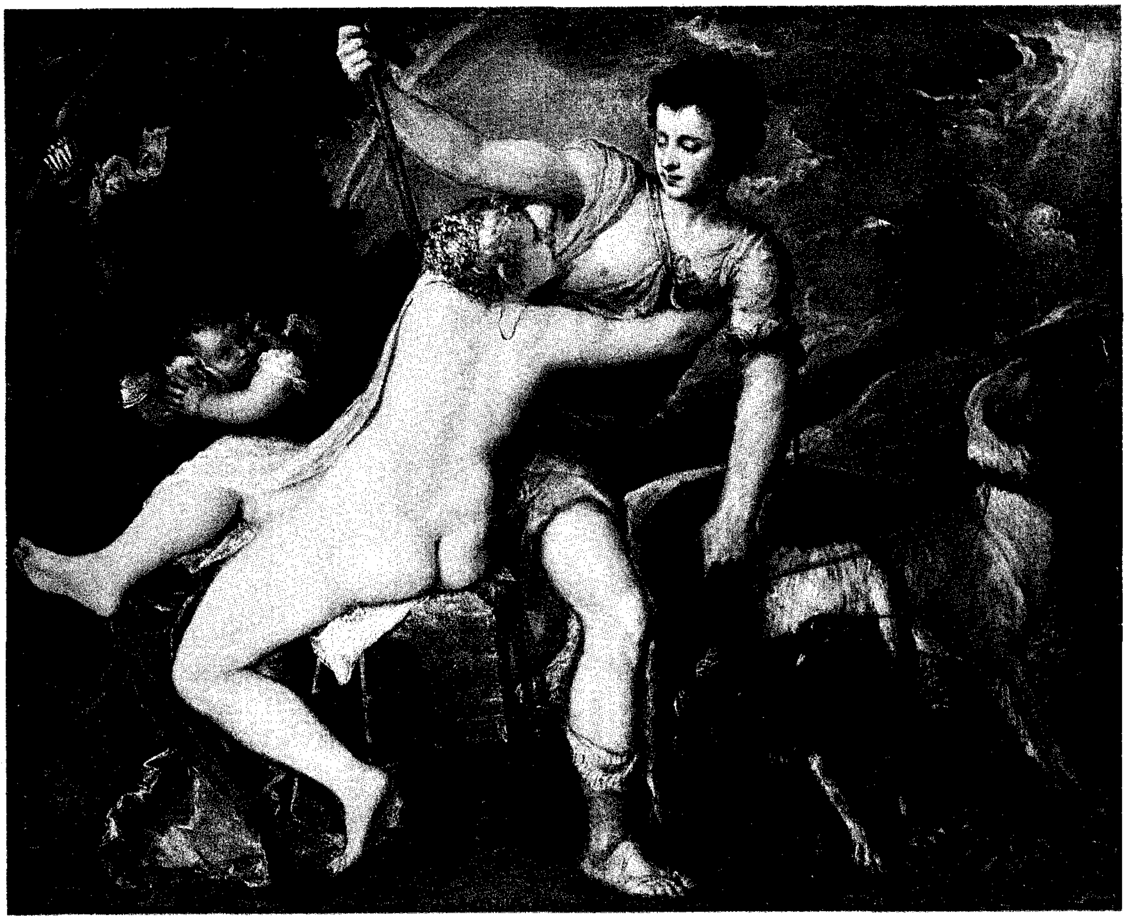
Some colors fade with age. Others retain most of their intensity. One of Brealey's convictions is that a conservator must try to hold the image to its original balance of values and hues. The alpine blues on the horizon, for example, have stayed brighter than Adonis's pink shirt. Had Brealey cleaned all the surfaces "hygienically," as he puts it, had he removed every trace of discolored varnish, the blues would clang in loud discord with the whispering surround of pinks and browns. This is what "radical" conservators often do, claiming that they're being true to the artist's intentions by showing as much of his original paint as possible, in its original condition. Brealey holds that the painting as a whole comes first, and each of its elements must be correlated. A Gestalt conservator, he tries to grasp the artist's broad intentions and uses tact, intuition, and taste to guide him. Titian's blue horizon now has much of the cool impact it must have had in the 1560s.

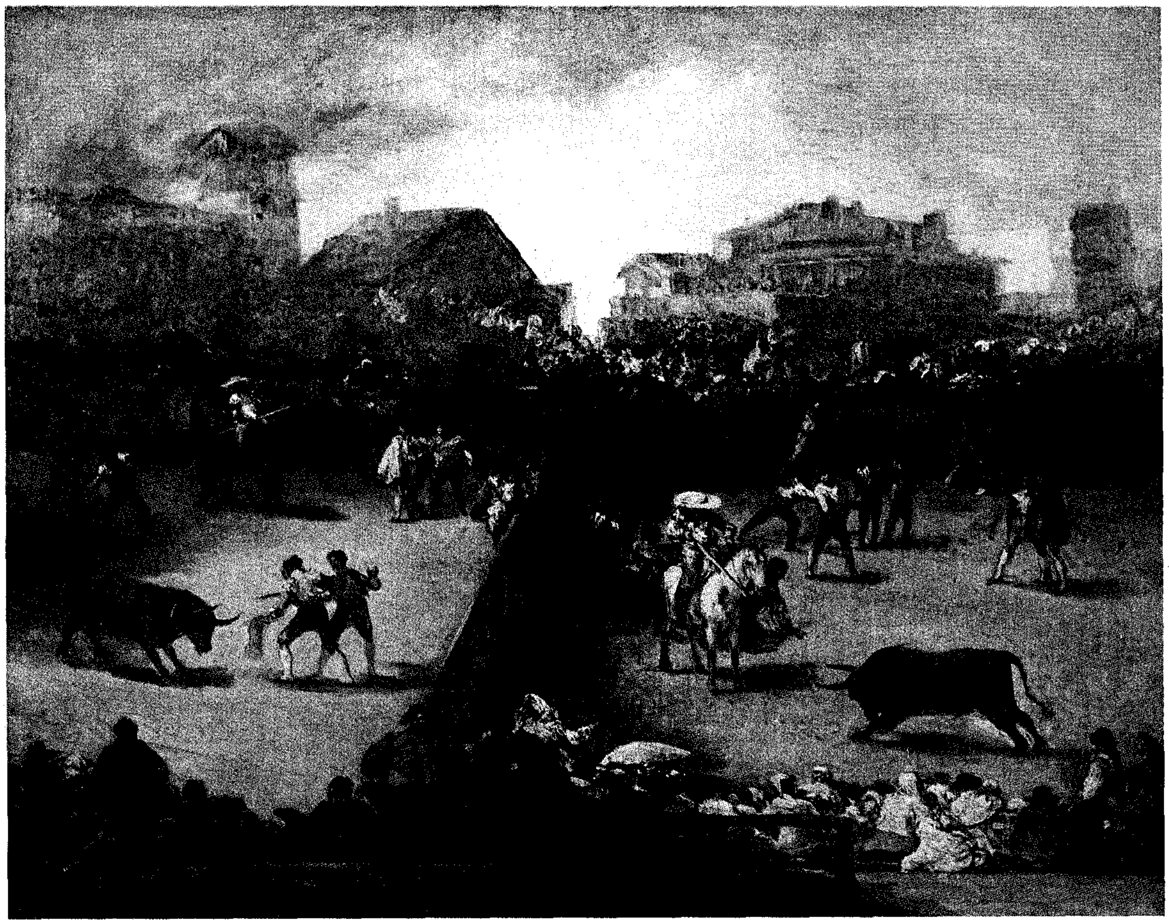
Careful examination of *Venus and Adonis* indicated that its sides never have been cropped (as often happens over the years). The daringly tight editing of the figures is Titian's own invention. Hands, feet, and a hound's muzzle push against the edges of the rectangle. Adonis almost steps on the inside of the frame—as in Mantegna's scheme, which supplied the Venetians with a perspectival skeleton around which to model their sensual visions. The compositional brilliance of Titian's turning and countering forms, the consistent freedom and precision of touch, all indicate that the *Venus and Adonis* is an autograph work, and one of the best of the master's five versions.

Compare it with the nearby *Venus and the Lute Player,* which is partly unfinished, partly by another hand, partly by Titian. If one uses *Venus and Adonis* as a reference, the head of Venus in the second picture seems altogether different; probably it was com-

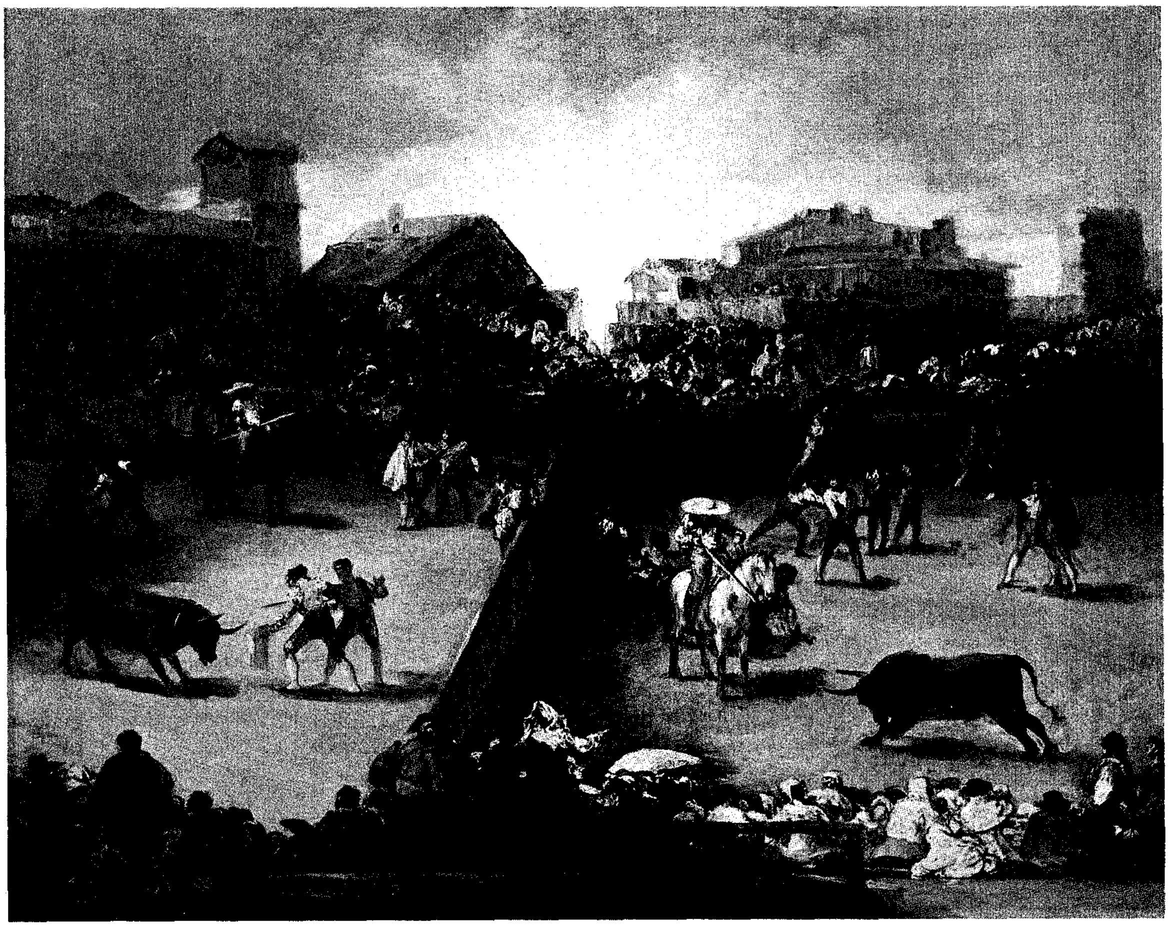


Titian: *Before* Venus and Adonis *was cleaned (above), varnish obscured details of the landscape so it appeared "too weak" to be by Titian. With varnish removed (below), the delicate touches and masterful handling of paint confirmed the master's hand.*





Goya: *Much of the background, before the* Bullfight *was cleaned (above), appeared to be a murky blur. When the Met finished restoring the work (below), lively details of the crowd, the architecture, and the silvery tonality of the original painting reappeared.*



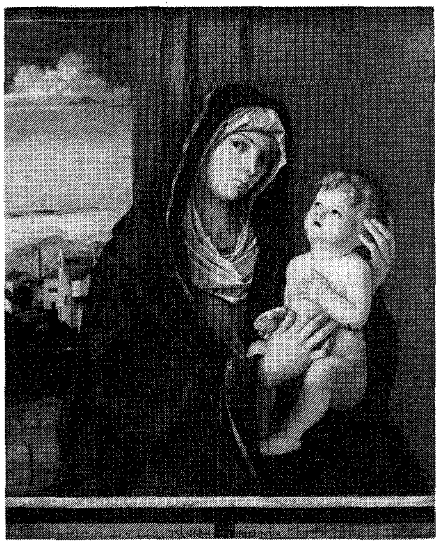
"... Radical conservators like to show as much original paint as possible, but Brealey tries to grasp the artist's broad intentions..."

pleted in the seventeenth century. The enchanting landscape and the nude's hands and feet seem by Titian. Certain areas, such as the back of a viola da gamba under Venus's left arm, are unfinished. It's a fascinating assemblage and makes the smaller, keener *Venus and Adonis* look even more radiant.

Walking south through the "Titian and His Circle" installation, you come to a Giovanni Bellini *Madonna and Child* in which a rusty rose curtain vibrates behind the Virgin's lapis-blue cloak. Almost all the original paint is still there, Brealey notes, but what appears to be a brown wall below the villagescape at the left was originally a green pasture marking a step-by-step spatial recession toward the horizon. A copper resinate green, over the centuries, turned brown. It's an irreversible change. Aside from this anomaly, the Bellini has come out of the lab in "fabulous" condition—from the clouds which burst with Mantegnaesque energy, down across the snow-dusted Alps, to a gold band that coils amorously around Mary's sleeve.

Further south, among the Spaniards, you pass one of the old scandals at the Met—the wonderful *View of Toledo* by El Greco. In cleaning its foreground more than 30 years ago, conservators uncovered some greens and yellow-greens that had bleached, or been skinned, or maybe some adjacent greens had darkened. At any event, the sensation of space, logically proceeding into the image, was broken. Several big fields look as if they are standing straight up in the air or tumbling out of the picture. The illusion that should trigger the perspectival space is broken. Beyond that, in the background, there is a beautiful landscape—it exists as a splendid ruin, and as a warning to future conservators.

Continuing south, you come to Goya's *Bullfight*. Brealey's cleaning has recovered whole sections of architecture in the background and patterns in the crowds of spectators which flap like washing on a line. More important, the silvery tonality to which the image is clued has been recovered from beneath old, oxidized resins. Goya prepared his canvas with a red bole ground; he left bits of it showing here and there (especially in the lower right corner); light tones over the bole ground acquire a silvery hue. Cleaning the lighter areas—which have become increasingly transparent—not only restored the silvery hue but revealed more of the extraordinary free, gestural drawing Goya made on the canvas, especially in the right section of the arena. The marks have little to do with the painted figures over them. They seem to be notations about the way forces can move across a surface.



Bellini: *This cleaned* Madonna and Child *work seems almost bright as new but some original colors have altered.*

Cleaning the Goya and removing its old canvas relining has recovered a painting in beautiful condition, full of spontaneity. It's a dazzling program for empty spaces, elegantly posed athletes, brooding edifices—costumes and architectures from the past—jostling with a noisy, contemporary crowd, all beneath the gray and russet sky of a long summer's end.

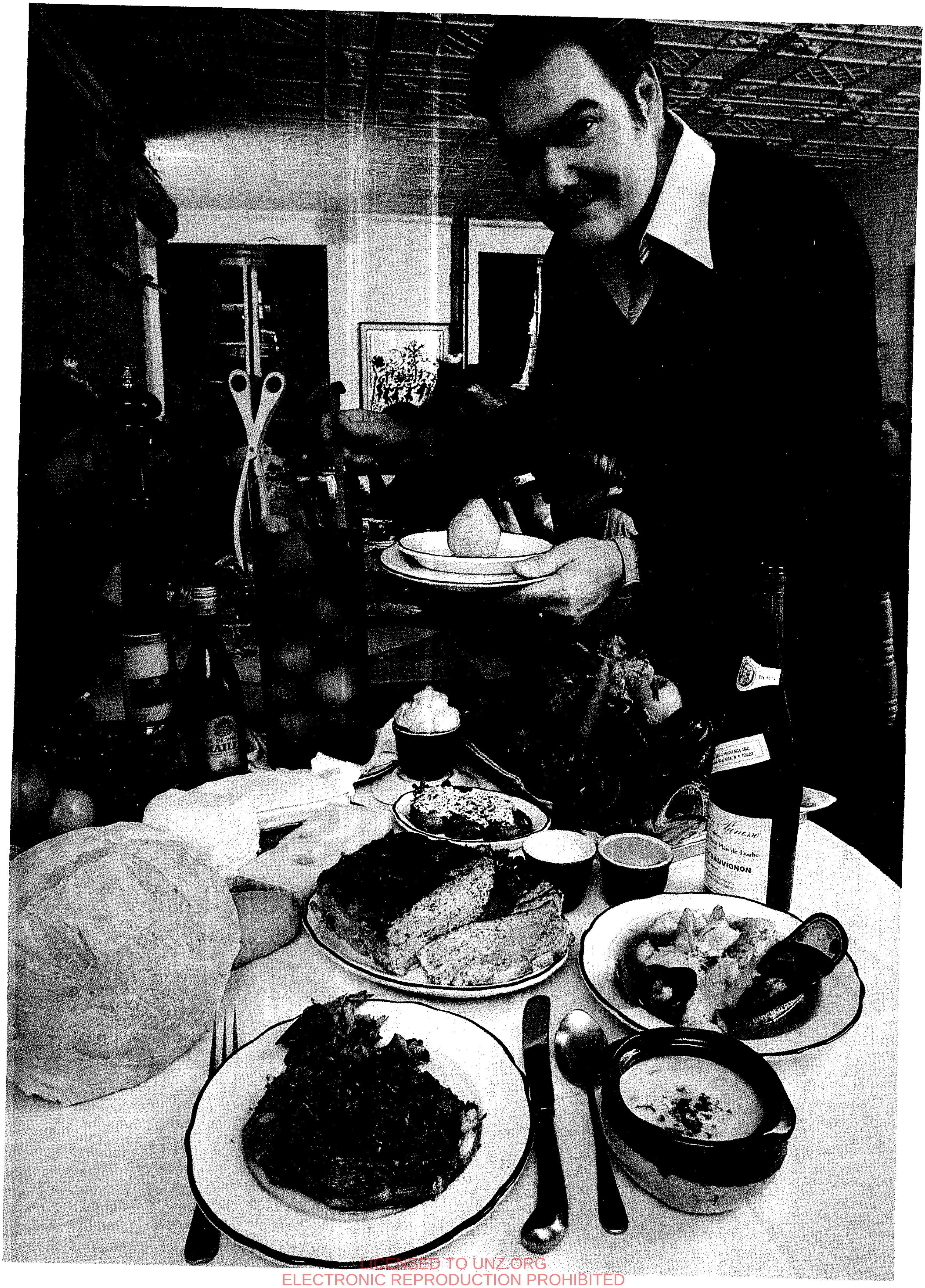
Heading back north, note two portraits by Hans Holbein the Younger; one of them, *A Member of the Medige Family*, is in astonishingly fine condition. Cleaning its oil on wood surfaces has clarified Holbein's scholarly play of black-on-black silks with blacker shadows—a dozen distinctions in the range from coal to raven. Nearby is Holbein's portrait of Dirk Berck of Cologne. It was removed from its panel and mounted on canvas, perhaps in the eighteenth century. The flesh areas are still in good condition, but other sections—the background, the clothes—have suffered from the process of transference as well as from the effects of time. The blacks are dull, ill-defined; they've lost the hallucinatory concentration of Holbein at his best.

To the west is a newly cleaned Rembrandt—*The Noble Slav*. The figure's intense white turban could have been cleaned even further, Brealey says; the paint has kept its intensity. Had he not left a bit of the old varnish, the turban would glare like a headlight and dislocate all Rembrandt's fragile adjustments. You would miss the tracery of golden patterns, the magisterially shadowed hand, the masonry of background impastos that, in hundreds of sliding calculations, define the final set of the figure's arm and shoulders.

Further northeast, you come to French paintings and to Poussin's wonderful *Blind Orion Searching for the Rising Sun*. In the middle ground, Brealey explained, the top surface of the copper-green pigments had disintegrated into microscopic particles that bounced light and flattened the tonal changes of the whole area. Brealey used a new technique known as "reforming" (it was developed by Joyce Plesters at the National Gallery, London). After careful testing, the surface of the painting is exposed for a precise length of time to a vaporized solvent. The microscopic particles coalesce. Poussin's wonderful, philosophic landscape is largely recovered. Your eye is taken, plane by plane, from foreground tree stump to background crag, across a valley streaming with ectoplasmic clouds. The scale works marvelously, as the artist shifts from human size to giant shape and daringly leaps from Orion's hand to a farm a mile away to a lighthouse disappearing on the horizon. The annihilation of space by dominating intelligence has never found a better metaphysics. The blues in the sky could have been cleaned to a higher intensity (as many conservators prefer in seventeenth-century painting). Brealey held them in close balance with the slightly discolored greens. An extraordinary richness of detail has been coaxed out of the shadows, which had become blank areas. Every section of the image sparkles with Poussin's intelligence and orderly passion.

(Parenthetically, note across the gallery a new visitor to the Metropolitan—an early Poussin, *The Companions of Rinaldo*, on loan from the Charles Wrightsmans; they have also lent a brilliant G. B. Tiepolo, *Allegory of the Planets and Continents*, a ceiling sketch.)

Brealey's unheralded exhibition of cleaned paintings, scattered through the Met's galleries, each picture in wonderful condition, each glowing with its particular sense of authenticity, is one of the events of the new year. It's what we've needed—fresh light, a sense of scale and measure, the rediscovery of unity. ■



Restaurants / Florence Fabricant

LA COLOMBE D'OR: TRANSLATION FROM THE PROVENCAL

"... Despite sub-street-level premises, La Colombe d'Or does its best to suggest the setting of its charming namesake ..."

The fledgling Colombe d'Or on East 26th Street pays close attention to the French provincial palate catered to by its namesake, a charming hostelry splendidly perched in the hills of St. Paul de Vence above Cannes. The original is more renowned for its paintings (twentieth-century masters settled their board in oils instead of francs) than for its kitchen. A mental Kodachrome of its white doves, red earth, and gardens beneath a blue sky will be with me always.

Despite sub-street-level premises, the new Colombe d'Or does its best to suggest the setting of the French version: rough stucco walls, terra-cotta tile floors, sunny lighting, and paisley cotton banquettes. The strong, colorful culinary accent of Provence, laced with garlic and fragrant with herbs, has survived the translation fairly well.

Billed as a "café-restaurant"—the café part serving only to remind us of its informality—La Colombe d'Or is tiny (it seats 35) and relaxing. As to the cuisine: Expect to find the typical Provençal black olives, soupe de poisson, bouillabaisse, ratatouille, daube de boeuf, lamb, tomatoes, oregano, and thyme. The two garlic-spiced emulsions that anoint provincial food, aïoli and rouille, are in evidence, but tapenade, anchoyade, salade niçoise, pissaladière, tian, pistou, and fenouil are usually not. For a more universal appeal, the menu also features fillet of beef in green peppercorn sauce, breast of chicken in champagne sauce, country pâté, sweetbreads, and Brie.

The pleasures generally outnumber the disappointments. The kitchen still needs work, and George Studley, the owner, knows it: Since the restaurant opened in September, the chef has been changed and the menu has undergone continual, subtle revision and improvement. Permanent status has been accorded the basket of crusty white and earthy whole-wheat bread, served with tiny scoops of flavored butters—freshly verdant herb; tangy, bright pimiento; or anchovy. The herb butter marries beautifully with whatever you might choose to eat, but watch the anchovy—it may throw subtler flavors out of whack.

Nicely unpretentious: *The ambience at La Colombe d'Or, where owner George Studley presides, is homey and cheerful.*

Rounds of garlic sausage in warm cooperation with a potato-and-onion salad was merely an acceptable starter (served at lunch only, $2), as was the coarse and meaty country pâté, without overwhelming evidence of garlic ($2.50 — the dinner price, as are all following prices). The latter was enhanced by an array of cornichons, olives, and mustard, but not by a slight, lingering chill. The chef has a talent for soups. Cream of watercress ($2.25), depending more on potato purée than on cream for its body, held its flavors in perfect velvet balance. Careful sieving of component ingredients that had recently simmered together intensified the rich soupe de poisson ($2.50). You can bring the Mediterranean closer still by stirring in a little rouille, a garlic-pimiento mayonnaise that is served on the side.

Who ever heard of eating lamb steak in a New York restaurant until a few years ago? Now it has become all the rage. As served at La Colombe d'Or, tender and bathed in a light herb sauce ($9.25), it was quite good, yet less dazzling than with roasted red and green peppers, as I have had it elsewhere. Despite a richly concentrated brown sauce, the boeuf en daube ($6.75) is for dieters, a modest portion of succulent stew surmounted by an immense boiled potato, easy to ignore for all its size. Fillet of beef in green peppercorn sauce ($9.75) can be recommended both for quantity and quality, the sauce creamy and punctuated by spice. In our case, a request for a little more fire on the beef added the unwelcome taste of carbon to the sauce. A side trip to the adjoining province of Languedoc brought us cassoulet ($6.75) one day at lunch. The ingredients in this amalgam of white beans, meat, and sausage, although savory, had lost their integrity in the cooking. I missed the bit of breadcrumbed crust that should have been on the top. With the entrées came crisp rounds of zucchini one day, peppery broccoli purée another.

The dessert selection is limited to fruit tartlets from Bonté, as well as Brie or fromage de chèvre kept mercifully at room temperature, and a homemade fruit preparation or two. The best of the three fruit desserts we sampled was the glistening orange in caramel sauce ($2.25). Poached fruits ($2.25) could have used less cinnamon, and a cloying mixture of apples, raisins, nuts, brandy, sugar, and spices beneath a meringue topping ($2.50) reminded me of uncooked mincemeat.

The wine list is limited in scope, about average in price. By the glass ($1.85) or the liter (the right amount of wine for four diners, $7.50), the wines of the Duc de Provence—Cabernet Sauvignon or Blanc de Blancs—are the wisest choices.

The service is warmly attentive, if not utterly professional. Neither the acoustics nor the music (Vivaldi, Piaf) intrudes on conversation. Light-wood tables, rush-seated chairs, crisp beige napkins that double as place mats, and simple table appointments make the ambience nicely unpretentious. Owner Studley greets you in a sweater in the evening, jeans at lunch. No need to stop at Bloomingdale's before coming here.

No need to stop at the bank, either. The entrées on the à la carte dinner menu start at $6.75, with the top price $9.75 (fillet of beef or bouillabaisse). Wines are $7.50 to $25 (for champagne). You usually will be hard-pressed to spend more than $20 per person for a three-course dinner, including wine, tax, and tip. A la carte luncheon entrées are $4.75 to $8.75 (and you might be fine with only an appetizer and dessert), and a complete luncheon for $5.85 includes pâté and either an omelet or a large salad (vegetables, eggs, shrimp), bread and herb butters, coffee, and a glass of wine.

To call a restaurant serving the food of Provence "Moulin de Mougins" or "Baumanière" after those three-star temples of the region would have been foolhardy. "La Colombe d'Or" is a far better choice.

La Colombe d'Or (134 East 26th Street, MU 9-0666) is open for lunch Monday through Friday from noon to 3 p.m.; for dinner Monday through Thursday from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m., Friday and Saturday to 11 p.m. American Express, Diners Club, Master Charge.

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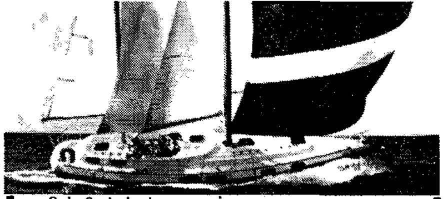

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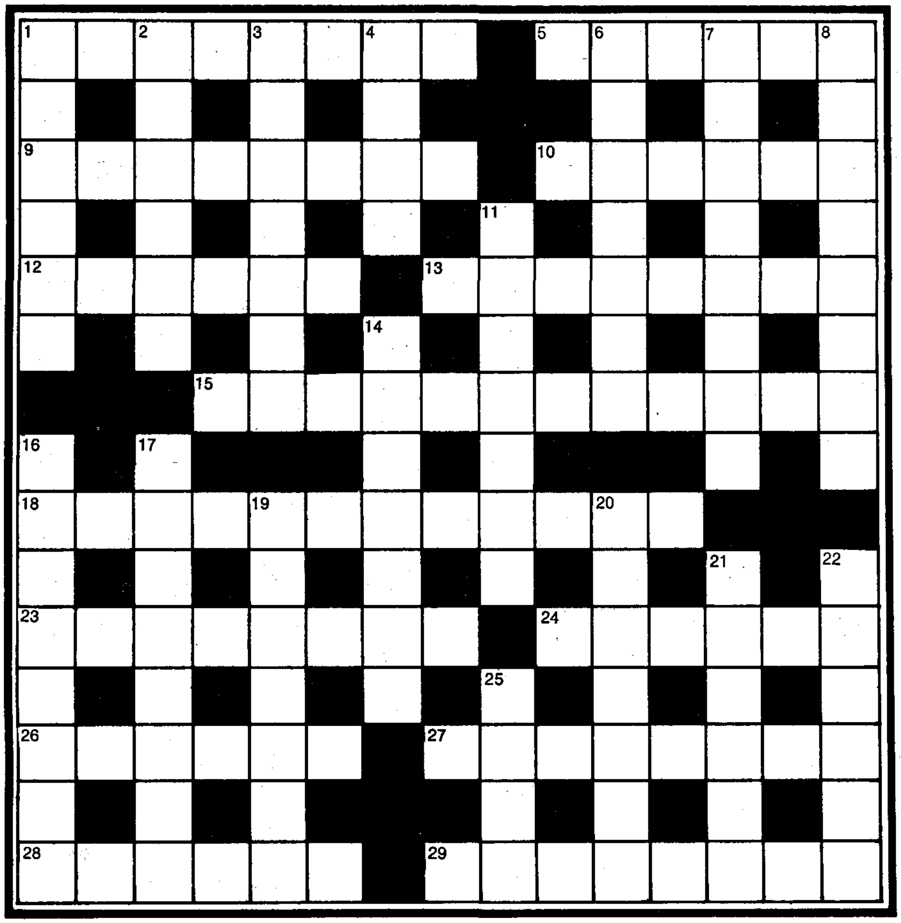

Clues

ACROSS

1 Opened up fish in place of oysters. (8)

5 His learning is injudicious and he is shut up without a lawyer. (6)

9 Footwear for the unsteady? (8)

10 It never stops although the rest are dispersed before morning. (6)

12 American certainly about to be brought back in darkness. (6)

13 I clear up chaos when it is special. (8)

15 It is an even chance that the chief kind is not fit. (5,2,5)

18 Where affection is felt for series of masculine skills. (5-7)

23 One of these hikers has to walk between rivers. (8)

24 Swear during a game? (6)

26 Copper athlete. (6)

27 No room in the restaurant for celebrities. (8)

28 If the city were deprived of skill it would become a resort. (6)

29 Military uniform for woman in prison. (8)

DOWN

1 Girl held by the wicked and battered. (6)

2 Believes that nothing wastes away. (6)

3 Catch what is suitable in medicine. (7)

4 Nobleman who makes a woman lose her head. (4)

6 Hand over when one's test run is upset. (7)

7 One of those drinks which one makes if in mixed parties. (8)

8 Plant where danger overlaps a river. (8)

11 Kind of writing quoted back about the doctor. (7)

14 The journalists tried so badly. (7)

16 Place in French art reserved for architecture. (8)

17 Place which would give thanks if the craze disappeared. (8)

19 The biggest have an examination about everything. (7)

20 Set for a saint. (7)

21 Cereal which provides me with a story. (6)

22 Stoppage in the past as isolationism's main aim. (6)

25 She follows Leo to make overtures. (4)

Solution To Last Issue's Puzzle.

T	H	R	A	S	H	I	N	G	S	■	C	R	E	W
A	■	E	■	T	■	D	■	R	■	■	■	E	■	I
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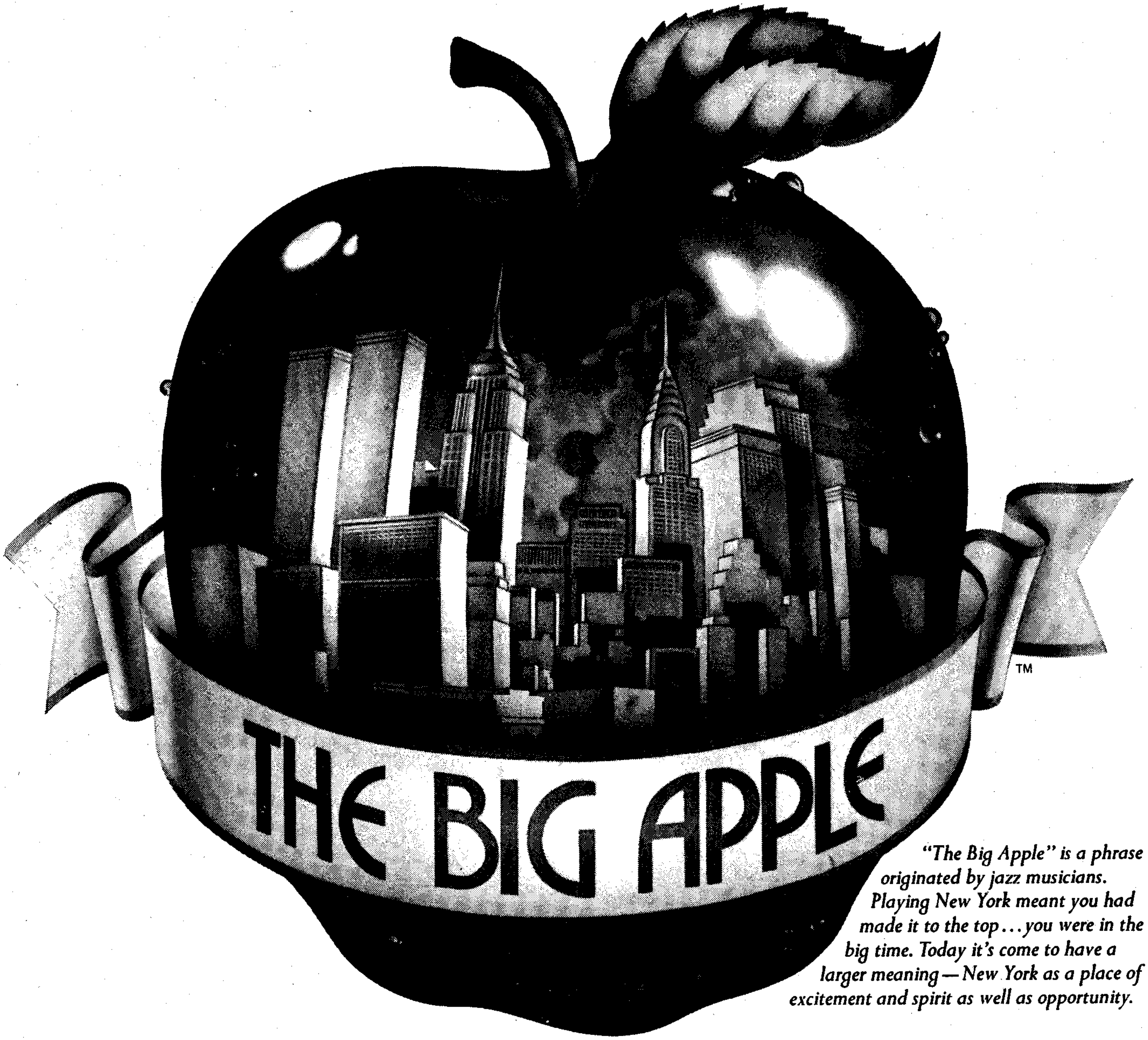

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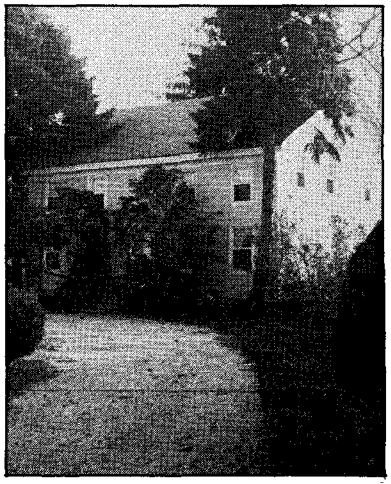

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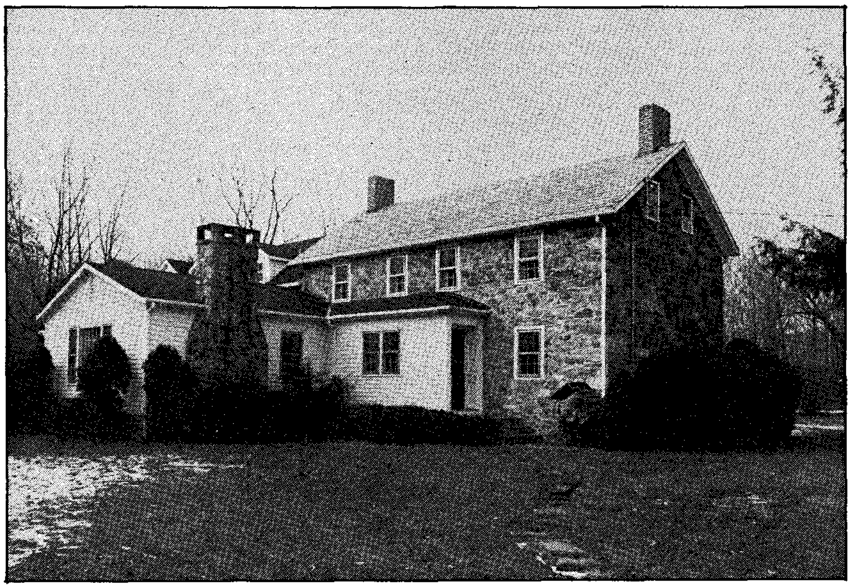

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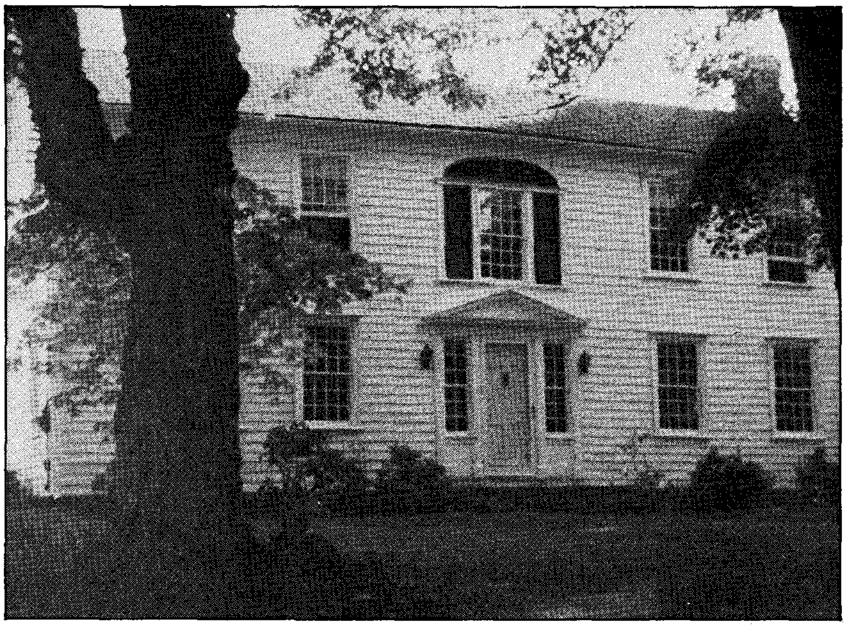

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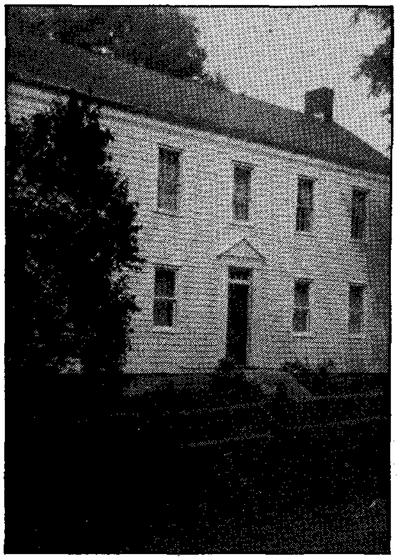

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 274

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

1. AUTHOR GETS MARRIED,
SUED FOR $3.5 MILLION

—(The Charlotte, N.C., *Observer*)

2. Well first the good news . . .

Above,(1) a recent clipping anent Peter Maas, and(2) his own exegesis. Competitors are invited to submit one bona-fide clipping (or photocopy) and append an apposite comment.

Results of Competition 271, in which you were asked to provide examples of (1) a remark made aloud, and (2) the silent thoughts of the speaker.

Report: 1. "Mmmmm, delicious!" 2. "What is it? Owl?" Much talk, heard and unheard, of dining, recipes, and the like. Also much to-do about shopping, gifts, etc. 1. "I love it!" 2. "Will they take it back?" or 1. "Madame, that dress *is* you." 2. "Large." Talk of mothers-in-law, refusing dates, admiring baby pictures, and sounding pompous while thinking pompous. All of that. Plus: 1. "It is a far, far better thing I do. . . ." 2. "*Somebody* stop this. . . ." And 1. "25?" 2. "41." Some holdovers here from ésprit d'escalier (what I said, what I should've said)—which contest this isn't. Among these: 1. "Yes." 2. "No." 1. "NO!" 2. "Yes." 1. "I do." 2. "Oops." Etc. 1. Thanks to all who entered—this and all the comps—especially the patient unprinted. I understand. And happy 1977 to all. 2. God, writing the report is the *worst.*

First Prize of "Screen World," by John Willis (Crown Publishers, Inc.) to:

1. "Frankly, I've never done this on a first date either."
2. "Yeah, sure, and it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime."
Jack Rose, NYC

1. "Thursday? Just a minute, I'll check my calendar."
2. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten . . ."
Ira Avery, Stamford, Conn.

1. "I, James Earl Carter, do solemnly swear to uphold the Constitution of the United States . . . ."
2. "Boy, look at the legs on that woman. . . ."
John Falxa, NYC
sp. ment.: Martin Schlesinger, Brooklyn
J. A. Akins, Phila., Pa.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

1. "You know, I've never thought of it that way before. That's really incredible. No, I mean it. That's absolutely *incredible!*"
2. "My *God,* am I stoned."
Bob Colonna, Phyllis Stryker, Providence, R.I.

1. "The whaling prints are charming, I love that nautical wallpaper, and the bunk bed is just adorable."
2. "How could she have thought I meant the *actual* little boy's room?"
Norton Bramesco, NYC

1. "And this button summons Secret Service people."
2. "And this wastebasket is for your peanut shells."
Eugene Gramm, NYC
sp. mention: Raymond S. Kauders, Glenshaw, Pa.

And Honorable Mention to:

1. "No, you're not boring me at all."
2. ". . . Does Bloomingdale's have them in blue? Or maybe red . . ."
Susan Bass, NYC

1. "What's *your* birth sign?"
2. "The Knicks should cinch tonight's game."
Mark Geier, NYC

1. "Mother, look who's here!!"
2. "Oh, God, who *is* this person?"
similarly: James Padnos, NYC
Bari Biern, Washington, D.C.

1. "Oh, sure I can Hustle."
2. "But I think I'll fox-trot myself right out of here."
Jerri Bazala, NYC

1. "He's kind, charming, and 'high-powered.'"
2. "And rich."
Hollie Bernstein, Sun Valley, Calif.

1. "I am not a crook."
2. "I am not a crook."
Barry N. Malzberg, Teaneck, N.J.

1. "Om mani padme hum.
Om mani padme hum."
2. "Candice Bergen."
Robert S. Brown, NYC

1. "I'm so glad you could come to my dinner party!"
2. "I've told everyone to be sure to watch how you eat."
Mrs. Carl Brock, Columbus, Ohio

1. "35—64—92—Hut Hut Hut."
2. "46—84—9—Hut Hut Hut."
James J. O'Loughlin, Bloomfield, Conn.

1. "Just a party for a few 'fun' people from the office."
2. "No one from Personnel."
Norma Grahame, Mar Vista, Calif.

1. "Meow, meow, meow!"
2. "Not the Mix, stupid, the chopped liver."
Margery West, Maplewood, N.J.

1. "I'm just making the best of a bad situation; not crying over spilled . . ."
2. "Gee, I'm enjoying this."
Nancy Pastor, Pittsburgh, Pa.

1. "Listen, he'll have time enough to think about settling down after he gets his practice established."
2. "I think my son is gay, and I think I'll kill myself."
Mimi Cozzens, Hollywood, Calif.

1. "I refuse to answer on the grounds that it might tend to incriminate me."
2. "In the cellar."
Sylvia Gassell, NYC

1. "It's a '*he*'—he's just a writer."
2. "I can't *believe* this jerk never even *heard* of Somerset Maugham."
Trudy Ship, NYC

1. "What a lovely baby. He looks just like his father . . . ."
2. "Whoever he is."
Pericles Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

1. "I won't insult your intelligence . . . ."
2. "In fact, I doubt that I can."
Bill Wunder, Port Washington, N.Y.

1. "I'm surprised that an intelligent person like you could take astrology seriously."
2. "So Leos are distinguished and sexy, eh?"
J. Bickart, NYC

1. "Fat? You're not fat, you're just . . ."
2. ". . . fat."
Ken Olfson, Los Angeles, Calif.

1. "I really had something with larger diamonds in mind."
2. "This sure beats waiting out there in the cold."
Nancy E. Ash, NYC

1. "You were magnificently spontaneous in the part."
2. "Try rehearsing."
Raymond E. Benenson, Niskayuna, N.Y.

1. "Darling, you were absolutely fantastic . . . ."
2. "Act your little heart out, dear, but I'm doing the part in the movie."
Jay McDonnell, NYC

1. "Is that what you're wearing to the Junior League ball?"
2. "That's more 'Little League.' "
Carolyn Noah, Canton, Ohio

1. "Thanks, Mr. Silverman."
2. " 'Me and the Chimp'? **'Me and the Chimp'?** I should've done summer theaters . . . ."
Harry LaPlume, North Adams, Mass.

1. "I cannot tell a lie."
2. "Which tree did he find?"
Jim Clemons, Montpelier, Vt.

1. "I knew you were pretty last night. It wasn't until this morning that I realized you had *real* beauty. . . ."
2. ". . . two eggs, bacon. (Do you think she could make a pot of really strong coffee?) And I suppose I can't very well ask her to go out for the papers . . . ."
James Elward, NYC

1. ". . . The Eastern European countries, of course, are independent of the Soviet Union."
2. "Henry says this will put me over the top."
Robert Tobinski, Chicago, Ill.

1. "Well, if you insist, maybe I'll have just one—though I *never* drink this early in the day . . . ."
2. "I thought you'd *never* ask . . . ."
J. M. Riordan, Laguna Beach, Calif.

1. "No, I have no last words for the enemies of freedom."
2. "I want my mommy."
Jimmy Schlosberg, New Rochelle, N.Y.

1. "Sure, count me in."
2. "Let's see—if I skip lunches this week and walk to work and don't pay the phone bill till next month . . ."
Ruth Migdal, Brooklyn

1. "In this scene you play a simple, stupid, vicious peasant."
2. "That's right, just be yourself."
Michael Schreiber, Brooklyn

1. "And now—heeeeeeeeeeeere's Johnny!"
2. "$184,312.50 plus $55,832 plus . . ."
P. Howard Lyons, Toronto, Ont.

1. "And now, for our postgame interview with today's star . . . ."
2. "I wish these guys would shower before coming up here."
Edward Steinberg, Silver Spring, Md.

1. "Is that why you're so upset? Why, *everybody* has those feelings at some time or another."
2. "Weird! Weird!"
Lewy Olfson, South Lyme, Conn.

1. "I met your brother today. It's amazing how different you two are!"
2. "I *liked* your brother."
Ellen McMullan, Ames, Iowa

1. "Oh, what a terrible piece of luck for you!"
2. "If you weren't such an ass . . ."
Cynthia Harrison, McLean, Va.

1. "I've been trying to get up the nerve to talk to you all evening."
2. "You're the only girl left in the bar."
Candace Minnick, Hartford, Conn.

1. "The secret ballot is a fundamental strength of our democracy."
2. "I was a registered Republican in 1972. Of course I did!"
Judith Vant, Santa Clara, Calif.

1. "No, I'm sure the alligator is not an endangered species."
2. "And if the question ever comes up, you'll have no trouble convincing people you had your shoes made from your own skin."
Arthur Weller, Interlaken, N.J.

1. "So I told Jimmy, I'll just stay down here where I'm used to things, and you and Rosalynn can have us up to dinner every once in a while."
2. "Wait till I get my hands on that Jody Powell . . . ."
Rhea Stewart, Manchester, Conn.

1. "All I got was a book, but it's the winning that's important."
2. "Maybe I can sell it . . . ."
Jeff Monasch, Brooklyn
sp. ment.: Paulette Solow, Goshin, Calif.
Charles Martucci, Brooklyn

1. "Don't bother looking for my name. I've been too busy lately to enter the competition."
2. "I wonder why she hasn't picked any of my entries lately."
Jack Labow, NYC
similarly: Larry Laiken, Bayside, N.Y.
sp. ment.: Virginia Feine, Hartford, Conn.

1. "This entry should get a 'Runner-up' at least."
2. "I'll settle for 'similarly.' "
similarly: Kate Kolish, Ascot, Calif.
Dr. Ron Delvecchio, Canton, Ohio

1. "By the way—did you happen to see Competition 268 in *New York*? Oh, it's no big deal—they printed my entry—but of course the whole thing is really rather silly . . . ."
2. "WHOOPEE! YAHOO! They picked me! I'm published! I'm famous! Yay! Yippee!"
Deborah Loverd, Storrs, Conn.
sp. mention: W. Shakespeare,
Stratford-Upon-Avon, England

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 274, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by January 21. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive *Son of Giant Sea Tortoise*, by Mary Ann Madden (Viking). Runners-up will receive a one-year subscription to *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of February 14. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace period.

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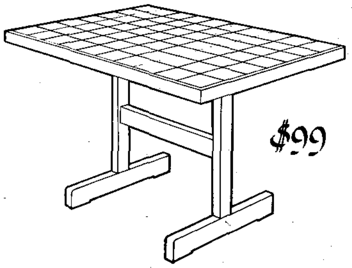
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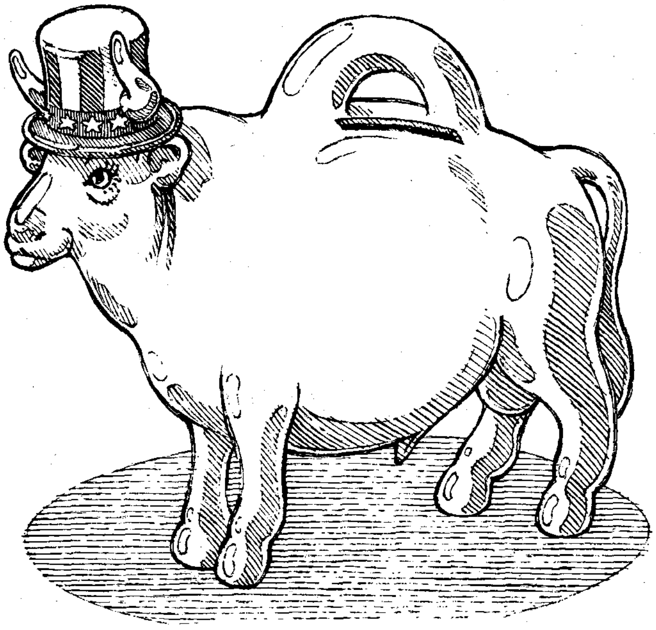
HERE'S TO OUR NATIONAL HEALTH

"...Health has become a transaction, not the personal relationship it was when Dr. Brown came at midnight to see the croupy baby..."

Some of my best friends are doctors. I have seen them quit a squash or tennis game in the middle of a point at the first beep of a pocket emergency-call beeper. I know my own internist makes house calls, climbing stairs to see elderly, immobile patients. And early on, I was inculcated with *Men in White, Men Against Death*, and all the literature of the doctor-hero.

I thought about this recently when I heard a doctor, a boyhood friend, recruiting a young specialist for his medical group, a professional corporation. "The $100,000 doctor is ordinary," he said. "The $200,000 doctor is not uncommon. We had two visitors last week who did better than $500,000 apiece last year; we're not quite there yet, but we would expect a young urologist to be at $150,000 in five years."

According to polls, we have few institutions left that carry public esteem. The approval of business, for example, dropped from 55 to 19 percent in ten years. Politicians, lawyers, teachers, and the press are also sliding. The medical profession is still up there, swaying like a ripe Red Delicious in a high wind.



In investment circles, the "health-care industry" is regarded with the same reverence as a new wave of minicomputers. Some aspects of it have escaped altogether from the classic curves of supply, demand, and price resistance. Consumers do not shop for health care; they do what they are told by the last remaining authority figures. We have a national consensus for good health. One problem is that somehow we have been educated to think we can buy it.

So health has become a transaction, not the personal relationship it was when kindly Dr. Brown came in his old black Ford at midnight to see the croupy baby. Unsatisfactory transactions are greeted by malpractice suits. Then malpractice insurance fees go up; they are now $1.5 billion per year, and creating crises, state by state. So more doctors practice "defensive diagnosis," which means more tests with more expensive equipment, and more visits for confirmation to specialists. Which is how specialists get yachts.

Doctors' fees have increased twice as fast as the cost of living, but even so, they are responsible for only one fifth of the escalating costs of "health care." And since medical costs are the most rapidly escalating part of our inflation, the whole business is attracting swarms of sociologists, economists, grant-getters, and congressional testimony. (It was from congressional testimony that I learned that $119 of the cost of each Ford automobile is attributed to health insurance for the union members.)

It does not require much extrapolation to produce this scene: The president appears on TV. He knows he has the support of Congress, because Congress is made up of lawyers, not doctors. The medical profession has just taken the standard American institutional dive in the polls from 55 to 19 percent.

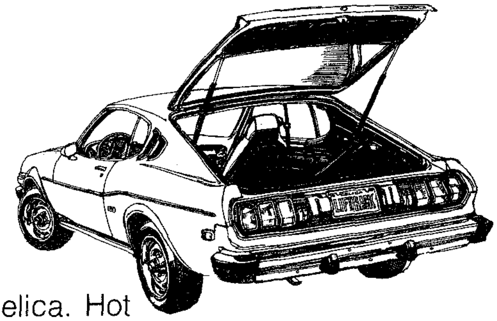
"My fellow Americans," he says, "we all agree that good health is a national goal. But we are now spending $250 billion a year, or one dollar out of every ten of our gross national product, and we are not that much healthier than when we started. Our affluent suburbs are well covered, but many of our citizens still are not. Further, that one dollar in ten that we spend is a dollar we do not export, or buy new tools and factories with. So I am proposing:

"1. Our doctors are a great resource. We are inviting all of them to join the National Doctors Corps and to serve three weeks a year in rural areas and our inner cities. This will be strictly voluntary, but for those who do not wish to participate, annual income over $75,000 will be classed as 'tax preference income' and more highly taxed.

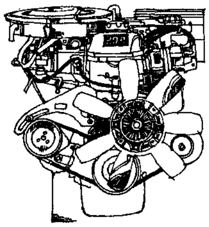
"2. We already have a plan of waiving medical school tuition for those who will serve in areas of public need. Now we are going to create, in community colleges, a two-year plan for paramedical professionals. The graduates of these schools will be known as Green Cross paradoctors. They will answer your questions, provide an essential screening process, and, if you need to see a doctor, they will have full authority to get you an appointment.

"3. You already know that we have a comprehensive $250-billion national health program. But your health is also your own responsibility. It is hardly fair that those citizens who take care of themselves carry, financially, those who do not. So smokers will pay higher premiums than nonsmokers. If you get too many speeding tickets, you are building up warning points on your driver's license. Those national health subscribers who disregard two warnings from a member of the Doctors Corps as to diet, health, and exercise will have warning points posted by computer on the National Health and Blue Cross cards, and will pay higher rates. As you can see, we are determined to have a healthy nation.

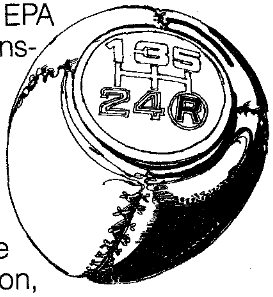
"My fellow Americans, dress warmly, take care, sleep well, be in good health. You will be better by morning." ▬



That's the 1977 Toyota Celica. Hot because Celica was chosen as Motor Trend's 1976 Import Car of the Year. Hot because there are three models, including the racy '77 GT Liftback. Hot because the Celicas are built with Toyota's famous toughness and durability. Their welded unitized-body construction eliminates body nuts and bolts to make them three of the most durable cars on the road.



Hot Performer. The '77 Celicas are powered by the revolutionary 20R engine—a 2.2 liter overhead cam design. Built from the ground up to give power, durability, and great gas mileage. For example: In 1977 EPA tests the Celica GT with 5-speed transmission got 37 mpg highway, 22 mpg city. These mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California and EPA designated high altitude ratings will be lower.



Hot Items. A lot of hot features come standard on the 1977 Celicas. Like MacPherson strut front suspension, steel-belted radials, power front disc brakes, rally clock, reclining bucket seats, tinted glass, and much more. We're proud of the '77 Celicas. In fact, we're proud enough to say, if you can find a better built small car than Toyota...buy it.

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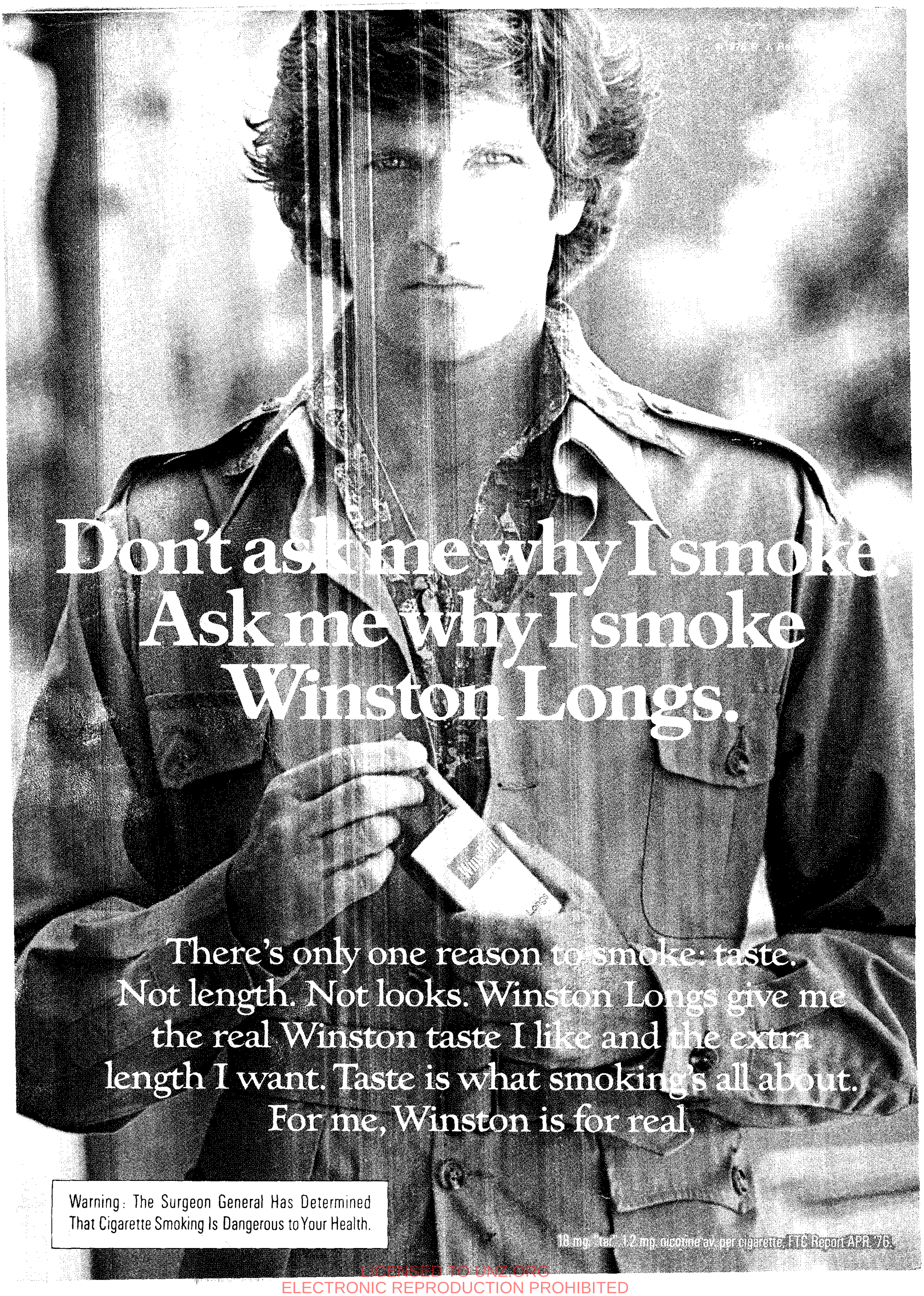
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